



A. Reid

EVERY MAN

HIS OWN DETECTIVE!

IN IV PARTS

COMPLETE IN ONE VOLUME.

BY

R. REID,

LATE SUPERINTENDENT, CALCUTTA DETECTIVE DEPARTMENT.

The Officer entrusted with the duty of guarding the person of "England's
Future King" during the whole period of His stay at the
Capital of India in 1875-76

Author of "Reminiscences of an Indian Detective,"

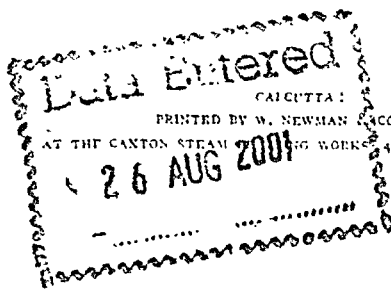
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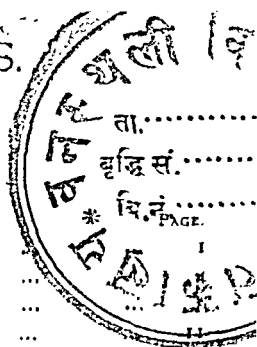
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PART I.
PHYSIOGNOMY.

CHAPTER I.

(INTRODUCTION.)

“How in the looks does conscious guilt appear.”

ADDISON.

IT is a well established fact in physiognomy, that the face is an unerring index to the human heart: those who hold an opinion adverse to this are men incapable of understanding, applying, or testing the value of this useful science. Delight, anger, fear, shame, guilt, or innocence can be traced in the expression of the face by any intelligent observer, and the educated eye of the detective may, with unerring certainty, distinguish guilt from innocence by a study of the human face alone.

It is true that physiognomy as a science has fallen into disuse, but that, I take it, is owing to the fact that most professors of the art attempted to lay down rules of judging men's tempers and dispositions by the cast or mould of the features, instead of by the shade or expression of the face, and, as a matter of course, signally failed. I have met with many a good and amiable person with as bad a cast of features as ever were turned out of nature's mould; but never came across a single individual possessing a bad heart or evil disposition with a cheerful, open, honest,

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inviting expression of face, however, regular and well formed the features. Of course, it requires careful training to educate the eye to distinguish the outward physical indications of inward thought and feeling in the expression of the human face, but it can be successfully accomplished for all that. Indeed, it will appear to any one who has given the subject the least consideration, that the human race is naturally endowed with this faculty from earliest infancy, but gradually loses the power, so to speak, of thought reading, through sheer negligence and want of practice as adult life is approached. The ease with which the eye of an infant can distinguish the outward physical indication of an inward feeling of joy, pleasure, or anger, in the face of a parent is a clear illustration of this view.

Perhaps one of the best ways of realising the effects of any vice or habit is to make a study of the faces of those who are addicted to it. Every passion or vice gives a particular cast to the countenance, and is sure to discover itself in some feature or other. Men with the most villainous and degraded expression of features are to be found, as we would naturally expect, in prisons. But the next best place to a prison in which to see the native physiognomy at its coarsest and worst, is in the opium dens and gambling hells of Calcutta. Here, in almost every face, may be discerned a grotesquely hideous mixture of imbecility with low cunning, greed, and cruelty. Here you might select your tool for any deed of darkness. If a man is wanted for the murder of a child for the sake of a silver ornament worth, perhaps, only a few annas, you find him here. Here may be seen faces not only congenially radically bad, but others that bear the faded traces of better things almost blurred out.

With the above remarks I will now proceed to illustrate, by actual practice, how the science of physiognomy may be utilised as an aid in the detection of crime. Addison has somewhere said "that the expression of the face is nothing else but the inward disposition of the mind made visible." Therefore, my beloved pupils, observe and study the human face if you wish to excel as a detective.



CHAPTER II.

A GENTEEL SHARPER.

Oh ! wad some power the giffie gie us,
To see ourselves as *feelers* see us.

THE late firm of Charles Nephew and Co. was the victim of a series of ingenious frauds some years ago. Valuable gem rings kept disappearing from their show-cases in a most mysterious manner, and spurious imitations were introduced in their place. The matter was placed in my hands, and after two or three days' careful enquiry, I came to the conclusion—contrary to the expectation, however, of the heads of the firm and to the great disappointment of my own official superiors—that the fraud was perpetrated by an outsider, and not by any of the assistants connected with the shop, as was at first supposed. Having constructed a theory in accordance with my convictions, I set to work to discover the thief. The spurious rings had been removed from the show-case in which they were found for the purpose of enquiry, and I suggested that they should be replaced at once in the tray in which they were first discovered ; for, said I, the person who committed the fraud, if he is an outsider, will return to the shop, and if he finds the spurious rings removed from the show-case he will understand the fraud has been discovered, and he will not make another venture ; on the other hand, if he finds the rings have not been removed, he will conclude the trick has not been found out, and he will try it on again. The spurious rings were accordingly replaced in the ring-

trays, and I took up my position in plain clothes at a desk in the shop, where I could see every one who entered to take stock of their movements. The first day passed without incident of any kind, and the contents of the show-cases, on examination at the close of the day, were found intact. About an hour after the shop opened for business on the second day, there was an unusual rush of customers. Amongst the number, I noticed a respectable-looking Baboo, wearing spectacles and dressed as a High Court pleader, with a massive gold Albert chain across his breast, approach the show-case which contained the spurious rings, look at the contents for a moment or so, then raise his head and glance hurriedly round the room—not through but over his spectacles. I mentally ejaculated, “My fine fellow, your spectacles are evidently donned for other purposes than that of aiding your eyesight: your movements are worth watching;” and I set myself to the task. The spectacled gentleman, having satisfied himself apparently that he was moving on safe ground, lowered his eyes to the focus of his glasses and went to another show-case, where, after a short inspection of the contents through the plate glass cover, he asked the assistant behind the counter to let him see a tray of rings which he pointed to. His request having been complied with, he cast his eyes over the gems for a second or two, and then took another hurried glance over his spectacles at the shop assistant, as the latter was called aside to attend a customer, after which he picked up a ring from the tray and advanced a step towards the light to examine it. I observed that while the ring was being inspected, the Baboo seemed more intent upon watching the movements (over his glasses) of the gentleman behind the counter than the gem in his hand. This went on for a

few moments, until a favourable opportunity (as the Baboo thought) offered to put the ring back into its place in the tray. I remarked, while this act was being accomplished, an uneasy restlessness about the eyes, with slight twitching about the left corner of the mouth, which moved the moustache on that side of the face perceptibly but not in the right. This outward sign of inward fear, however, was only of momentary duration, for the Baboo immediately picked up another ring from the tray—a plain gold hoop ring of small value—priced it, and paid for it there and then, without scarcely looking at the purchase. He paid for the ring in currency notes, and on receiving his change he was about to hurry away from the shop, but was purposely detained under the pretence of signing his name on the currency notes tendered in payment for the ring, while I went into the office behind the shop, and brought out the Manager to examine the tray from which the Baboo had made his purchase. It was then discovered that a diamond ring worth Rs. 500 had been abstracted, and a spurious imitation of small value substituted.*

* Although the tricks of trade are various, and processes of adulteration often rise to the dignity of a fine art, there are yet many things upon this earth that would seem safe from sophistication. The sparkling diamond would at first sight seem to be one of these, for its properties are so well known, and tests microscopical and otherwise so easily applied, that to a skilled eye a spurious stone could not pass as genuine. But there is an opening for the ingenious trickster in the fact that some diamonds of equal size are far more valuable than others, and that if the yellow African diamond can be made to look like its relative of steel blue purity even for a short period of time, it will at once rise to many times its original value. This result may be achieved in the most ingenious and scientific manner. The complementary colour to yellow is violet, and by a well known optical law

In order to avoid a scene in the shop, the Baboo was taken into the Manager's office and accused of the theft. He at first indignantly denied the accusation, but on being told he would have to submit to a search being made of his person, he admitted the theft and produced the ring.

two complementary colours produce white ; so the ingenious swindler drops his yellow and comparatively worthless gems for a few minutes into a solution of aniline violet. The tinge which they retain of that colour for some time after they are withdrawn counteracts their sallowness, and to all appearance they have been transformed into gems of the purest water. Fortunately the application of soap and water destroys the illusion and exposes the fraud.



CHAPTER III.

BANK SHARPERS.

“Suspicion always haunts the guilty mind :
The thief doth fear each bush an officer.”

GLOU.

I HAD occasion to call upon the Manager of the Oriental Bank some years ago regarding a forgery case. The interview took place in the Manager's office during business hours at the Bank. While I was engaged in conversation with the Manager, a peon brought in some papers and placed them on the table, intimating, at the same time, that the party to whom the papers referred was waiting outside. The Manager, after glancing at the documents, turned to the peon and said, “Tell the Baboo to wait a little, I am engaged ;” and the peon disappeared to execute his master's orders. As soon as my business with the Manager was concluded I rose to depart, and on opening the office door, I was brought face to face with the person waiting to enter. The man on seeing me appeared quite startled, and averting his face, nervously clutched at his chudder (*orni*) and began to adjust it. Without waiting for any further manifestation of conscious guilt, I turned upon my heel and re-entered the office. The Manager looked up from his desk enquiringly. “Who is that Baboo waiting outside ?” I began.

“He is come here to negotiate a loan,” was the Manager's reply ; “I have no personal knowledge of him.”

I then related how startled he appeared when he saw me leave the office, and suggested that his commercial

standing should be ascertained before transacting business with him. The Manager smiled, and handing me a Bonded Warehouse Receipt for 140 cases of jaconets and mull-mulls, observed—"Security of this nature is the best recommendation a man can tender in support of his commercial standing." I acknowledged the force of the remark, and concluded the man's momentary embarrassment might be due to other causes than that of conscious guilt or fear. The Manager, however, thanked me for the suggestion, and I turned to depart. On opening the door of the office I discovered the Baboo had disappeared, and, although searched for both upstairs and down, he was nowhere to be found. He had evidently withdrawn while I was talking to the Manager, though no person saw him leave the Bank. I suggested that the Bonded Warehouse Receipt might be a forgery, and that the man, on seeing me re-enter the office, after witnessing his embarrassment, got frightened and bolted. This was the Manager's opinion also. In order to test the genuineness of the document, an assistant was immediately despatched with it to the Bonded Warehouse, and returned within half an hour with the intelligence that the receipt "was as good as gold," as the goods which it covered were safe in bond. The matter thus set at rest was allowed to drop, and the Manager of the Bank put the papers connected with the case to one side, with the remark, "that the Baboo, who had probably gone to attend to other urgent business, would turn up during the course of the day," but he did not turn up in the course of a week, and it was then deemed expedient to examine the cases of jaconets and mull-mulls in the Bonded Warehouse. The first four cases opened were found to contain broken bricks packed in gunny with a single piece of jaconet or mull-

mull at the top; all the other cases simply contained bricks packed in jute-cuttings. What a narrow escape for the Bank !




CHAPTER IV.

DOMESTIC THEFTS.

“Hen quam difficile est crimen non prodere vultu.”

OVID.

OLONEL BURNE, late Military Secretary to the Government of India, called at my thannah one morning, and reported that his house, No. 13, Loudon Street, had been broken into during the night by burglars, and a large sum of money stolen from an almirah in his wife's dressing-room. The money, I was informed, belonged to the European Orphanage Asylum School, of which institution his wife was Honorary Secretary. The money should have been taken to the Bank of Bengal the day previous, but the matter was forgotten till it was too late. I accompanied Colonel Burne to No. 13, Loudon Street, and examined the room that was supposed to have been entered by burglars. I found every box and almirah in the room open and their contents scattered about on the floor. The drawer of the almirah from which the money was stolen appeared to have been forced open by a large toast fork, and the marks of the prongs appeared in the wood. This instrument, which belonged to the house, was discovered in the room. This, I thought, was not an instrument a professional burglar would use in forcing open the drawer of an almirah, and I came to the conclusion that the theft was committed by one of the domestic servants. There were two families residing on the premises, *viz.*, Colonel and Mrs. Burne and Mr. and Mrs. Ferguson. I will

give the correct names of the parties concerned in this case for easy reference, because there is so much doubt and ridicule cast upon the science of physiognomy by those who are incapable of testing or understanding its principles. The servants of both families were mustered in the compound and numbered about thirty, all told. I placed them in a single line, and walked slowly from end to end, noting carefully the expression of each individual's face. When I came opposite Colonel Burne's sirdar bearer, I could not catch his eyes, though he was standing straight to my front with his head erect—to use a military term; his eyes wandered to the right and left, and refused to meet mine, place myself as I would. I nevertheless passed on to the end of the line without remark, and then turned suddenly round and found the sirdar bearer's eyes anxiously following my movements, while all the other men were looking straight to their own front and appeared quite unconcerned regarding the result of the inspection. Seeing, this I turned on my heel and went back to where the sirdar bearer was standing, but failed to catch his eyes as before. I even went so far as to ask him to look me straight in the face, but all his efforts to steady his eyes sufficiently to perform the operation proved unavailing. While this examination was going on, I also noticed that the man frequently moistened his lips with his tongue without himself being aware of the act, and a lump appeared to shoot up and down his throat as if he were endeavouring to swallow something that would not keep down, accompanied by slight twitchings at the corners of the mouth every time the ball in the throat shot up and down. After completing my observations I put my hand on the man's shoulder, and drew him out of the line, saying, as I did so, "Colonel Burne, here is the thief." The

bearer, without waiting to hear more, fell at his master's feet and admitted having committed the offence, and begged hard for mercy in consideration of his long and hitherto faithful service. The offence fortunately was not compoundable, and the bearer was made over to the tender mercy of the Police. When on his knees supplicating for pardon he promised Colonel Burne that he would give up the stolen property which he had removed to a hut some two miles distant from his master's residence, and which place he incautiously indicated before the Police took charge of him.

On the way to the hut where the property was said to have been secreted, the bearer repented having confessed his guilt, and told the native officer who accompanied him that his confession to Colonel Burne and Mr. Ferguson was entirely false; that he was under the influence of opium at the time he made it, and did not know what he was saying, and that they were only going on a wild goose chase in trying to recover money, which he (the bearer) never stole and knew nothing about. On hearing this story, the native officer returned with the man to the Police station and related to me the prisoner's altered statement. I, however, refused to believe him, and I at once prepared to accompany the prisoner myself to the hut where he first stated the money was secreted. On nearing the place, I made the native officer keep the prisoner at a respectful distance, while I went in and interviewed the inmates. The bearer's brother came to the door of the hut to speak to me. I enquired at what hour Colonel Burne's bearer visited him last night. The man hesitated, and looked in the direction in which the prisoner was standing in charge of the native officer as if

expecting some sign or direction regarding the reply he would give to my question. "Come, come," I said; "you must speak the truth: if your statement differs in any way from your brother's, you may find yourself a prisoner also." On hearing this the accused's brother replied at once, "About eleven o'clock." "Where is the bundle he gave you to keep for him?" was my next question. "It is locked up in my box." The man replied this time without hesitation, for I could see he thought I knew a great deal more than I did regarding the property. "I wish to examine the bundle," I demanded, and it was immediately produced. It contained nearly one thousand rupees in notes and cash, and what is more, it was found tied up in one of Colonel Burne's silk handkerchiefs.

As I prepared to return with the property in my possession, I asked the prisoner which of his two statements were true; the first or last. "Ah! Sahib, what shall I say to you, who discovered from my face that I was the thief in the first instance, and knew by my voice that I was telling a lie in the second. This is my *kismet*, and there is no use in trying to fight against it," was the prisoner's reply.

For this offence the bearer was convicted and sentenced by the High Court to undergo three years' rigorous imprisonment.



CHAPTER V.

INDULGENT MASTERS AND DISHONEST SERVANTS.

Crine ruber, niger ore, brevis pede lumine læsus :
Rem magnam præstas, Zoile, si bonus es.

EPIC.



ON the 17th of April 1870, Sir Barnes Peacock missed from his library a valuable collection of foreign and ancient gold coins—a collection which took years to get together, and was consequently prized by the owner far above their intrinsic value, though that in itself was considerable.

When the coins were missed, Sir Barnes Peacock was packing up for England, and he had a number of Chinese carpenters and other outsiders at work on the premises. This fact made him give up all hopes of ever recovering his lost treasure, though he came to my station to report the loss as a matter of course. I was then in charge of Park Street Thannah, and Sir Barnes resided in Great Russell Street, and consequently within my jurisdiction. On hearing the case I at once accompanied Sir Barnes to his residence, and while we were talking the matter over in the library, the sirdar bearer was called in for the purpose of showing me over the house and premises. The bearer evidently thought he was suspected, being the first person called upon after the arrival of the Police, and he entered the room with every manifestation of guilt fully developed in the expression of the face. Seeing this, I purposely kept Sir Barnes in conversation for a few minutes after the man

entered, in order to watch the working of his features under the influence of conscious guilt. The effect was most remarkable, for the very veins of the neck came out sufficiently to be quite visible to the naked eye at a distance, and the inward agitation even extended its influence to the tips of the fingers, for the man kept picking to pieces a duster he held in his hand without being aware of the fact.

Sir Barnes, after we concluded our conversation, directed the bearer to show me over the house and premises, and assist me in every way possible to obtain such information as I required. "Why, Sir Barnes," I interrupted with a smile, "you are now addressing the thief himself?" "What" said Sir Barnes with evident surprise, "surely you don't suspect my head bearer? He is an old and trusted servant, and has been with me for 16 years, in fact, since I first came to India, and during the whole of that period I never had occasion to even doubt his honesty."

"That may be so, Sir Barnes," I replied, "but I nevertheless feel confident the man now before me has the coins, if he can only be coaxed into giving them up."

"If you think so, Mr. Reid," Sir Barnes replied, "you can adopt what measures you think proper to recover them."

Having thus obtained the Chief Justice's consent to act as I thought proper in the matter, I intimated to the bearer that he would be defendant number one to commence with in the case of the stolen coins. The man looked appealingly towards his master, but I gave him no time to speak,—for Sir Barnes, I could see, was half inclined to withdraw the charge, as he did not like to see his favourite servant suspected,—but proceeded at once to search his person. I found a key attached to his waist chain, and questioned him regarding it.

“That is the key of my box, Sir,” was the bearer’s reply “Where is the box?” I inquired. “In a godown on the premises,” was the bearer’s hesitating answer. “I wish to see its contents ;” This was enough ; the bearer saw the game was played out, and falling at his master’s feet (for Sir Barnes remained to watch the proceedings), admitted the theft, and gave up the coins : they were found concealed in his box.

[Vide *Englishman* and *Indian Daily News* of the 18th of April 1870 for full report of the above case. The case was heard and disposed of by two Magistrates in the Police Court, as Sir Barnes Peacock would leave for England before the then ensuing Criminal Sessions of the High Court.]



CHAPTER VI.

REMARKABLE ESCAPE FROM PRISON.

“It out-herods Herod.”

HAMLET.

SOME years ago, there was a notorious burglar working out a long sentence of imprisonment in the Presidency Jail, Calcutta. This man was told-off one day to attend on some bricklayers engaged in repairing the Governor's quarters, situated over the main entrance to the prison. When evening muster came round prior to lock-up, the notorious Bycunto, for that was one of his names, was nowhere to be found, though he was searched for in every nook and corner of the jail. It turned out afterwards that he managed to find his way into a bath-room of the Governor's quarters, and turning over the large bath-tub he had there concealed himself under it till the small hours of the night. The Governor had been out to dinner that evening, and did not turn up till about 12 o'clock. When he did return he undressed immediately, turned into bed, and was soon fast asleep. Bycunto now crept out from under the tub, and dressed himself in the clothes the Governor had just taken off, even to the hat and patent leather boots, and after annexing the jewellery he found on the Doctor's* dressing table, went downstairs, opened the front door, and walked boldly past the sentry without even being challenged; in fact, the sentry, who

* Dr. Lynch was then Governor of the Presidency Jail.

was standing at ease at the time, jumped to attention, taking Bycunto for the Governor!

The following morning there was a great commotion in the Presidency Jail. The notorious Bycunto was absent, and so were the Governor's clothes and jewellery. The discovery of a suit of prison clothes and the prisoner's number in the Doctor's bath-room, together with the statement of the sentry on duty at the main entrance, left no doubt as to how the prisoner had effected his escape. Circulars went flying round the town and suburbs, giving a description of the absconded criminal and offering a reward for his arrest. Bycunto, however, succeeded in eluding detection on the double charge of breaking out of prison and stealing the Governor's clothes.

About ten months after this event, Bycunto was caught, red-handed, committing a burglary in the northern part of the city, and he was duly convicted and sent back to prison for this offence under an assumed name. Now Bycunto had acquired the art of assuming at will an expression of face that would puzzle his most intimate associates to make out; in fact, his wondrous mobility of face enabled him to pass for a Chinaman, an Assamese, a Burman, an Oorah, a Bengalee, and Hindostanee.* When brought back to prison on a fresh charge and under a new name, it is not, therefore, surprising that none of the jail officials recognised him as the man wanted for escaping from jail in the Governor's clothes. Bycunto, when sent to the labour yard, met an old companion in crime who surprised him asleep one day in his cell, and at once recognised

*David Garrick's success as an actor was due to the power which he possessed of assuming at will faces utterly diametrically opposite to one another in expression, in character, and even nationality.

him. In order to curry favour with the jail officials, this prisoner peached, but Bycunto stoutly maintained that he never saw the inside of a jail in his life before, and related a well concocted story to the effect that the prisoner in question had brought this false charge against him because he (Bycunto, now Ramchurn) refused to share a piece of opium with him that he succeeded in smuggling into jail; and Bycunto *alias* Ramchurn's story was strengthened by the production of a piece of opium which was there and then handed over to the Jailor as the bone of contention. There being no other person in the jail to corroborate the informer's statement regarding the identity of Bycunto, the matter was about to be dropped, when Mr. Wilson, the then Jailor of the Presidency Jail, bethought himself of sending for the officer from whose division the prisoner was convicted under the name of Bycunto—an officer who had then gained the reputation of never forgetting a face once seen. Responding to the invitation of Mr. Wilson, I proceeded to the Presidency Jail. Bycunto, with eleven other prisoners, was paraded in front of the main entrance. The line was drawn up in single file, and I was asked to pick him out. I walked slowly along the rank, noting carefully the face of each individual. On approaching the centre of the line I observed a man with his features considerably drawn out of the perpendicular, the chin and mouth inclining to the right side of the face, and the nose seemed to follow the direction of the mouth and chin, imparting to the feature a strange distorted expression. Not a muscle of the face moved, even the eyes seemed fixed, showing the man had them under the perfect control of his will: the only outward sign of inward conscious guilt, or rather in this case fear, which Bycunto

betrayed, was the contraction and dilation of the pupils of the eyes through the physical exertion necessary to maintain the deception. I went no further in my inspection of the rank of men, but put my hand on Bycunto's shoulder, and requested him to step forward, saying, as I did so, to Mr. Wilson, "this is your man." Bycunto fell at the Jailor's feet and admitted the fact. When he rose to his feet again, his features resumed their natural position, and expression, and all present at once recognised him as the notorious Bycunto.



PART II.

OBSERVATION.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTION.

“The gay, deceitful, shrewd, bold, selfish, polished man of the world will, in all probability, cheat *you*, my dear friends. For such a character makes the master-rogue the stuff from which nature forms a Richard the Third.

• Do not attempt hypocrisy with him, he will see through it in an instant. Let him think you at once and at first sight a rogue: but at the same time a *useful* rogue. Serve him well and zealously; but own that you do so because you consider your own interest involved in this. This reasoning satisfies him; and as men of this character are usually generous, he will acknowledge its justice by throwing you plenty of sops, and stimulating you with plenty of cordials. Should he fail to satisfy your expectations in this, appear satisfied, and profit in betraying him (*that* is the best way to cheat him) not by his failings, but by opportunity. Watch not his character, but your time. The Bengalee can read you an exquisite lesson in this popular art of cheating.”

DICKENS is justly acknowledged to be the greatest observer of men and manners of the age in which he lived and wrote. He has painted in vigorous colours, upon imperishable canvas, every character and condition of life, from the most elevated to the most degraded. Nothing escaped his observation, or was considered too insignificant to notice. If there is any art that will aid the detective in his profession more

than another, it is, *par excellence*, the art of observing. Yet how few men, including the detective profession, cultivate this useful branch of knowledge. Any man of ordinary intelligence, with a little application and study, may become a celebrated botanist, yet how few men have any knowledge of botany. Nine hundred and ninety-nine men will cross a common without observing the distinction of one plant from another, while the individual required to complete the thousand sees something to note and admire at every step. In the same way, nine hundred and ninety-nine men will walk through a crowded street without noting or remembering anything peculiar in the appearance, manner, or movements of the hundreds of his own species who pass him in the course of an hour, while another man will observe something in the action, manner, or look of every fifth individual he meets worth noting and recording. It is to the latter class that the detective emphatically belongs. But there is no reason why every man, with a little application and study, may not become a fairly good detective.

The Railway Police Committee, appointed a year or two ago to conduct an enquiry into the organisation and material of the police along the different lines, in the course of their journey over 8,000 miles of railway, found there was a great absence of skilled detectives; in fact, that practically no detective system at all existed, and came to the conclusion that the chief ground for this was an "absence of detective ability" among the natives of India. Here is the mistake: it is not the absence of detective ability amongst the rank and file of the Police that is at fault, but the absence of discrimination in the superior officers of the force. I will illustrate this by an example or two.

A native policeman observed a Mahommedan servant passing along Park Street one night with a canvas bag over his shoulder. The constable stopped the carrier and enquired what the bag contained. There was a slight pause before the latter made answer, just sufficient to create a suspicion that the man was feeling for a reply. This is what he said : "*Khoda janta maharaj*. I picked it up in the street and am taking it to the nearest *thana* as unclaimed property, but as I have met a representative of the law I will make it over to him at once. Will you take charge of it? I am in a great hurry, and was on my way to Messrs. Scott Thomson & Co's dispensary for medicine for a man at the point of death when I came across the bundle."

This ingenious excuse would have thrown most men off their guard, but it failed in this instance, and the carrier and the bag were marched off to the Police station, where it was found that the bag contained a quantity of valuable wearing apparel stolen from the Bengal Club, and that the individual in possession was himself the thief.

The inspector entered the constable's name in the good conduct book, and recommended that he should be remembered when there were any promotions to be made, but the Deputy Commissioner of Police thought there was nothing in the man's action deserving of any special notice. And so the detective instinct which the constable manifested in so remarkable a manner in the above case, instead of being encouraged and developed, was extinguished.

In another case, a native tailor was employed at 17, Camac Street, and used to work in the verandah. He took a fancy to a valuable silk dress suspended from a peg in the lady's dressing-room, and set his wits to work to get it out of the premises unobserved. He

knew that the durwan at the gate had orders to search all bundles leaving the compound, so he could not take it out by making it up into a bundle. This is what he did : He waited till the inmates of the house had gone out for their evening drive ; then cut open the seams of a pair of loose pajamahs which he wore, and converted them into a skirt, such as ayahs usually wear. This done, he got into the lady's silk dress, which formed an under garment, and the converted small clothes served as an outer covering, which concealed from view every trace of the former. A shawl thrown over the head and shoulders completed the toilet, and the tailor left the premises *à la* ayah without being suspected or questioned by the durwan. On turning the corner where Camac Street terminates in Park Street, he came nearly face to face with the constable of the beat, but stopped suddenly and looked in the opposite direction, as if undecided whether to proceed or retrace his steps. The policeman noticed the movement and enquired, "Lost your way, ayah?" The tailor, thrown off his guard, replied, "Yes." His voice, which was rougher than his face, betrayed him, and the constable took him into custody. When taken to the Police station he admitted what he could not deny—his sex, and the theft of his expensive under-clothing also. The dress, I may add, was seen at a ball at the Town Hall a short time afterwards, and it did a good deal of dancing and flirting too, but that is not the sequel of my story. The constable was recommended for a reward by the Inspector under whom he served, but the Deputy Commissioner as in the former case, could see nothing in the arrest to merit special notice.

Here is another example : A little child of about two-and-a-half years of age was picked up in the street and could give no account of itself. When brought to my office for disposal, it had in its little hands some parched gram which a kind-hearted *moody* had given it on the way. Though apparently frightened of the constable who picked it up in the street, and its strange surroundings, it clung to the staff of life, and every now and then would slip a grain of the gram into its mouth. Seeing this I sent out for some sweets, which the child eagerly and even ravenously devoured; evidently it had been some time without food. The little one was then placed in charge of a constable, and while seated in the verandah began to arrange the parched gram, though in a rude and rough way, as a compositor would set up a column of type.

When the grains of gram were all exhausted, the child would commence at the top of the column and imitate the breaking up and distribution of type on the floor. The constable seeing this came into my office and drew my attention to the fact, remarking as he did so, "Sahib, there is a printing office on my beat, and I have watched the compositors through the window perform the same action as the child is doing in breaking and setting up type. Its parents are therefore most probably compositors;" and such, in fact, was found to be the case.

I suggested that the constable should be attached to the Detective Department. He was a young man, and had only been a few months in the police. But my recommendation was pooh-poohed, and the proverbial school-boy quoted to show, I suppose, that any simpleton would have made the same remark as the constable. But I maintain that there is not one man in ten thousand who would have

account of himself. On searching his person a petition was found addressed to His Royal Highness. The petition which had evidently been written by some one of the numerous petition-writers hanging about the Small Cause Court or Lall Bazar Street, had reference to some frivolous land dispute, and the petitioner admitted he intended to present it in person, at all risks, to His Royal Highness as his carriage passed, if he had not been arrested beforehand by the Police. The man was kept under Police surveillance until he was sent back to his country; but his real motive for risking his life—for he would most certainly have been cut down if he had attempted to break the line of police to rush upon His Royal Highness' carriage—in presenting a frivolous petition, was never ascertained.

Strange to say, on the return journey an event nearly similar to the above happened. On nearing the private entrance to Government House, I observed a man struggling to get well to the front. Having gained his point, he placed himself in the interval between two constables, though rather behind than in a line with the police, who were standing about one yard apart. As my horse approached the spot, the man drew back perceptibly and averted his face as if to hide some mental emotion. I pulled up and beckoned to one of my detectives, who I observed in plain clothes on the opposite side of the road. The man was by my side in an instant, but on turning to point out the individual to the detective, he had vanished and was completely lost sight of in the crowd. That this act was the result of conscious guilt of some kind or other, no one will doubt; for the man had no more cause to suspect that he was about to be taken into custody than any other of the thousands of spectators present on that occasion.

CHAPTER II.

HOW TO OBSERVE.

“When our actions do not,
Our fears do make us traitors.”

MACBETH.

DURING the visit of the Prince of Wales to India, I was selected by Sir Stuart Hogg to be in special attendance upon His Royal Highness for the whole period of his stay in Calcutta. I accompanied His Royal Highness on every public occasion, and it was part of my duty, while so employed, to look out for, and keep an eye upon, all suspicious-looking characters. I remember one day, as His Royal Highness was leaving Government House to pay return visits to some Native Chiefs at Garden Reach, a large crowd of people collected on the Red Road to see the procession pass. All traffic was stopped along the line of route for the occasion, and the road was held by a double line of police constables. I rode about fifty or sixty yards ahead of His Royal Highness' carriage. On nearing Lord Harding's statue, and surveying the sea of faces on all sides of me, I observed a man whose head and shoulders appeared distinctly above the surrounding crowd. He was standing well to the front, and, as I approached, I could see his figure gradually lowering until the upper part of his body was brought down to a level with those of his neighbours. The movement attracted my notice at once, and I pulled up and made the man over to a mounted constable, with instructions to take him to the Police Office for enquiry. He was a tall, up-country man, and refused at first to give any

the sudden surprise would throw him off his guard, and before he had time to form an excuse, I generally succeeded in worming the truth out of him.

The following is a curious instance of how conscious guilt betrays itself in some individuals. On turning Old Court House Street corner one afternoon, I came suddenly face to face with a fine strapping young fellow rigged out in the garb of a sailor, but his bearing and general appearance, with the single exception, perhaps, of his hair, which he wore rather long for military taste, at once proclaimed him a soldier; the clay pipe dropped from his mouth on to the pavement the instant our eyes met, and he stood for a moment regarding the broken fragments with an eye of pity, such as a weary traveller casts upon departing day he had evidently lost an old and valued friend. Taking advantage of his momentary abstraction, I broke in: "Never mind the loss of the pipe, my man; you will not require it again—at least, for some time to come, at all events." The man started and stared at me with a look of anxious enquiry. As I continued: "I will find you bed and board for the present, but cannot promise you the use of pipe or tobacco, even at your own expense."

"Surely, Sir, you are not going to lock me up," the man exclaimed, his face betraying evident indications of surprise mingled with the most abject terror.

"I regret to have to inform you that that is my present intention. However disagreeable to you and painful to myself the duty is, I must perform it."

"But are you sure, Sir, you are not mistaken in your man?" the accused enquired hesitatingly.

"No;" I replied, "you answer the individual wanted admirably,—in fact, in every particular; height, age,

I have frequently, on turning a street corner, come suddenly face to face with an absconding criminal—a man I had never seen or heard of before, perhaps. If I happened to be in uniform, he would make a half halt, appear startled, put his hand to his head, push his cap or hat to one side and scratch the part exposed, bite the shank of his pipe through, if it happened to be a clay one, in the surprise of the moment, and the bowl would fall to the ground and betray his inward agitation. This has been quite a common occurrence in my experience, especially among soldier and sailor deserters. Another common practice with absconding criminals, when suddenly brought face to face with their natural enemy—the Police—is to rub the side of the nose with the back of their disengaged hand, or if both hands are disengaged, the right hand is used. Stooping to pretend to tie a shoe-lace is also quite common. I have met criminals pretend to perform this operation who had actually elastic sides to their boots! Dropping a walking-stick and stooping to pick it up is also a common dodge. It hides their momentary embarrassment but betrays their inward fear.

In such cases I would usually introduce myself thus—“Well, my man, I have just been searching for you.” “For me, Sir?” the man would exclaim in surprise, drawing himself up to his full height. “Surely you must be mistaken?” “No,” I would answer. “I am never mistaken, and no one could mistake you—from your descriptive roll in my possession; that dent on the nose, cut on the upper lip, and scar on the left cheek, complexion, age, and height all correspond. If you doubt my word, come to my office and satisfy yourself.” In nine cases out of ten, I would have no descriptive roll or other authority for the man’s arrest, but

A big stout Baboo almost ran against me as he hurried out of a carriage when the train stopped. His look of bewilderment surprised me, and stammering apology for the near collision, strongly impressed me with the idea that all was not right, and I took the Baboo into custody on suspicion. On searching the man's carpet bag which was all the luggage he carried, I turned out one hundred forged currency notes of the value of one hundred

train on Howrah Station platform. I will also relate another most remarkable incident that occurred while I was awaiting the arrival of the down-mail his way to Calcutta with a view of shipping as a sailor.

He had just escaped from a military prison, and made fact that he was wanted, and wanted to some purpose. He was run in, however, and enquiry disclosed the do not go about in this disguise for nothing."

"You may be wanted for all that," I made answer. "Alen "True, you are not the man I at first took you for, but I was left without a reply, but it was only for a moment. His cap and formed part of his disguise. For a moment struck me at once he had just escaped from some military prison. The long, light brown hair I found was sewn into the cap from his head, he exposed to my astonished view a most remarkable short crop! so short, in fact, that it vanished as he spoke. "Look here, Sir," and removing the accused in triumph, his terror-stricken aspect "Then I am evidently not the man you want," con- "Yes;" I replied.

accused, his face brightening up with a ray of hope. "Long, light brown hair, did you say, Sir?" put in the long light brown hair,—there is no mistaking you." complexion, that scar on the left side of the face, and

CHAPTER III.

A DARK DEED BROUGHT TO LIGHT.

For murder, though it have no tongue, will speak
With most miraculous organ.

HAMLET.

THERE are numerous ways in which the educated eye of the detective may discover conscious guilt. A Police Officer, therefore, cannot be too careful in taking stock of, and noting the most trivial occurrences in a man's actions and manner under certain conditions and circumstances, bearing in mind that great events do oft from the most trivial causes spring.

A case in point occurred in Jorabagan Section of the town some years ago. A cloth merchant, residing and carrying on business in Dhurmahatta Street near the Mint, murdered his partner in the course of a dispute regarding the division of the profits of the business, and buried the body under the floor of a cook-room in the compound. The following day the murderer went straight to the Police Thannah and accused his victim of having absconded during the night with a large sum of money belonging to the firm, and alleged that he had also stolen private property in the shape of jewellery and other valuables which he had no share in. After signing the charge sheet in the Police Thannah and obtaining a warrant from the Magistrate, the complainant offered a large reward for the arrest of the accused. The Inspector in charge of the case was a Mr. Graves. I was then Inspector of the River Police, and my Division was the Northern boundary of

rupees each ! The unfortunate man, it turned out after all, was only the victim of another and greater scoundrel than himself,—a case of diamond cut diamond in fact. He was a jeweller by profession, and carried on business in the Holy City of Benares. The notorious Madrassee forger paid him a visit, and purchased jewellery to the extent of ten thousand rupees, which he paid for in forged notes, and after shaking the dust of the Holy City off his feet, cleared out with the swag. The purchase was made on a Sunday, and the following day, when the jeweller sent a currency note to the Bank, it was impounded, and pronounced a forgery. Without more ado the jeweller packed up the remainder of the notes in his carpet bag and took the first train to Calcutta in order to convert as many of the forged notes into the current coin of the realm as possible before the bubble burst ; but his timely arrest saved him from committing the very serious offence of uttering forged currency notes with a guilty knowledge.

The forger of the notes himself was subsequently arrested, but succeeded in making his escape from the police guard, and committing suicide by jumping into a tank before the escort could re-capture him.



enough for you to bring the reward when it is earned ; the prisoner is not yet arrested." "There is a rumour among the shopkeepers in the bazar that the accused has been arrested at Benares and is on his way down to Calcutta, and that is why I have brought the reward," was the cloth merchant's reply.

Mr. Graves assured him there was no truth in the rumour, and he was advised to take back his money. When I heard this statement, and compared it with my own interview with the man the previous evening, the case seemed to assume a serious shape. I mentioned my suspicions to Inspector Graves, and after carefully comparing notes, he was not slow to fall into my view of the matter. Our first step was to send for the cloth merchant, and enquire from him how he got the information regarding the arrest of the accused at Benares. On being questioned on this point, the cloth merchant stated that one Akhoy Baboo came to his shop in the morning and asked him if it was true that his late partner was arrested, as he (Akhoy) heard it from Premchand Baboo. Premchand, on being questioned, stated that he heard the news of the arrest from Abhoy Churn, and Abhoy Churn, it turned out, heard the news of the arrest from the cloth merchant himself. It will thus be seen that the cloth merchant started the rumour in the bazar before proceeding to the Thannah to pump the Inspector. On carrying the enquiry back from this point to the time the accused was last seen in the neighbourhood, it was ascertained that the cloth merchant and his partner were heard quarrelling in the compound of their joint residence the evening previous to the disappearance of the latter. This fact, coupled with the strange conduct of the cloth merchant, raised a suspicion in my mind, which was also

Jorabagan Section, so that Inspector Graves and I used to frequently meet on rounds, and I was also in the habit of going over to pass the evening at his Thannah. It is therefore quite natural to suppose that I would, under these circumstances, be admitted to a large share of Mr. Graves' confidence, and such, in fact, was the case. On returning home one evening from Jorabagan Thannah, I found the cloth-merchant waiting on board (for I lived afloat at the time) to speak to me. He introduced himself by saying, "Sir, I have come to consult you about my case. You are a friend of Graves *Sahib*, and I want to know from you what steps are being taken to discover the whereabouts of my dishonest partner, and what Mr. Graves thinks about the case? I did not suspect for the moment the man had come to pump me, but I was not long in discovering his object. I therefore replied by saying, "Mr. Graves is a sharp, experienced Police Officer, and he is sure to turn up your man, dead or alive, before many days are over." I thought I observed a sudden start and a peculiar nervous-like twitching about the mouth of my interrogator as I uttered the words *dead* or *alive*, and I made a mental note of the fact. After some further conversation of little importance, the cloth merchant took his departure.

The following evening, on going over to Jorabagan Thannah, I learnt that the cloth merchant had been interviewing Mr. Graves in the morning, evidently with the object of trying the pumping dodge on him also. He brought a bag of money with him, and offered to place it in the hands of the Inspector, saying, "This is the reward I promised in the event of the Police succeeding in apprehending my late partner." "But," said Mr. Graves, "it will be time

The cloth merchant, at this stage of the proceedings, attempted to bolt, but was laid hold of by a constable and brought back to the door of the cook-room. Here he fell flat on the ground, and began to beat his head against the brick pavement of the court-yard, and it required the assistance of two men to keep him from injuring himself in this way. A *khodal* was procured, and the body of the unfortunate man, against whom a warrant of arrest had been taken out by his murderer on a false charge of theft, was unearthed and brought to the surface. The body was in an advanced state of decomposition, and was only recognisable by the clothes, rings, and silver waist-chain which the deceased wore while alive, and which had not been removed before burial.

The murderer made no attempt to deny the charge. He was tried at the High Court, found guilty of murder, and sentenced to suffer the extreme penalty of the law.



shared by Mr. Graves, that the missing man had not absconded as reported but had met with quite a different fate. The next move on the board was to search the business premises of the cloth merchant. Here, however, arose a difficulty; there was not sufficient legal evidence against the man to go before a Magistrate for a search warrant on a serious charge. While this point was being debated, Mr. Graves remembered that an information had been lodged at the Thannah, a few weeks previous, to the effect that the cloth merchant and his partner were doing a little business in smuggled opium, but action was not taken on that occasion as the informer failed to turn up on the day fixed for a search and seizure. We therefore now decided upon hunting up the informer in the opium smuggling case, so as to kill two birds with one stone. Graves was quite delighted with this arrangement, and when the informer was brought in by a native officer about two hours afterwards, we repaired to the house of the cloth merchant under the pretence of searching for smuggled opium. On being admitted, Mr. Graves went through the rooms of the dwelling-house with a sharp iron probe, pricking the floor as he went along. After searching the rooms of the dwelling-house, he went out into the court-yard and had a turn round it also, assuring the owner of the premises all the time he was only searching for opium. On entering the cook-room, the first stroke of the probe went into the floor about five feet with little or no exertion on the part of the operator. "Ah!" exclaimed Graves exultingly, "there is something else here besides opium;" and as the probe was withdrawn, the confined gas from some putrefying body began to rise through the aperture made by the instrument, and almost drove the operator and on-lookers out of the room.

her bottom, and she gradually began to sink, while the whole of the crew hurried on shore. The hull of the boat very soon disappeared from view, and all that remained above water was a few feet of the mast. It was now flood-tide. The crew of the submerged boat sat down on the bank near the few traps they had removed from her hold before she disappeared, while a Chupprasse, — or, as he turned out afterwards to be, the Charandar, — who should have accompanied the salt boat with the transit permit, engaged a green boat and made for Chandpaul Ghât. This man returned in a little more than half an hour afterwards with the Salt Chowky Darogah : and the latter, when he landed, began to take down in writing the statements of the crew of the submerged boat. I thought the time had now arrived when I might put in an appearance and watch the proceedings. On reaching the spot where the enquiry was going on, I found the boatmen in tears, bewailing and relating to the Darogah their losses in a most piteous manner. Some had lost a box containing ornaments of considerable value, besides money and clothes. All were more or less ruined by the accident to the boat. "How did the accident occur?" I enquired of the Darogah. "Sir," said this official, "according to the statement of the Charandar, or man in charge, that boat, the mast of which you see above water, contained 2,000 maunds of Liverpool salt landed from the British ship *Eblana*, lying off the Water Gate opposite Fort William. While proceeding up the river at noon to-day, she was caught by the bore, which was unusually severe, and swamped immediately. The salt belongs to a rich merchant of Hautcollah, who is well able to bear the loss, which after all will not amount to much, considering he will get a refund of the duty paid on the salt destroy-

CHAPTER IV.

SALT SMUGGLING.

“Here’s metal more attractive.”

HAMLET.

WHILE on my rounds one day, shortly after taking charge of the Middle Division of the Port of Calcutta, I observed a large country boat, salt laden, pull into a quiet creek of the river between Armenian Ghat and the Mint, where there was an empty boat of the same size and build, apparently awaiting its arrival. The moment the salt-laden boat was brought to, the men in charge transferred themselves to the empty boat, and the crew of the latter took possession of the salt-laden vessel. This done, the salt boat pushed out from shore and proceeded up the river with the tide, while the empty boat left her moorings in the creek and made straight for the Howrah side of the river. “What move is this,” I mentally ejaculated; “these boatmen are evidently up to some trickery;” and I set myself to watch their movements. Discharging my own large *bhowlea*, I entered a small native craft and followed the empty boat, while my Jemadar kept the salt-laden boat in view from a small *din-ghie* which he engaged for the occasion. As the empty boat neared the shore on the Howrah side, she was made fast to the bank, and the crew began to remove some cooking utensils and bundles of wearing apparel from the hold to the bank. This accomplished, one of the men sounded with a long bamboo the depth of water the boat floated in, and, apparently satisfied with the result, drew a plug out of

hesitate to refund the duty on salt actually lost by accident ; it is only common justice to the salt merchant ; and the revenue derived from salt would in no way suffer from the practice so long as proper precautions were taken to guard against the possibility of fraud." " I think, Sir, you will admit," said the Darogah, " there is not the slightest suspicion of fraud in this case so far, and if the Custom House Officers on board the *Eblana* can identify the Charandar and the boatmen, the case in support of the merchant's claim will be complete." With this remark of the Darogah's I acquiesced, and nothing further was said on the subject until we reached the *Eblana*, When the crew and Charandar of the submerged boat were paraded on deck, they were not only identified by the Preventive Officers, but by the ship's officers and men, as the crew of the boat which left the ship's side at 11 o'clock that morning with 2,000 maunds of salt. This closed the enquiry, and the Darogah and me.. departed for their respective homes. When I reached my station some time afterwards, I found the native officer I had despatched after the salt-laden boat had returned. He reported that he followed the boat to Hautcollah, where it drew up opposite the salt golahs of a merchant whose name he mentioned. The moment the boat was moored, coolies were set to work to transfer the salt from the boat to the merchant's godown. This information completed my case, and I immediately set about drawing up a report, which I submitted to my Chief the following morning. The report was in due course communicated to the Board of Revenue, and in less than a month from the date of this occurrence the salt chowky system was abolished, and the present system of supervi-

ed, and the boat will be recovered at ebb-tide ; but these poor men, you see, Sir, are most to be pitied ; they have lost all their little earnings." I agreed with the Darogah that the men were much to be pitied, but kept my own counsel, and waited to see what would turn up next. The Darogah, after concluding his investigation of the case at the scene of the alleged accident to the boat, prepared to take the Charandar and boatmen on board the *Eblana* to be identified by the Custom House Officers as the crew of the boat which left the ship's side at 11 A.M. that day, with 2,000 maunds of Liverpool salt, under the authority of the permit now produced, and in the hands of the Charandar. I offered to take the party in my boat to the *Eblana*—an offer which the Darogah gladly accepted—as my boat was more roomy and better manned than the one he had crossed the river in with the Charandar. On the way the Darogah asked me if I had any objection to have my name entered in his report of the accident as a witness to the facts disclosed? I replied, "Certainly not, I am perfectly ready and willing to testify to what I have seen at any time and place necessary." "That is all that is required," said the Darogah quite innocently, and I may add honestly, for he had not the slightest suspicion that there was any trickery in this case. "When a European gentleman, and a disinterested party, offers himself as a witness," the Darogah continued, "in an accident like the one under enquiry—though the Board of Revenue, by-the-by, are beginning to think these accidents to salt-laden boats are becoming suspiciously frequent of late—the owner of the salt has no difficulty in getting a refund of the duty on the quantity reported as lost." I replied by way of remark, "The Board of Revenue should not

sion by the River Police introduced. This case, besides teaching the student of the detective art the value and importance of carefully observing and noting the actions and movements of men, also demonstrates how easy it is to form a false theory at the very opening of an enquiry, and how facts and circumstances arise, as the investigation proceeds, to strengthen and support this false theory, as in the case of the Darogah.



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CHAPTER V.

POSTAL FRAUDS.

“Knavery’s plain face is never seen till used.”

IAGO.

I HAD occasion to call upon a Jew some time ago—a resident of Howrah, and a trunk-maker by profession—for the purpose of purchasing a portmanteau for a lady friend going home. When I entered the shop the old Jew had his coat off, and he was busily engaged in opening a tin lined case. The moment he became aware of my presence, he jumped up quite startled, and lifting his coat with a peculiar nervous movement from the back of a chair, he threw it over the half open case, apparently to hide the contents from my view. I pretended not to notice the act, and turned to a pile of portmanteaux in the shop for the purpose of making a selection. This gave the old man time to recover from his embarrassment, and when I faced him again to enquire the price of the trunk I had chosen, he replied with a bow and a significant smile, “To you, Mr. Reid, it will be rupees sixteen.” It was now my turn to smile, for I knew I was getting the portmanteau much below its market-value. However, I made no remark, but paid the money and left the shop.

A servant was called who put the trunk on the top of my gharry, and I immediately drove off. On my way home I made a memorandum of the morning’s adventure with the Jew in my note book, and thought no more about the matter. A month or two after this event, a very strange and mysterious case was put into my hands for

enquiry and report. The postal accounts showed a large falling off in the receipts from the sale of postage stamps for the current quarter compared with the corresponding quarter of the previous year, without any falling off in the number of letters, &c., passing through the Post Office to account for it. My first step in this enquiry was to pay Collector Mackenzie a professional visit, in order to obtain from him the names and addresses of the principal licensed stamp vendors in the town and suburbs. In this way I ascertained that two stamp vendors in particular, who for years had purchased and sold stamps to the extent of three hundred rupees per day, had of late reduced their purchases to rupees fifty per day or thereabouts. Upon the movements of these men I resolved upon setting a watch. I had at the time a rather sharp European Constable doing duty at the Great Eastern Hotel, and as one of the two stamp vendors had his shop on the opposite side of the road, I could easily have his movements watched without exciting suspicion. Accordingly I issued the necessary instructions to the European Police Officer before proceeding on duty in the morning. On the evening of that very day the Constable came to me to report progress. The stamp vendor, I was informed, opened his shop at 10 A.M. and closed it again at 5-30 P.M. Before closing for the night the stamp vendor was observed to collect all the small change he had taken during the day and put *it* into a bag. This bag, after locking up the shop, the stamp vendor took straight to a money-changer in Lall Bazar and exchanged the contents for currency notes. This done, he entered a ticca gharry and drove to Howrah, followed by the European Constable in another. The stamp vendor's gharry drew

up at the shop-door of my friend, the Jew, and the latter came out to receive him. After a short conversation both Jew and stamp vendor entered the shop together. When the latter had apparently concluded his business with the former, he returned to his conveyance, re-entered it, and drove straight to his private residence in Chitpore Road, followed by the Constable, who, after seeing his charge, as he thought, safe for the night, returned to the Police compound. On receiving this information from the Constable, I leaned back in my chair to think the matter over and piece facts together. The strange adventure I had had with this self-same Jew a short time previous then suddenly occurred to me, and I turned to the memorandum made in my note book at the time and read it carefully over about half-a-dozen times. Is it possible, I thought, that this old Jew can be enticing away Collector Mackenzie's best customers and supplying them with stamps himself? Sure enough that box I surprised the Jew opening on the last occasion I visited his shop, now that I think of it, resembled in every particular,—with the exception, perhaps, of its water-stained appearance—the cases in which the Home Government send out stamps and stamp paper to India. "But how did it come into his possession if it did contain stamps?" I soliloquized. "I have received no report from the Superintendent of Stamps and Stationery of any loss or theft occurring lately or even remotely, in his department, and J. B. Roberts is not a man to hush up a matter of this kind if it did occur." While I sat puzzling over this question, who should rush into my office in a great state of excitement but the stamp vendor himself—the very man I had under police surveillance. My first thought was that the bubble had burst

and the stamp vendor, learning by some means that he was being watched by the police, had come to protest against my interference with his personal liberty. I was therefore greatly relieved when he made known the object of his visit. He had come to me, he said, to report the driver of a ticca gharry who absconded with his account books and a quantity of postage and other stamps.

The stamp vendor, it appears, alighted from the gharry opposite his family residence in the Chitpore Road on his return from Howrah, leaving his account books and stamps in the carriage for the servant who brought out the driver's fare, to bring into the house. In the meantime two Baboos came up and jumped into the gharry, telling the driver to take them to Howrah Station sharp, and they would double his fare; the Baboos were rolled off without further ceremony. Consequently, when the stamp vendor's servant came out to pay the man, and bring in the bundle his master had left in the gharry, he found neither coach nor coachman. On this information being conveyed to the stamp vendor, he rushed off to the nearest Police Station to give information. After worming out of the stamp vendor, with considerable adroitness, how he came by the stamps he left in the gharry, I determined to go out in search of the absconded coachman; for I had now as much, and even more, interest than the stamp vendor in recovering the lost stamps. I accompanied the stamp vendor to his residence in Chitpore Road, and on our arrival we found that the man we were in quest of had returned. On searching the gharry the account books only were found, the stamps were gone. The driver, on being questioned, stated he drove the two Baboos, who engaged his gharry in Chitpore Road, to Howrah Station,

where they paid him off and disappeared in the direction of the Railway platform, and he immediately returned to receive his fare from the stamp vendor; he would know the Baboos if he saw them again, he said. Whereupon the stamp vendor and I jumped into the gharry and drove off to the Howrah Railway Station, but failed to trace either the Baboos or stamps. While the enquiry was going on at the Railway platform, some one sent information to the Jew who sold the stamps that Reid had the stamp vendor in custody, and there was a great *golmal* about stamps. The Jew, in his fright at this information, destroyed by fire every case of stamps and stamp paper he had on the premises, and the following morning went to a lawyer to enquire what would be his responsibility if the stamps sold to the stamp vendor were traced to him, and whether he should bolt or stand his ground. The lawyer, on learning how his client came by the stamps, told him he had nothing to fear, that he had come by the stamps honestly enough, and he was at liberty to do with them what he chose. "My gat! my gat! I am one ruined man," exclaimed the Jew when he heard the opinion of the lawyer. "I have burnt up, through fright, all the stamps I purchased at Aden from the British Government, and I am a poorer man to-day by two lakhs of rupees than I was yesterday in consequence. My gat! my gat! I wish I had sought your advice before I destroyed my stamps:" and the Jew left his lawyer in a state of mind more easily imagined than described. A few hours after the Jew's interview with the lawyer, I paid him a professional visit at his shop in Howrah. He met my entrance with a look I shall probably never forget during the whole course of my life. After a painful pause, he enquired if I had

come to purchase another portmanteau. "No," I replied, "I had come on other business to-day." "Ah! Mr. Reid, you are one very cunning man. I know your business." "I am glad to hear it, Mr. C—," I replied, "because when one's business is of a delicate and painful nature, there is always some considerable embarrassment in broaching the subject; however, as we appear to understand each other, there will be very little difficulty in coming to the point." "Just so, Mr. Reid, just so," was the Jew's apparently unguarded reply. "You have come about the stamps, have you not?" "Yes," I said, "my mission this morning is on the subject of stamps." "Sit down, Mr. Reid," said the Jew, at the same time handing me a chair, "and I will tell you all about the stamps, and how they came into my possession." I accepted the proffered chair, and the Jew sat down upon another opposite me and began his story as follows:—"You remember, Mr. Reid, the Steamer *Deolali* that was lost in the Red Sea?" I bowed in reply: and he continued—"She had on board, when she went down, besides general cargo, a large amount of treasure, stamps, and stamp paper for India. About a year ago a number of divers were sent out from England to get up the treasure. In order to get at the latter, a large quantity of cargo had to be removed from the steamer's hold. This was put into boats and sent ashore. It lay on the beach for months, and was afterwards sold by public auction, and I became the purchaser. People laughed at me for bidding for goods that had been three years at the bottom of the Red Sea, and said I was buying a pig in a poke, but I took my chance. On examining my purchase some days afterwards, I discovered a large number of cases of stamps and stamp paper. These cases, it appears, were book-

ed in England as stationery in order to save freight, and had been entirely forgotten. The cases were all tin lined, and most of the contents were in good condition; the tin lining of a few of the boxes were defective, and the stamps were damaged by salt water in consequence. These I took to the British Resident at Aden, and received compensation for them. All the good cases I brought round to Calcutta, where I hoped to obtain a ready sale for the contents; and I was in a fair way of succeeding, until last evening I heard you had arrested a stamp vendor I sold stamps to, and, fearing my turn would come next, I destroyed all that remained in my shop. This morning I consulted a lawyer, and he informed me that I had a perfect right to do as I liked with the stamps; I purchased them at a public auction in the most open and legitimate manner possible, and they were consequently my property."

When the Jew finished his story, I told him there was not a particle of truth in the rumour about the arrest of the stamp vendor for possessing stamps that did not pass through the Collector's Office: that I was in fact trying to assist the stamp vendor to recover his lost stamps instead of seizing them. The Jew, when he heard this version of the story, jumped to his feet in a towering fit of fury, his shifty little eyes almost starting from their sockets in the excitement and agitation of the moment, and exclaimed—
"My gat! my gat! I am one very damned fool."

"Stop, stop," I interrupted; "you are not such a damned fool after all. If I had only succeeded in recovering the stamps the stamp vendor lost from his gharry, I might have been induced to run you in for selling stamps without a license."

The Jew, on hearing this, calmed down considerably and resumed his seat. After a moment's reflection he said to me—"The auctioneer who sold the stamps at Aden had no license."

"True, Mr. C—," I replied ; "but he had no knowledge of the fact that he was selling stamps ; you had, and in law that makes all the difference. You see I might not have been able to seize the stamps considering the circumstances under which they came into your possession, but I could, and most certainly would, have prevented you from selling them without a license. All things considered, you are not such a loser by the destruction of the stamps as you thought you were."

The concluding part of this story is omitted, as it opens side issues which I do not wish to make public ; but enough has been told to show the student of the art of detection the value and importance of careful observation, for which purpose alone this remarkable cause finds a place in this treatise.



CHAPTER VI.

AN EPISODE OF THE INDIAN MUTINY.

“Heat not a furnace for your foe so hot.”

NOR.



ONE day while conversing with the Head Clerk of the Registration Department of the Calcutta General Post Office on business matters, a lady came in to post and register a letter. The moment she recognised me, a feeling of uneasiness manifested itself in the expression of her face, and she appeared to hesitate in producing the letter in my presence. Observing this I withdrew, but returned again as soon as the lady had finished her business. Curiosity made me enquire who the addressee of the letter was which the lady had just posted and registered, and I made a note of it. At the time of which I write, a prisoner was being tried at Allahabad for treason and felony during the Mutiny, and the counsel for the defence said, in open Court, that he would produce a European lady to testify, in the witness-box, that his client rescued her from a party of mutineers about the time of the Cawnpore Massacre, and afforded her shelter and protection, until an opportunity offered to make her over to the English camp. The Counsel added, holding up a registered letter bearing the Calcutta post mark—“Here is a registered letter I received this morning from the lady herself, offering to come into Court unsolicited and give evidence on behalf of the prisoner at the Bar.” The name of the lady, however, was not disclosed. This was considered a very important

announcement, and, if true, would considerably weaken the case for the prosecution. The Crown Prosecutor lost on time in putting himself in communication with the Commissioner of Police—the late lamented Mr. Wauchope—with a view of ascertaining who the lady referred to was, and what evidence she was likely to give on behalf of the defence. In placing the enquiry in my hands, Mr. Wauchope enquired if I thought there was any hope of success? I considered for a moment, and then replied—"Tracing the lady will not be a matter of much difficulty, for I know her already, and, what is of far more importance, I also know she can only give evidence to benefit the prisoner by suppressing evidence that would hang him. For instance, if she states that she was rescued from the general massacre of Europeans at Cawnpore by the prisoner, she will speak the truth, but this statement should be qualified by a declaration of the fact that her life was spared for, to an English woman, a worse fate than that which befel the victims of that terrible butchery. Under these circumstances, if she is induced to give evidence on behalf of the prisoner now on his trial at Allahabad for the part he took in the dreadful slaughter of unarmed men and helpless women and children at Cawnpore and other places during the Mutiny, it will be from other motives than that of gratitude to her preserver on that occasion." "You mean," said Mr. Wauchope, interrupting me, "that if her evidence is favourable to the prisoner, she will be well paid for it?"

"No," I replied, "she is now a married woman with a family of children; shame and delicacy will prevent her from speaking the whole truth,—I mean that part of her evidence which would tell most against the prisoner. What woman would come into open court and publicly proclaim

that she lived two months in the rebel camp under the protection of such a man as the defendant? This must be known to the defence, and the lady may be induced to come into court on the understanding that she will only be questioned on the mere fact that she would have shared the fate of the other victims of the Cawnpore Massacre if the prisoner had not interfered to prevent it."

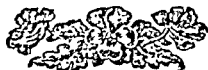
Mr. Wauchope leaned back in his chair reflectively, and after a pause said—"I see through the whole plot; but how on earth, Mr. Reid, have you come to know this woman's present movements and past history?"

"I met the lady at the General Post Office two days ago," I replied, "and her manner excited my curiosity and induced me to ascertain her business. I little thought at the time that the letter she had come to post and register, even after I had ascertained the name of the addressee, had any reference to the case that is now occupying so much public attention at Allahabad. It only occurred to me after the perusal of the telegram from the Crown Prosecutor in the case. With regard to the lady's past history I know very little beyond the fact of the Mutiny episode. This information I obtained as follows:—A gentleman in England, engaged in writing a History of the Indian Mutiny, asked me to trace the lady, and get her to answer a set of printed questions which he sent me for the purpose. It was from the lady's replies to these questions I became aware of the facts I have just related. I can now account scientifically for the feeling of uneasiness which the lady betrayed on meeting me at the General Post Office. The history of this dark period of her life was then uppermost in her mind, and suddenly and unexpectedly meeting, at this supreme moment, a man who also knew the facts con-

nected with that history, produced a feeling of embarrassment which made itself manifest in the expression of the face, and led me to act as I did."

As I concluded, Mr. Wauchope took up his pen and began to chew it in silence. After a time he drew forth a telegraph form from his table-drawer, saying—"I will wire progress to Allahabad, and say full particulars will follow by letter. In the meantime I must see the lady without delay." The result of the interview was, that the lady was not called upon to appear in Court in behalf of the defence.

I have purposely omitted certain portions of this story which I consider it would be injudicious to publish; but enough has been placed before the reader to demonstrate the value of correct and careful observation, for which only it is intended.



CHAPTER VII.

A GREAT CRIME PREVENTED.

Between the acting of a dreadful thing and the first motion, all the interim is like a phantasma, or a hideous dream : * * * * *

Bru.

SOME years ago there lived in the southern suburbs of Calcutta an eccentric old gentleman named Pereira, belonging to the better class of East Indians and possessed of some considerable property. He was a stout, hale man, between fifty and sixty years of age, but subject to frequent attacks of gout, due to over-indulgence in the pleasures of the table. He was a confirmed bachelor, with strong prejudices against matrimony,—neither marrying himself, nor wishing to see any of his relations given in marriage. Pereira's elder brother married a Miss H—, and left her a buxom young widow of twenty-six with two children, both girls. These children were heirs to their uncle's property, and their mother appeared extremely anxious to secure it for them by trying her best to humour her crotchety old brother-in-law. About this time the young widow was being paid marked attention by a most desirable suitor; but she naturally wished to postpone her marriage till after the death of her brother-in-law, for fear of imperilling her children's prospects. She knew that if she offended the old gentleman by marrying again, he would cancel his will in her children's favour, and leave his money to some distant relatives. In order, therefore, to compass her desire, without imperilling the children's prospects, she formed the

design of assisting nature in removing her crotchety old brother-in-law from this world to a place where his peculiarities would not interfere with other people's happiness. On the occurrence of the old man's next attack of gout, the young widow, with her children and servants, removed to the patient's house, where she installed herself as his nurse. From this time the old man's state grew rapidly and unaccountably worse ; symptoms appeared for which the doctor could assign no cause. At last the medical attendant began to suspect that his patient was suffering from the effects of some noxious drug. Gradually these, at first, vague doubts and suspicions, acquired the consistency of certainty in the doctor's mind for all his attempts to inspect the secretions of the sick man were constantly and designedly thwarted. Pereira's medical attendant was extremely reluctant to report the matter officially to the authorities, and yet he was afraid of the danger of delay. He therefore called at my office, as he was going to visit his patient, and asked me to accompany him in plain clothes to the house of the sick man. " The patient's sister-in-law, who has taken upon herself the duties of nurse," said the doctor, " will not suspect who you are, as she expects me to call in and have the advice of another medical man." I at once consented to accompany the doctor, and on the way heard the history of the case. When the doctor's brougham drew up at the door of his patient's residence, we were shown in by a servant : the widow, who apparently, did not expect visitors, was not visible. The doctor passed on to the sick man's bedroom, and I took a seat in the drawing-room. As there was no one present to talk to, I took up the only book within my reach and began to turn over the leaves. It was a treatise on poisons and their

effects on the human system. The book was quite new and more than half the leaves were uncut. I observed a passage headed "Lead poisoning" marked with pencil, and a small piece of paper placed between the leaves, apparently to keep the place. After reading the passage I put down the book, rose, and went into the sick man's bedroom, where I found the doctor writing out a prescription. I took him aside, and told him what I had discovered. "Lead poisoning, lead poisoning," the doctor repeated slowly to himself. "Yes, that would account for the symptoms, though its effects are not yet fully developed in the mouth and gums; bring me the book." I went out into the drawing-room again to fetch the book, but found it had been removed. The widow had been apparently watching me from an adjoining room when I was perusing it. The doctor on hearing this deliberated for a moment, and then said—"What had better be done?"

"Our first duty is to prevent the commission of crime," I replied; "not wait until it is effected, and then pounce down upon the perpetrator."

"Yes," said the doctor, "that is exactly my view also; but in order to save the patient, his sister-in-law and her servants must be removed from this house. How is that to be done without making it appear that we suspect the lady of administering poison to her brother-in-law? I do not want to arouse such a suspicion. I want, above all things, to save the patient, and, if possible, prevent scandal also."

After some deliberation it was arranged that the doctor should inform the widow that her brother-in-law's symptoms appeared to be that of lead poisoning, but to make it appear that he believed the metal must have got into the patient's food by accident, the servants mistaking it for

something else ; and watch the effect this announcement is sure to produce on the patient's nurse.

This settled, we left the sick man's room and joined the widow in the drawing-room, where sherry and biscuits were provided for us. The doctor only partook of a glass of sherry, and immediately broached the subject.

"Mrs. Pereira," he began, "my friend and I have had a long consultation to-day over your brother-in-law's case, and we have arrived at the conclusion that his present attack of gout has been prolonged and aggravated by the presence of lead in the system, probably introduced with the patient's food."

Here the widow was thrown into a convulsive fit of coughing, through, as she endeavoured to explain, a crumb of the biscuit she was eating going the wrong way. Both the doctor and myself, however, knew differently ; that the sudden and unexpected announcement of the doctor's discovery had told upon the sick man's attendant there was no mistaking, and the fit of coughing was only an artifice to hide the conscious guilt in the expression of the face. The doctor waited for the coughing to cease to finish his story. Mrs. Pereira evidently saw this, and the coughing grew more and more convulsive, and she was ultimately obliged to retire to her own room without hearing the medical gentleman's concluding remarks. She had evidently heard enough for one day, and the doctor and I took our departure, feeling sure the widow would not return to the subject that evening.

I was obliged to part company here with the doctor, having business in another direction, and had not therefore an opportunity of talking over the events of the day on the return journey.

The widow, shortly after we left, discovered from one of her servants, who recognised me, that I was not a medical man as she had at first supposed, but the Superintendent of the Detective Department. This discovery threw her into the greatest trepidation, and she immediately sent for a gharry and flew to her father, beseeching him, in the wildest accents of despair, to save her from the consequences of a false and malicious charge, and sobbing hysterically she buried her face in the old man's bosom. "My child, my child," cried the terrified parent, "what are you accused of, and by whom?"

"Oh! father, oh! father," cried the widow with considerable effort to make herself understood; "I am accused of administering poison to Peter," for Peter was the Christian name of her brother-in-law.

"Who is your accuser?" the distracted father inquired.

"Peter's medical attendant and the detective superintendent," was the reply.

The distressed father waited to hear no more from his daughter, but proceeded at once to the doctor's private residence to glean further particulars regarding the strange accusation made against his child. The doctor happened to be out when the old man called, and he came on to my office instead. After relating to me what he had gathered from his daughter, I told him there was no truth whatever in the statement that Mr. Pereira's medical attendant accused his child of attempting to poison her brother-in-law. "The lady," I said, "stands self-accused;" and I coolly and calmly related to the distressed parent the honest, open, naked truth. When I concluded, the old man wiped the perspiration from his face, and sighed deeply.

“ Mr. Reid,” he began, “ this sad affair will involve us all in ruin and disgrace, and bring my gray hairs with sorrow to the grave.”

“ Mr. H——,” I replied, “ your daughter has no accuser but herself ; go home and keep her quiet ; and also keep her away from her brother-in-law’s house : and this matter goes no further, you understand.”

The old man bowed in reply : he was too full of grief mingled with gratitude to speak. As he rose to depart, I said, “ Mr. H——, go straight home ; I will see Mr. Pereira’s medical adviser myself, and explain matters,” and I did so.

From that date Mr. Pereira rapidly recovered from his attack of gout, though slight symptoms of paralysis seemed to develop with convalescence, but this feeling gradually wore away as the patient began to move about.

“ What great events from trivial causes spring ?” Here is a terrible crime prevented, and a number of innocent people saved from ruin and disgrace by the merest accident.



CHAPTER VIII.

A DETECTIVE SOLD.

“ Men's evil manners live in brass ; their virtues we write in water.”

GRIF.

THE reader of this little work on the art of detection must not jump to the conclusion that an experienced detective, if well on his guard, will never make a mistake, or allow himself to be “sold” by even the acutest sharper that ever trod the earth's surface. Detectives are “sold” like men of all other professions, and sometimes very cheaply too, as the following relation will show :—

On the 10th of August 1879, one Nilmadhub Roodder,—a jeweller by profession, and a man with whom I had frequent business relations,—sent his servant to me, accompanied by a respectable-looking Mahomedan, who was offering a gold watch for sale, to enquire if he might safely purchase it. I examined the list of stolen and lost property kept in my office, and finding no mention of this particular watch on record, I offered to become the purchaser myself, and gave the seller exactly the amount he was offered in the bazar for it. He agreed to the terms, and the purchase-money was paid over to him there and then, feeling sure that Nilmadhub Roodder, the jeweller, from our previous connection and acquaintance, would offer no objection. As the seller was unknown to me, I took the precaution of sending a native officer with him to Garden Reach, where he stated he lived, to find out who and what he was. The man, before leaving my office with the

native officer, said he was related by marriage to Prince Furrokh Shah, and his respectable appearance in no way belied the assertion. He appeared quite willing to accompany the native officer to prove the truth of his statement, and his manner and general appearance did not betray in the least any inward feeling of conscious guilt or fear. Indeed, so satisfied was I of his honesty and truthfulness, judging from external appearance, that when the enquiring officer returned, some hours after the purchase of the watch, and told me the seller was actually the brother-in-law of Prince Furrokh Shah, I was in no way surprised. The following day, however, Prince Furrokh Shah reported the loss of the identical watch of which I had become the purchaser at the local Police Station, where he was informed that a native officer, acting under my orders, was making enquiries regarding a gold watch that was being offered for sale the previous day in the bazar. The Prince, upon this information, drove at once to my office, and saw, and claimed his watch, and heard the story connected with its purchase. I then heard, for the first time, and with some considerable surprise, that the Prince lost his watch while his brother-in-law was on a visit to his family residence at Chinsurah, and the latter was suspected of having annexed it.

It may be urged that here, at all events, is a well authenticated instance of failure in the practical application of the principles of the science of physiognomy to the art of detection, even in the hands of an experienced detective and professor of the science. My answer is that, in this particular case, there was no outward sign of conscious guilt apparent in the expression of the face of the criminal, simply because there was no inward feeling of moral guilt present in the mind of the individual to produce it. When

a man makes free with the property of a relative, and that relative the husband of his sister, he has not the same fear of punishment following detection that an ordinary or professional thief would betray under similar circumstances. Hence, this man's attitude, demeanour, and bearing would in every respect resemble that of an honest man.



CHAPTER IX.

CALIGRAPHY.

THE education of a detective is incomplete without a thorough knowledge of the principles and practice of the caligraphic art : in other words, he should be an expert at deciphering handwriting, and able to distinguish when a man's thoughts are committed to paper in a natural manner, or the reverse, as easily as he should be able to distinguish guilt from innocence in the expression of the face. Conscious guilt not only produces a physical change in the expression of the human face when detected, but it acts upon the delicate and sensitive muscles of the hand and betrays itself in the characters formed by the pen.* This is no new doctrine, for it is practiced by Mr. Stuart Cumberland and others in another form—thought-reading through the medium of the muscles.

It is still, however, a disputed point in penmanship whether the fingers or forearm are most used in drawing the quill. I think that on careful observation it will be found that neither the one or the other are exclusively used, but that the fingers are employed for the up and down strokes and the forearm in lateral movements. Natural writing is, therefore, achieved by the equalisation and co-operation of both sets of muscles. This will be clear by a comparison of natural with feigned handwriting. In natural writing, the

* The difficulty of procuring a good expert at deciphering handwriting, even in England, was shown in the Crawford-Dilke case. No man of business should neglect the study of this useful art. It is not difficult to master.

hand travels smooth and equally, without jerks or apparent hurry, no matter at what speed the writer may be travelling. In feigned writing, the hand is perpetually jerking, as though the writer had not perfect control over it. Now the nib of the pen sticks in the paper at the end of an up-stroke; and now it starts away leaving the curve of an "r" or "b" out, or cuts a furrow in the paper with an exaggerated flourish.

Feigned handwriting is always exaggerated in the opposite direction to the natural writing of the individual trying to disguise his hand, and this alone will often betray the author of anonymous epistles. Place natural and feigned handwriting together, and the deception will be easily discovered. Thus, if the natural handwriting be angular, the feigned writing will be circular; if cramped, the letters will be separated and well spread over; the paper, if upright, slanting, and so on.

In imitating signatures or handwriting for the purpose of fraud, the muscles of the forearm alone are brought into play. For then the whole attention of the forger is concentrated on the act of producing the best and closest imitation possible, and the delicate muscles of the fingers, influenced by the will, lose their natural force and freedom, and, as a natural consequence, the up and down strokes of the pen will be undecided and heavy, compared with natural handwriting, while the lateral movements of the hand have a nervous, jerky appearance, which any intelligent observer may detect at a glance.

Having described the principles of the art of caligraphy, I will now proceed to illustrate its practical utility.

..On the 18th of December 1872, the Secretary of the Bank of Bengal, Calcutta, reported to the Commissioner of

Police (the late lamented Mr. Wauchoppe) that the bank had been defrauded in the sum of Rs 12,000 on a forged document purporting to be a remittance transfer receipt of the Meerut Treasury to the General Treasury of the Bank of Bengal. The letter of advice (the cover of which bore the Meerut post-mark, and was also a forgery) set forth that the amount stated in the remittance transfer receipt had been received from the Officer Commanding the 3rd Native Infantry at Meerut, and was made payable to Captain John Mill, s.c., or order, at the Bank of Bengal, Calcutta. The remittance transfer receipt was endorsed over to a well-known hotel proprietor of Waterloo Street, named Corbitt, whom the payee had authorised to draw the money. And Corbitt was consequently made the "Cat's-paw" in the transaction by the clever and ingenious forger. When the fraud was discovered Corbitt was consequently called upon to explain his share in the matter, and he made the following statement before the Commissioner of Police :—

"On the evening of the 2nd of November 1872, a tall, Military-looking gentleman, wearing blue eye-protectors, and calling himself Captain John Mill of the Staff Corps, put up at my hotel. He had with him a small leather portmanteau, between the straps of which was fastened a sword in a steel scabbard, a bundle containing an officers' helmet, the spike of which protruded and was visible, and a pair of long boots with spurs to the heels. He dined in his own room. On the morning of the 3rd, immediately after breakfast, he sent for me and represented that he had to leave Calcutta that day by the mail train for Bombay, and asked me if I would get a cheque cashed for him at the Bank of Bengal. He said he could not go to the bank himself as he had an important engagement with the

Brigade-Major at Fort William which would occupy his time till after the hour at which the bank closes for the day. I consented to cash the cheque and asked him to endorse it over to me, and he did so. I received from the bank in exchange for the cheque twenty notes for Rs 500 each and Rs 2,000 in cash, which I made over to Captain Mill, on his return from Fort William, in the evening. He paid his hotel bill immediately after receiving the money and left for Howrah Railway Station. I never saw the man since or before. He wore mufty, and I never saw him without his eye-protectors during the time he stayed at the hotel."

This is all the information Corbitt could give regarding his Military lodger. The Brigade-Major was questioned but he knew nothing of Captain Mill of the Staff Corps, and no man of that name had paid him a visit on the 3rd of November last. Who then was this Captain Mill, and where had he gone to? I was selected to work out the problem, not an easy one, considering the Captain had exactly six weeks start of me. On the evening of the day the forgery was discovered I left Calcutta by mail train for Meerut with instructions to hunt down Captain Mill and bring him back to Calcutta, dead or alive, no matter what the expense might be. I had with me the forged documents and Corbitt's statement in writing. On arriving at Meerut I went direct to the Treasury. The office of the Revenue Department was located in the same building. I was accompanied over the premises by the Treasury officer and inspected some forty clerks at work. On completing my round I told the officer that the forger was not amongst the clerks I had seen at work, and enquired if there had been any changes lately. He considered for a moment, and then said, "Not since the 31st of October: a

man named Buttress left on that date by giving a month's notice." "Can I see his handwriting?" I enquired. "Certainly," was the reply, and I was shown a set of books in the Revenue Department which he used to keep. I compared the forged documents with the natural handwriting in the books, and after satisfying myself that I had got a good clue, turned to the Treasury officer and enquired, "Where is this man to be found?" "He left Meerut on the 1st of November for a post in Bombay on a higher salary than he was getting here, so he told me the day before he resigned," was the reply. "Ah! he gave out that he was going to Bombay, did he? Then to Bombay he is sure not to go," I remarked.

"By the bye," the Treasury officer went on, "he has a wife and mother residing in the Military Cantonment who could probably give you some information as to his present whereabouts." I thanked the officer for the information and said, "I would proceed at once to the Cantonment and make enquiries." Before we parted, however, I got a good description of the man wanted, and learned, amongst other things, that he was cross-eyed. "That," I mentally ejaculated, "accounts for the blue sight-preservers which he wore in Calcutta." On going to the Cantonment where Buttress' wife and mother were said to reside, I discovered they had also cleared out some days previous. But at the railway station I was informed they had taken tickets for Lucknow, and to Lucknow I proceeded without loss of time. Fearing that some of Buttress' friends or acquaintances at Meerut might inform him by wire that the police were on his track, I engaged a special engine and carriage for the journey, and in less than three days after leaving Calcutta I had my bird caged. He was brought down to Calcutta, tried at the High

Court, convicted, and sentenced to ten years' rigorous imprisonment.

Had I not been an expert in handwriting and made it a study, I would probably never have got a clue to the forger; and Buttress would have had an opportunity to try it on again. Though this remarkable forgery created quite a sensation at the time, and as one of the leading papers remarked, "the detection of the offender and management of the case would do credit to any police in the world," it is briefly noticed in the Calcutta Police Administration Report for 1872 as follows:—

"(1872) FORGERY.—Bank of Bengal *vs.* John Buttress, *alias* Captain John Mill, *sentenced to 10 years' rigorous imprisonment.*

"Mr. Reid of the Detective Force displayed considerable skill in his management of the enquiry up-country."

[NOTE.—The Directors of the Bank of Bengal were prepared to spend fifty thousand rupees, if necessary, to run Buttress to earth, but declined my offer to make experts in the art of distinguishing imitation or feigned from natural handwriting, of all their European Assistants who are employed in passing cheques, at Rs 200 per head: and thus prevent the possibility of a similar fraud to that perpetrated by Buttress occurring a second time.]



PART III.

CHAPTER I.

THE ART OF INVESTIGATING GREAT CRIMES.

(INTRODUCTION.)

“Note how Shakespeare (whom study night and day—no man hath better expounded the mysteries of the human heart) caused his grandest and most accomplished villain, Richard III, to address his good friends, the murderers, with a jocular panegyric, on the hardness of heart in which, doubtless, those poor fellows most prided themselves :—

“Your eyes drop millstones, when fools eyes drop tears :
I like you, lads !”

Can't you fancy the knowing grin with which the doges received this compliment, and the little sly punch in the stomach with which Richard dropped those loving words, “*I like you, lads!*”

LORD LYTTON.

“The devil can cite scripture for his purpose,
An evil soul producing holy witness,
Is like a villain with a smiling cheek,
A goodly apple rotten at the heart ;
O what a goodly outside falsehood hath !”

ANT.

IT is scarcely necessary to state here what every police officer in India must know by experience, *viz.*, that the detective's work is only half finished when a crime is brought to light and the perpetrator run to earth. Indeed, the most difficult and delicate part of his duty—that of procuring evidence to establish the guilt of the accused to the satisfaction of a judge and jury—has now to commence. It is vain to expect in cases of crime, not sudden but deli-

berate and fore-planned, to secure the positive evidence of eye-witnesses. If a great crime be meditated, the criminal will bend all his energies to prevent the existence of an eye-witness to it : and, therefore, if juries object to convict—which they generally do—on circumstantial or presumptive evidence, they proclaim impunity to the worst transgressors, and reserve it only for the less guilty and less artful culprits, whose offences are sudden and unpremeditated, as they alone, in their passion, are regardless of the presence of witnesses. It is necessary, no doubt, to exercise great caution in accepting the evidence of native witnesses, whose ignorance, and generally loose ideas as to time, and the necessity for strictly adhering to facts and circumstances as they actually occur in serious cases, invest their testimony with a very slippery and uncertain character. They pick up loose words and exaggerated expressions in the bazar and dwell upon them, until they come to the firm belief that what they have heard is part of the story they have to relate, and grave and fatal discrepancies on important points is the result. How often do we hear a native witness brought to book for making one statement before the coroner and another, a few days afterwards, to the magistrate. When the discrepancies are pointed out to the witness, he coolly and deliberately repudiates his former evidence and stoutly maintains that what he now says in regard to the matter under investigation is the honest, open, naked truth. “Then why did you lie in your former evidence?” you ask. “I did not lie,” he replies with a startled look of surprise. You read out his statement and raise your head for a reply. “I did not say so,” he urges. “But it is written here,” you make answer. “Then it is the hakim’s mistake not mine !” You throw down the paper in disgust and order the witness

out of the box. The best thing to do in such cases is to take the witness to the scene of the occurrence of which he is speaking, and make him point out what he actually saw with his own eyes—making time, place, and circumstances support his statement. In this way you are able to judge for yourself what part of a witness' statement is possible or impossible, probable or improbable.

I must also remind the investigating officer that confessions of guilt should always be received with the greatest caution, especially if the prisoner is under the influence of native subordinates for any length of time before he confesses to the commission of an offence. It is impossible for a superintendent of police, or magistrate, to know what inducement may have been held out to an unfortunate prisoner to confess, or the motives of hope and fear from which such confessions spring. A prisoner is charged with a serious crime, may confess under the belief that the court will pass a lighter sentence on him if he admits the offence of which he is accused, and the native police encourage this belief, or he may have been subjected to or threatened with torture to induce confession. With the above remarks I will now proceed with my first lesson in the detection of crime by investigation, pure and simple.



CHAPTER II.

THE CATHEDRAL MURDER.

“The nearer the church the further from grace !”

LATE in the evening of the 7th of September 1868, a native woman named Jumoona Dassee came to the Bamun Bustee Police Station, of which I was then in charge, and laid the following information :—

“I have a house in Colvin’s Bustee,” she began, “tenanted by two men and a woman ; the door has been locked up for the last four days, and this evening, whilst accidentally passing in front of it, I observed something like blood flowing underneath the threshold. This, together with the absence of the inmates, has aroused my suspicion that all is not right, and I have therefore come to ask your advice.”

I may here remark that the successful issue of a case depends, in a great measure, on the action taken by the police on the “spur of the moment” : a single false step at the outset may damn a case for ever : for this reason a police officer, more than any other person, should possess great presence of mind, forethought, tact, judgment, and a cool temper. The value of these qualities will be amply illustrated in this narrative : for it is in cases of this nature that the happy possessor of such attributes shows forth to great advantage. As I said before, this is a strange and peculiar case ;—strange for the absence of those motives which influence men to commit the horrid crime of murder. Sometimes life is sacrificed in the heat of passion ; at other times, for the sake of plunder ; and very often through

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tell him how you have been living with me, and your present intentions towards me." The last threat thoroughly alarmed Nobin, for he knew if it came to the knowledge of the Minister the life he had been living, it would cost him his situation, and therefore place the hand of his affianced beyond his reach, hence the motive* for the murder of the young woman he had seduced.

Having put the reader in possession of the above particulars, I will now return to the narrative. I lost no time in accompanying the landlady to the place, and, on arriving at the house, found the door chained and padlocked on both sides. The door did not close against the threshold, and, in the space so left, there was a quantity of frothy blood, which appeared to come from the interior of the room. A hatchet having been procured from one of the neighbours, the door was broken open. This done, I took a dark lantern from the hand of one of my subordinates (it was now past 8 P. M.) and entered the room alone; but before doing so I gave orders to keep the crowd, which had collected round the house, away from the door.

Almost close to, and in rear of, the door, I found a box with the lid down and the chain on the staple; the back part of the lid was slightly elevated, and had partly sprung away from the hinges. From the box the blood appeared to be oozing. I removed the chain from the staple, and no sooner had I done so, then the lid flew up from the inward pressure, and entirely parted from the hinges, and there, exposed to view, lay the body of a young woman, which, upon being relieved from the pressure of the lid,

* It was strongly urged in favor of the defendants by the Couse for the defence that the motive was insufficient to influence them to commit murder.

jealousy. In the first instance, if the murderer is not caught in the act, subsequent remorse drives him to give himself up to justice ; in the second instance, remorse seldom troubles the culprit, and it is only through the recovery of some portion of the plunder that generally leads to detection ; in the third instance, detection is most difficult when the murder is premeditated and committed in secret, which is invariably the case. In this peculiar case, the murder was premeditated and secretly committed. The victim was a young woman, who was enticed away from her people and caste by two Native Christians, named Nobin and Koylas, and induced to live with them conjointly. A house was engaged for her in Colvin's Bustee, where the two men continued to visit her for about four months. About this time, a young woman, the sister of Koylas, came from her country to Calcutta to see her brother. Nobin became enamoured of her, and promised her marriage. His offer was accepted by the young woman, and her father, who accompanied her, consented to the union. Then arose the difficulty : Nobin was about to become the brother-in-law of Koylas ; the young woman they had in keeping must be got rid of : how was this to be done ? It was arranged that Nobin should give her some money, and send her about her business ; but when this proposition was made to her, she strongly objected to leave the protection of a man to whom she was passionately attached ; and, bursting into tears, she addressed Nobin as follows :—" You have enticed me away from my friends, seduced me, and therefore out-casted me ; and now you want to get rid of me ; but I will not leave you. I care not for your money ; I love you, and will remain with you ; death only shall part us ! If you turn me out forcibly, I will go to the Padree at the Cathedral, and

"Have they always lived on good terms with the woman?"

"Yes; but she appeared to be very fond of Nobin."

"You never heard them quarrel with each other?"

"No, I never heard them quarrel with each other; but about a week ago, Monmohiny (for that was her name) was crying, and said Nobin wanted to turn her away."

"Was this the only time she complained to you about Nobin?"

"Yes, this was the only time."

"When did you last see Monmohiny?"

"I saw her about four evenings ago, seated at the door of her house, eating her dinner."

"Was Nobin or Koylas with her?"

"Yes, they were both inside the house."

"When did you again see Nobin or Koylas?"

"I saw them at daylight the following morning."

"Under what circumstances?"

"When they were leaving the house to go to their work."

"Where were you then?"

"I was opening my door."

"They have to pass your door to go to their work; have they not?"

"Yes."

"Did you speak to them when they were passing?"

"No, they spoke to me."

"Who spoke?"

"Nobin."

"What said he?"

"He said, salaam, landlady; see, I have locked my door, and will be absent a few days, have an eye to it."

"What reply did you make?"

"I asked, where is Monmohiny."

“What did Nobin say?”

“Monmohiny has gone to her Aunt's in Bhowanipore, and will not be back for some days.”

“Where was Koylas when this conversation was going on?”

“He was on the foot-path, waiting for Nobin.”

“Has either Nobin or Koylas been to the house since this took place?”

“No; I have not seen either since.”

“Nor Monmohiny?”

“No.”

“What clothes had Nobin and Koylas on at this time?”

“White chupkans.”

“What clothes did they wear the previous evening when you saw them come to the house?”

“Nobin had on a magenta flannel jacket, and Koylas a blue flannel jacket, which they wore over their white chupkans, for it was raining slightly at the time.”

“Did they have shoes on?”

“They were carrying their shoes in their hands, as there was much water in the Bustee, particularly near the door of their house.”

“Had they shoes on the following morning when they left?”

“No, they had not, for they had to wade through water to get on to the foot-path.”

“Did they have anything in their hands?”

“No.” (The flannel jackets and shoes here referred to were found in deceased's room when the body was discovered: the magenta jacket was stained with blood; both prisoners denied ownership, but the contrary was clearly proved.)

Several of the neighbours were questioned after the manner of the landlady, and the information elicited in this way duly recorded in my note-book. Englishmen, unacquainted with the manners and customs of the natives of India, will hardly credit the devices to which police officers are obliged to resort in order to obtain evidence in serious cases. With one of the witnesses in this case, who, I suspected, knew a great deal more than he appeared inclined to divulge, I was obliged to resort to the following device in order to worm the truth out of him :—

“Now, Hurry Sing,” I said, addressing a man who lived under the same roof as the deceased, “a thin mud wall only divides the sleeping apartments of Monmohiny and your own. You must have heard some noise, something like the bleating of a kid or goat as it was being killed, on the night that you say Nobin and Koylas last slept in that room. The case is not of much importance, but you know I like to get to the bottom of all these matters. Come now, Hurry, did you not?” “Well,” said Hurry, after a little consideration, “I slept well during the night, being much fatigued, but my wife heard a noise.” “Yes, what kind of noise, Hurry?” “Well, sir, not the kind of noise you require; it was not the bleating of a kid or goat.” “Never mind, let me hear what it was?” “Well,” continued the man quite innocently, “it was a gurgling noise like something being choked or strangled,* and afterwards

* It was proved by the Police Surgeon, who made the *post-mortem* examination, that death was caused by strangulation. The following is the evidence of that gentleman before the Special Jury :—

Doctor Woodford, sworn, stated :—“I am Police Surgeon. On the 5th instant I viewed the body of a native woman named Monmohiny. It was then pressed into this small box (*produced*). I first saw it in a hut in Colvin’s Bustee, Circular Road. Between the door frame

some knocking, and the sound of some voices, but very indistinct."

"That will do, Hurry. I want to hear your wife repeat exactly what she heard with her own lips?" "But," said Hurry, "she is a *purda-nasheen*." "I don't want to see her, Hurry, let her speak through the *purda*." This was agreed to; and after the evidence of Hurry's wife had been duly recorded, I prepared to let the witnesses and neighbours generally into the secret. The witnesses were specially reminded that they had given their evidence in a straight-

and the box, I observed a quantity of bloody froth on the ground. In my opinion this proceeded from the mouth, nostrils, and ears of the deceased woman, and had escaped from the box. The box was brought out, and, with much difficulty, the body taken out of it. I subsequently saw this same body at the Dead-house of the Medical College Hospital, and made a minute *post-mortem* examination. The body, in my opinion, had been dead from two to four days (it is difficult to see more closely). This was about the time of the death previous to my seeing the body. A body will appear much the same on the fourth day after death as on the third; and bodies, according to the circumstances under which they have been kept, coupled with the temperature to which they have been exposed, vary much in appearance. I found the body much decomposed: the eyes projecting, the tongue protruding about an inch beyond the teeth, and compressed by them. I observed a dark linear mark extending from the windpipe, horizontal on the left, to the extent of four inches. The brain was soft from decomposition. The lungs, liver, and kidneys were congested. There was blood on the right side of the heart, and none in the left. The stomach contained a meal of fresh rice. I do not think that the food could have been in the stomach for more than three hours prior to death. The body was that of a young woman, who was, at the time of her death, strong and healthy. I am of opinion that the deceased died from strangulation. I did not discover any internal disease which could have caused her death. The indications of strangulation were—the mark in the neck, the projecting eyes, the protruding tongue, com-

forward manner, and it was all duly recorded, and I hoped that no subsequent revelation would make them forget what they had stated. They one and all assured me they would not forget their statements, upon which they were taken into the room to identify the body of the murdered woman. At the sight of the mangled corpse they became so completely paralyzed with horror, that a single individual could not be got to say whose body it was; some burst into tears and covered their faces; others had to be assisted out of the room: the terrible sight had so overcome them.

I can scarcely convey to the reader in words my feeling of satisfaction and triumph, as it were, at having the brains of these poor simple people in my pocket before the sight of the murdered woman frightened all they had to say on the subject out of their heads. Had I let them view the *body* in the first instance, it would have been—farewell evidence. Of course, no person would have known any-

pressed as it was by the teeth, and an engorged state of the lungs; these are my reasons for attributing her death to strangulation. I can in no other way account for her death. I have found little and much less external indications of violence in cases of undoubted death by strangulation, as observed by me in this.

To Mr. Mirfield.—The strangulation must have occurred before death, as also the placing of the body within the box; and it would require considerable force to put the body of the deceased into so small a box. The mark on the neck must have been caused by a rope and not by the hand. This rope (produced by the Police, having been found in the house in question), if compressed round the neck, would cause strangulation and the mark I observed. The right hand held tightly a lock of black hair.

To the Judge.—The mark was linear, not taking an upward direction, as I should have expected to find in the case of hanging.

[The prisoners did not put any questions to the Doctor.]

thing of the matter, and one more failure would have been added to the Ezra Street and Amherst Street tragedies.

With the facts of the case already before the reader, he will naturally jump to the conclusion that it required very little detective ability to fix the responsibility of the murder on the right parties. Granted. Was it not equally so in the two cases just referred to? There was no doubt as to who the culprits were; nevertheless, both cases lamentably broke down. Failure is not to be wondered at in cases where all depends on circumstantial evidence: the *nice points* can never be brought out *forcibly* when you are entirely dependent upon the lower order of natives to prove your case; in fact, they have a horrible dread of being mixed up in any way with a murder case, and many who could give important evidence remain in the back ground, and in many instances abscond through fear of being called on to state what they know. Exactly the reverse of this obtains in England.

At an early stage of the enquiry, I took the precaution to despatch one of my subordinate officers in disguise to the Cathedral to arrest Nobin and Koylas, if found there, and to detain them on the premises till sent for. The object of this precaution is sufficiently apparent. After every source of information had been exhausted in the vicinity of the murder, a messenger was sent off to bring Nobin and Koylas, if they had been arrested, to the scene of the tragedy. The messenger shortly after returned with Nobin only. Koylas was nowhere to be found. After putting a few preliminary questions to Nobin, I charged him with the wilful murder of Monmohiny, and enquired if he wished to say anything. "Remember," I said, "that any statement you make to me will be used in evidence

against you." Upon which Nobin replied—"The woman does not belong to me : she was in the keeping of Koylas : my hands are clean in respect of the murder." The prisoner was then taken into the room where the corpse lay and asked if he knew whose body it was. He replied without looking in the direction of the box, "Yes, it is the body of Monmohiny." It was as much as he could do to give utterance to the words. He shook like an aspen leaf, and large drops of perspiration rolled down his face and neck as he was made to stand and confront his victim.

On examining the person of Nobin, shortly after his arrest, I found his left ear slightly inflamed, evidently from the effects of a severe scratch, and a small tuft of hair in front of, and close to, the ear had been pulled clean out from the roots. The prisoner accounted for this by saying he had been wrestling in play with a countryman of his, and the injury to his ear was caused through falling on the *soorkee* in the Cathedral compound, and his antagonist, while endeavouring to break the fall, accidentally pulled out a lock of his hair. I was not satisfied with this statement ; it appeared to me improbable. On reflecting for a moment, it struck me that the murdered woman would, in her death-struggle with her murderer, clutch at anything she could get hold of, and in this way the injury to Nobin's ear and the absence of the tuft of hair might be accounted for. If this theory was correct, evidence of the fact might still be found on the unfortunate victim I thought. Without saying a word to any one, I went straight back to the hut and examined the corpse. In the right hand, sure enough, I found a lock of hair corresponding in color, length, and quantity with Nobin's missing side-lock. What does this go to prove ? I mentally exclaimed : not only

began to swell up visibly. To say I was horrified at the sight now before me would be using a very inadequate term to express the sensation I felt under the circumstances. To quote Burns—

“The lantern in my hand did shake
Each brist’l’d hair stood like a stake.”

Nevertheless, my presence of mind did not forsake me. I left the room quietly, and closing the door cautiously as I did so, appeared before the crowd outside with a smile on my face; and when asked by some of the bye-standers, what was the matter, I replied, in quite a careless manner—
“Nothing much; the inmates have been killing somebody’s kid, and allowed it to bleed *behind* the door, and then concealed it in a box. Have any of your neighbours lost a kid?”

On hearing this the crowd began to disperse, apparently quite disappointed, for they had evidently expected the revelation of some exciting scene. When all the strangers had disappeared, I sat down on a bench which one of the neighbours had procured for me, and taking out my note-book began to question the landlady of the Bustee as follows :—

“Well, landlady, who are these tenants of yours?”

“Two Native Christians, named Koylas and Nobin, who work at the Cathedral, and a woman who lives with them.”

“What relation is the woman to them?”

“She calls herself the wife of Nobin, but they both visit her.”

“How long have they been living with you as tenants?”

“About four months.”

“Who engaged the house?”

“The two men engaged the room in the morning, and brought the woman in the evening.”

from the evening he left in company with Nobin, having obtained leave for the night, till the day prior to the discovery of the murder.

That day being Sunday, he returned and assisted Nobin to ring the bells for Divine Service, and accounted for his absence the two previous days by saying he accidentally injured his right hand whilst closing the gate of the Cathedral compound and could not work in consequence. This explanation satisfied the Verger, and no more notice was taken of it. Koylas, however, disappeared again during the night. The police having ascertained that he had an uncle living in a retired and out-of-the-way place in the vicinity of the Salt Water Lakes, it was rightly concluded he would make for this secluded place in preference to his father's. Accordingly, some men were sent disguised to the place at midnight, the uncle's house surrounded, and Koylas arrested. When brought to Calcutta and charged with being the accomplice of Nobin in the murder of Monmohiny, he strongly protested his innocence, saying, "I know nothing of this matter. The woman, it is well known, was in the keeping of Nobin, and I seldom visited her,—certainly not for the past month." He gave the same account, and made the same excuse regarding his absence as he had done previously to the Verger.

Three fingers of his right hand were bandaged up. I made him undo the bandage, and found the first, second, and third fingers stripped from the knuckles to the nails on the back of the hand. I asked Koylas how he came by the injury, and he accounted for it in the same way as he had done to the Verger. I then took him to the Cathedral, and made him show me exactly how he had injured his hand in closing the compound gate. This he

endeavoured to do in a very ingenious manner, but the explanation did not wholly satisfy me. The gate closing on his hand in the manner described would have certainly injured his fingers, but the injury would have taken the form of a nip or contusion without peeling the skin off the injured parts.

I now set my wits to work to discover how Koylas injured his hand, for I felt satisfied in my own mind the wounds had some connection with the murder of Monmohiny. With this object in view, I went back to Colvin's Bustee to study the room and its surroundings where the late tragedy had been enacted. The body had been removed from the box, but the box itself was still in the room. The lid, I observed, was bound round with hoop-iron, which overlapped the body of the box about an inch when closed. I now remembered, when lifting the lid of the box for the first time, the shoulder and elbow of the murdered woman bulged out considerably on being relieved from the pressure of the lid. As I thought this matter over, it occurred to me that Koylas, when forcing this part of the body into the box with his hand, on the night of the murder, in order to close the lid, his fingers were caught between the iron-hooping and edge of the box as Nobin pressed it down, and drawing his hand away suddenly the iron-hooping stripped the skin off his fingers. This led me to examine the box minutely, and, in doing so, sure enough, I found three pieces of skin crumpled up and still adhering to the inside of the hooping that surrounded the lid of the box. I had the pieces of skin carefully taken off, damped and spread out on paper. On subsequently applying the three pieces of skin to the wounds on Koylas hand, they were found to fit the scraped surface exactly.

It will appear strange that Koylas absconded, and Nobin, from the strong circumstantial evidence against him, appeared, if anything, the most guilty of the two, remained. This may be accounted for as follows: Nobin was a man of property, and therefore had something to lose by absconding. Koylas, on the other hand, was poor, and therefore had nothing to lose. Koylas agreed to accept the whole responsibility of the murder for a consideration, and run the chance of escaping justice by absconding: this course would throw all suspicion off Nobin.

This is my theory: of course, the reader can form his own. There is another strange feature in the case: that the murder was premeditated, there is not the slightest doubt. Then comes the question, why was the body placed in a box, and allowed to remain in the hut, where 't was sure to be found at some time or other? I think the following is a sufficient answer to this question. Having concealed the body in the box, they intended removing the box and all—perhaps that night—and sinking it in the river or some tank in the neighbourhood: but finding, after forcing the body into the box, that it was too small, and the hinges giving way in the attempt to close the lid, this project had to be abandoned, and day light coming on, they were constrained to leave it as it stood, and the discovery to chance.

The case being now complete, the defendants, Nobin and Koylas, were placed before the Magistrate of the Southern Division on a charge of wilful murder, and were duly committed to take their trial at the ensuing Sessions of the High Court. They were most ably defended by Counsel, and protested their innocence to the last; nevertheless, the Special Jury found them guilty of murder on

the strong circumstantial evidence adduced, and they were sentenced to suffer the extreme penalty of the law. The sentence was duly carried out in front of the Great Jail on the morning of the 11th December 1868.



PREFACE TO CHAPTERS III AND IV.

THE two following narratives—the Pollock Street tragedy and Amherst Street mystery—are introduced into this work, not as examples of well-conducted cases, for they were both disgracefully mismanaged by the police, but because they illustrate better than any similar cases on record with which we are acquainted the skill and care required in linking together a chain of circumstantial evidence, even when the working material is abundant, that will stand the strain of opposing Counsel when the case is brought to trial.

For the benefit of the uninitiated, we will explain the nature and force of circumstantial evidence, so called from the fact that several circumstances are adduced, all leading to the same conclusion. In the investigation of crime this form of argument taken, in a logical sense, would, perhaps, be more appropriately styled “cumulative” or “corroborative” evidence.

It will be seen that the utmost caution is required in estimating its value. We are bound to consider not only the circumstances which point to the conclusion, but also those which point against it, or in favour of any counter-supposition. It is only when we feel certain that we have exhausted all possible suppositions, consistent with the circumstances of the case, and consider carefully the value of the arguments, or series of arguments, pointing to each of them, that we are entitled to pronounce with confidence in favour of any particular conclusion.

Probable arguments may be combined together in a chain (or rather, as it has been called, a coil) of reasoning, each argument leading to the same conclusion. Instead of weakening each other, as in the case with probable premises, such arguments being all independent testimonies to the truth of the same conclusion, mutually strengthen each other. If the value of any single argument amounts to *certainty*, the conclusion must be true. In this case therefore, we have to calculate the chances of failure in each separate argument; these, when multiplied together, give the probability of all the arguments together failing to prove the conclusion; and this fraction, when subtracted from *unity* (which represents certainty) gives the probability, resulting from all the arguments jointly, in favour of the conclusion. Thus, suppose the probabilities in favour of certain probable arguments to be represented respectively by $\frac{1}{3}$, $\frac{2}{3}$, $\frac{1}{4}$; the chances of their failing to prove the conclusion will be represented respectively $\frac{2}{3}$, $\frac{1}{3}$, $\frac{3}{4}$ (or the difference between the favourable chances and *unity*), the chance therefore of their all failing to prove the conclusion = $\frac{2}{3} \times \frac{1}{3} \times \frac{3}{4} = \frac{1}{6}$; consequently in favour of the conclusion, as based upon all the arguments jointly, is $\frac{5}{6}$, *i.e.*, the odds in favour of it are 5 to 1.

We may illustrate the case by an example which will also serve to show the characteristic uncertainty attaching to this method of reasoning. Suppose a man to be found lying dead on the road from the effects of a wound; on the same evening on which he died another man was seen running away from the neighbourhood of the place. On this man's house being searched his clothes are found to be stained with blood, or wet from recent washing; his footsteps correspond with those leading to and from the place

where the dead man was lying, and moreover *he is known to have possessed a weapon, now not to be found, which was capable of inflicting the wound.* The presumption in favour of his guilt is very great; each argument, taken alone, possesses some cogency, and when all the arguments are taken together they appear to be irresistible. But suppose the suspected man, when arrested, to give this account of the affair: He was walking along the road, armed with a dagger, he was suddenly attacked by another man; a scuffle ensued, and, in the scuffle, he killed his assailant; finding that he killed him, he was seized with a sudden panic, threw away his weapon, and ran home. Such an account, in the case of a timid and secretive man, might possibly be true, and, in estimating the counter-probabilities, we should have to consider the character of the accused and the dead man, and the nature of the motive, if any, which could have led to the supposed crime. Suppose the dead man's pockets were rifled, and the accused were in possession of his money and valuables, there could be no little doubt that he committed the murder; but suppose, on the other hand, the character of the accused was good, and no likely motive could be assigned for the commission of the crime, his own version of the affair might be accepted as probably true, or at least as throwing considerable doubt on the supposition of his guilt.

The power of drawing the best conclusions possible from insufficient data is of the utmost importance in the investigation of crime, and therefore the construction of a provisional hypothesis consistent with all known facts is often the needful basis for extending enquiry. But this procedure is rather more serviceable to the judicial officer than the detective. The former is in no need of the

capacity of doing his work rapidly ; what he rather needs is patience to work slowly, until imperfect lights have become perfect, and a conjecture has ripened into a theorem. The detective, on the contrary, whose business is with the fleeting and perishable rapidity of thought, is a consideration next only in importance to the power of thought itself. Therefore, the detective who has not his faculties under immediate command in the contingencies of action might as well have no faculties at all. Rapidity of judgment and promptitude of judicious action are the qualities necessary to success in dealing with crime and criminals.



CHAPTER III.

POLLOCK STREET TRAGEDY.

“ O, beware ! my lord, of jealousy—
It is the green-ey'd Monster, which doth mock
The meat it feeds on : that cuckold lives in bliss,
Who, certain of his fate, loves not his wronger ;
But, O! what damned minutes tells he o'er
Who dotes, yet doubts, suspects, yet strongly loves. ”

IAGO.

AT 4 A.M. of the morning of the 30th of September 1868, Mrs. Leah Judah, the wife of a wealthy Jewish merchant of Calcutta, was found lying on the floor of her bed-room with her legs tied together and several wounds inflicted by a sharp-pointed weapon on her face, body, and arms. She was not quite dead when first discovered by some of her own domestic servants, but expired before assistance could be called in. The police enquiry which followed disclosed the following facts :—

Mrs. Leah Judah resided with her two children, one an infant in arms, and a little girl aged four, at No. 5, Pollock Street. Her husband, Mr. N. E. Judah, a merchant of considerable repute, and largely interested in the opium trade, was absent in China at the time of the murder. At the time our story opens the lady's establishment consisted of a wet-nurse, a dry-nurse, a cook, coachman, groom, bearer, and porter. Amongst those who visited Mrs. Leah Judah was a distant relative named Nasseem Shallome Gubboy, a man who held a respectable position among his people in Calcutta. It was about a quarter of an hour, or a

little more, after this man N. S. Gubboy left Mrs. Judah's house, that the servants discovered that their mistress had been murdered and raised the alarm. According to their statements it appears that the baby awoke at 2:30 A.M. and cried for nourishment, and the wet-nurse sat up to nurse it. This woman described herself as a very heavy sleeper, and as one who remained drowsy for some time after being roused. While suckling the baby she observed, that although two lights had been burning in the room when she went to sleep, there was only one when she awoke, the other having been put out or burned out, and the room of her mistress was dark. She heard the latter, after a time, groaning very heavily there or four times. Believing that the lady was suffering from nightmare she called out to her "Maam? Maam? get up and recover your senses, or you will wake and frighten the children." Receiving no reply she became alarmed and called out to the dry-nurse, who was asleep in another bed in the same room, "Get up and see what is the matter with Maam; she is making a noise such as she never made before." The nurse made no reply; whether because she was still asleep, or because she was too terrified to speak, it is impossible to say. But just at this juncture a heavy fall was heard in Mrs. Judah's room, near to where her child's swing-cradle was suspended, followed by the sound of a man's voice saying, "Keep quite you—" (a vile untranslatable Asiatic term of abuse),—and being now thoroughly alarmed, the woman called out again in a loud voice to her fellow-servant to get up and see what was the matter. It was, however, the little girl, four years of age, who sprang out of bed and made towards the wet-nurse. In doing so she had to pass near the swing-cradle, and seeing

her mother on the floor, she began to cry and called out to the nurse—"Nurse, nurse, get up and take the string off my mother's feet." The nurse then got up and the little girl, clung to her in a paroxysm of terror. On approaching the door, the woman saw the body of Mrs. Judah stretched on the floor covered with blood and with a great gash on her cheek, whereupon she instantly flew to the varandah and shouted loudly to the porter that "a great calamity had befallen the house!" The porter hurried up-stairs followed by the groom, who had also been aroused by the loud and vehement summons. On seeing the body of his mistress lying on the floor insensible, her legs tied by a rope, and her body covered with blood, the porter beat his head, after the oriental fashion, and enquired who had done this villainy? The nurse told him to lose no time, but to hurry away to the house of Mr. Ezekiel Judah, the father-in-law of the murdered lady, and give him the information. Directing the coachman to look to the gate and guard the premises, the porter hurried away and informed Mr. E. Judah of the murder; this was at 4 A.M. Mr. Judah, on receiving the intelligence, hurried to No. 5, Pollock Street, where he was met by Mr. Elias Gubboy, the brother of the man who is to figure so conspicuously in this narrative. The body of Mrs. Judah was found lying at right angles to her bed, her night clothes were so completely saturated with blood that it was at first supposed to be covered with a crimson cloth. The bed, the curtains of which were down, and the pillows were extensively dyed, and the wall was bespattered with blood for three feet from the floor. The right half of the door leading to the nursery was closed, and the lower part was smeared with blood: the right half was standing ajar. The imprints of dirty feet were

visible on the bed sheets, but strange to relate the bed itself was not disarranged or tumbled about, and the pillows were in their proper places. The curtains, however, were torn. A man's black-leather shoe was found on the bed, and its fellow on the floor near the foot of the bed. Beneath the bed itself a pair of Indian-rubber shoes were discovered, one of which was covered with spots of human blood on the outside, but free from all blood stains in the inside, clearly indicating that the shoe was on the foot of the murderer when it became thus daubed with blood. A piece of dirty "mull-mull," blood-stained and crumpled, as if torn from some garment, was found in the bed near the pillows, which the police took charge of. On examining the body of the murdered lady, it was found that there were two punctured wounds in the left side, one between the 9th and 10th ribs, which pierced the spleen and divided it completely through: another between the 11th and 12th ribs, which severed the membrane covering of the intestines. The right cheek was laid open to the bone. The muscles and vessels of the left arm were divided in three places, the tendons of the wrist were cut above the palm of the hand, and the right eye was divided completely through; the blood rushed forth from these gaping wounds in profusion. The imprints of blood-stained feet from Mrs. Judah's bedside to the head of the spiral staircase betrayed the course by which the murderer left the premises.

The porter, on being questioned, stated: "At about 3 A.M. I felt some one shake me by the hand, and on starting up I saw Nasseem Shallome Gubboy standing by my cot. 'Open the gate quickly,' he said, in a nervous excited manner, and, as I hastened to obey the injunction, the groom and coach-

man, who slept near me, called out, 'Who is that?' and I replied, 'Nasseem sahib.' He passed out of the wicket in the gate and went towards his house in Radha Bazar. I was too drowsy at the time to notice whether he had a bundle in his hand or shoes on his feet.

Nasseem, on his way from No. 5, Pollock Street, to his own residence, had to pass the house of a Mr. Michael; that gentleman was standing at his window at a little after 3 A.M., and he distinctly saw Nasseem pass, walking very fast, in a state of considerable agitation, towards his own house. The gas lamp was burning very close to Mr. Michael's window, and it was by its bright glow that he was enabled to see Nasseem, with whose features he was perfectly familiar.

Nasseem, as we have already stated, resided in Radha Bazar, about 150 yards from No. 5, Pollock Street. The house he occupied was a small two-storied building belonging to his brother, Mr. Elias Gubboy, and was set apart by the latter for such of his countrymen as were in reduced circumstances. Three such men were living in it at this time with Nasseem; their names are Marcus Stein, Marcovich and Nathan Levi. When, therefore, Nasseem was seen returning home by Mr. Michael, the inmates of this house were buried in sleep. One of them, however, Marcus Stein, deposed as follows:—"At about 3½ A.M. I felt some one push against me as I lay in my cot, but, as it was dark, I did not see who it was. I therefore got up and saw Nasseem carrying a basin of water from my room into his own. He had on a pair of loose pyjamahs at the time, but was naked from the waist upwards. After a time he returned for another basin of water which he also carried into his own room. I could not see from where I was

into Nasseem's room, but I heard a noise as if clothes were being washed by Nasseem. At this time a cry of 'Murder' was suddenly heard from the street, breaking the stillness of the early dawn, and Nasseem rushed into my room, caught me by the arm, and said in an agitated voice, while he trembled from head to foot, 'you be witness that I am at home.' As the uproar in the street increased, Marcovich and Nathan Levi were aroused from their slumbers, and on going to the window which overlooks Pollock Street, I saw Nasseem standing in his own room watching the people rushing in the direction of Mrs. Judah's residence. While we were listening to the noise, and wondering what was the matter, Nasseem came up and said in Hebrew: 'Kakoom, Kakoom, (which means Rabbi, Rabbi,) you be evidence that I have been at home all night.' He then went back to his own room and lay down on his cot." About 20 minutes after this Nasseem was arrested by the Police charged with the wilful murder of Mrs. Leah Judah. In reply to the charge he said, "I know nothing whatever about it; I have been at home all night and can produce witnesses to testify to the fact." He was removed in custody to the house of the deceased, Mrs. Judah, where his person was examined. Some oblique scratches were found on the thumb and palm side of the right wrist. These marks were evident, though no blood was drawn. On the left wrist the marks were more fully defined, and blood had evidently flowed from them. Similar scratches were found below the right knee-cap, and an abrasion of the skin, about the size of a four-anna piece, over which a piece of cloth had been tied, was discovered on the knee-cap itself. This mark was florid and recent, but dry. The accused said it had been caused by a fall in his bath-room. There was also a cir

cular or oval discoloration of the skin of the lower arm, which had the appearance of a bite, but it was of some days standing. He at first stated that a friend of his had done it, but subsequently admitted that Mrs. Judah had bitten him in a joke some days previously. There were spots of blood on the left sleeve of his shirt, which he attributed to mosquito bites. The Indian-rubber shoes found under Mrs. Judah's bed were placed on the feet of the accused, and they fitted him exactly. He denied ownership, but the sister of the murdered lady, who was present at the time, told him to his face that those shoes were his, and that she had seen them on his feet a few days ago when it was raining. The accused was now taken back to his own house, where all his foul linen was carefully examined in his presence. A fez cap was found which was completely wet, and had evidently been washed a short time before; a shirt, damp, with suspicious spots and crumpled as if a pair of hands had been wiped upon it; another shirt with several large stains of blood, which bore evidence of having been recently washed. The clothes were examined by Dr. Macnamara, the Chemical Examiner to Government, and he deposed that he found blood stains upon them which did not correspond with the marks and scratches on the person of the accused. The house was searched in hopes of finding the weapon with which the murder had been committed, but without success; and though the accused was known to possess a dagger, this was found missing, and could not be accounted for. In a basin of dry tea leaves, a stoppered phial with a paper wrapper about it, bearing the words "Smith and Stanistreet" (but with the usual leather covering at the top wanting) and labelled "Chloroform," was discovered, but no garment

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with a piece torn from it corresponding to the piece of cloth found in Leah's bed could be found, and the second pair of shoes of black leather found ~~one in the bed~~ and one on the floor of the room where the murder was perpetrated, and which evidently did not belong to Nasseem--could not be accounted for. This led to a further and closer examination of the premises No. 5, Pollock Street.

The door which communicated with the hall was found open, and it was clear that the murderer, or, as was now supposed, murderers, entered the house by that door. Spots and patches of blood, as well as bloody foot-prints, were traced from that door diagonally across the hall, and through another room to a small door leading to the winding staircase, where they ceased. This staircase was explored, and it was found to lead to a lane or passage on the north side of the house. The compound was surrounded by a wall seven or eight feet high with a small door in it, opposite the passage alluded to, opening into Pollock Street. This door was fastened on both sides by padlocks. The wall bore traces at this point of foot marks on its top, and the sand plaster had given way in two places on the street side, while there were two corresponding fractures in the inner side where a ladder had evidently rested. A portion also of the green fungi which gather so rapidly on walls during the rains had been rubbed off very recently. It was, therefore, very evident that some person had entered and left the premises by scaling the wall at this point, and that person was not Nasseem, for he entered and left the house by the street door. Who was that person? A native constable, while patrolling his beat in a lane to the north of Tiretta Bazar, saw a man between 3 and 4 A.M. approaching him with a bamboo ladder on

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his shoulder and a bundle in his hand, but he did not notice how the man was dressed, and could not say whether he had shoes on his feet or not. The only thing he did observe was that the man wore a fez cap. Another constable, on duty in Hurrinbaree Lane, about the same hour of the morning, saw the same man hurrying through the street and ordered him to halt, and enquired where he was going. He replied: "On boardship, to stow cargo." The man appeared in a state of extreme agitation and swayed from side to side like a person in liquor. The constable felt the man's bundle and found it *wet*; he nevertheless allowed him to go on! Who this man was, or where he went to, no one at this juncture could say.

Further enquiry disclosed the fact that a short time before the murder of Mrs. Leah Judah, Nasseem Gubboy was frequently seen in the company of a very disreputable Jew named Ezekiel Shurbanee. This man was poor and of low extraction, and so utterly without character that it was considered disgraceful to be seen walking with him in the public streets. Obdurate, cold, and remorseless, accustomed to scenes of blood and violence (he had been in the military service of the King of Oude), he was just the man to undertake any villainy for a consideration, and ask no questions.

On Wednesday, the 29th of September, and Thursday, the 30th of September, these two men breakfasted together, and on the latter day, after the meal had been dispatched, Nasseem instructed his servant Dusroo to proceed with Ezekiel Shurbanee to the market and purchase whatever he might require, adding, that as it was the feast of the Tabernacle, when Jews are forbidden to touch copper, it

would be the servant's duty to pay for the purchases made. A palanquin was accordingly called, and Ezekiel Shurbanee proceeded in it, in the first place, to Moula-ali-ka-Durgah, in Circular Road, the servant running alongside of the conveyance. Here a bamboo ladder was purchased for five annas; it was twelve feet long and about a foot broad; a cooly was engaged to carry it. From Moula-ali-ka-Durgah they went to Tiretta Bazar and bought a box of lucifer matches, where they parted, the servant returning to his master's residence, and Ezekiel Shurbanee, accompanied by the cooly, proceeded to his own house.

At about 6 o'clock the same evening, Ezekiel came again to the house of Nasseem Gubboy bringing the ladder with him, and meeting the servant Dusroo in the passage, he stopped to inform that individual—though there was no necessity for it—that the ladder he had with him was intended for a ship captain. Both Nasseem and Ezekiel left the house together in presence of the servant, taking the ladder with them, and on returning, in the course of half an hour, Ezekiel again goes out of his way to impress upon the man Dusroo that the ladder, which they had purchased in the morning, had been sent off to a ship captain. Where did these two men go, and what did they do during that half hour? Was it to place the ladder in some convenient locality, from where it could be easily brought when the necessity for using it should arise?

But we are somewhat ahead of our story. On the 27th of September we find Nasseem and Ezekiel purchasing chloroform at a chemist's shop in Dalhousie Square, and on the night of the 28th of September, Nasseem tests the effect of the chloroform so purchased on one of the menials of

the house where he resided by way of a joke. Marcus Stein was persuaded to lie down while Nasseem applied a pocket handkerchief saturated with chloroform to his nostrils. Insensibility was produced, but only partially. Medical men have asserted that a person partially or even considerably, under the influence of chloroform, is capable of hearing sounds such as laughter, for instance, and so it was in the present occasion. Stein felt unable to raise his head or get up, but was conscious of the fact that Nasseem and Nathan Levi were laughing at him, and distinctly heard them remarking that he looked as if he were drunk. Marcovitch, who was in another room close by, heard the merriment at the expense of Stein, but was not personally present when the experiment was made. He entered the room, however, directly after the influence of the chloroform had passed away, and Stein then told him what had occurred.

Dissatisfied with the result of his experiment, Nasseem, the following day, called at the shop of another chemist in Lall Bazar, accompanied by Shurbanee, and asked for chloroform that would produce instantaneous and complete insensibility. Shurbanee, who stood behind Nasseem at the time, laughed heartily as the latter laid stress upon the fact that the chloroform required was to be of the strongest possible description. Mark the character of the man who could find amusement in the very idea that the party upon whom the chloroform was to be used would be thrown instantaneously into a state of utter and complete helplessness, and thus be absolutely incapable of offering the slightest resistance to the course of subsequent operations! As there was only an assistant in the shop, who did not feel himself justified, in the absence of the proprietor, to sell such dan-

gerous stuff to a couple of strangers, they were told to call again by-and-by. They did so accordingly the next day when the proprietor was present, but on being informed that they could not be supplied with a *stronger* chloroform than they had already procured, they left the place. They next proceed to the shop of Messrs. Scott Thomson, chemists and druggists, near Old Court House Street, and tried to procure a more potent chloroform than they had obtained in Dalhousie square, but failed here also.

Nasseem and Shurbanee dined together on the evening before the murder, and while dinner was being placed upon the table, both retired into Nasseem's room, and, after closing the door, remained in secret consultation for a quarter of an hour. After dinner Nasseem left the house alone, Shurbanee remained for half an hour drinking with the other Jews, when he also left. This was about 9 P.M. .

With these facts to work upon, Shurbanee was arrested by the police. His house, a dingy, miserable hovel in Hurribaree Lane, was searched in his presence, and a quantity of wearing apparel, all bearing the initials N. S. G. (Nasseem Shallome Gubboy) were found and examined. A shirt and pair of loose trousers had green marks of fungi upon them, corresponding to the fungi that had been rubbed off the top of the wall where some person had entered and left the premises No. 5, Pollock Street, on the night of the murder. The instant Shurbanee saw the attention of the police directed to these marks, he hastened to explain their presence by saying that he had lately been to the funeral of a Jew and had sat down upon a tombstone. Enquiries were at once instituted, when it was found that no funeral of a Jew had lately taken place. As the examination proceeded, a shirt was drawn out of a bundle of

dirty clothes, from the breast of which a piece had been torn out, and when the rag which was found in the bed of the murdered lady was applied to the rent, it fitted the part exactly. The texture was precisely the same, the rag and the shirt were equally soiled, the seams corresponded with each other, the color also was the same, and the ragged edges fitted with an accuracy and precision which left no doubt of the locality whence the former had been rent by the dying woman in her frantic struggles for dear life. There were also small spots of blood upon that shirt in different places. The pair of black-leather shoes, which were found in Leah's bed-room, were shown to him, but he denied ownership. They were, however, placed on his feet and found to fit him exactly. The two constables identified him as the man who passed them on their beats carrying a bamboo ladder between the hours of 3 and 4 A.M. on the night of the murder.

Now we come to the motive for the murder. If Shurba had been the interested party, the motive would have been robbery. But there was no robbery committed. Leah had on her person, when she was murdered, a pair of massive gold bracelets, a valuable diamond ring, a pair of gold bangles, and there were also found under her pillow an expensive gold watch and chain. These articles were not disturbed, and nothing in the house was missing. Nasseem could therefore only be the interested party, and Shurbane his hired accomplice. What then was Nasseem's motive for the murder of his own relative? Was it jealousy? Listen—Mr. Judah the husband of the unfortunate Leah, traded extensively in opium with China. He made it a practice to accompany his speculation himself rather than entrust them to an agent at Hong-Kong. This, of course, was pro-

that Nobin was engaged in the murder, but that the woman must have been lying on her back when she was strangled, with Nobin leaning over her, and that in her struggle for dear life, her right hand clutched at and scratched the left ear of her murderer, at the same time tearing and retaining in her last convulsive grasp a lock of hair from the same side of his face. After the body of the murdered woman was examined by the Police Surgeon, I had the lock of hair carefully removed from the hand of the deceased washed and folded up in paper for future use. On searching Nobin's person a key was found which opened one of the padlocks on the door of the deceased's room. On seeing me apply it, and the result, he said, "That key belongs to a padlock on a door at the Cathedral." This was ultimately found to be correct; but on searching the godown where he resided at the Cathedral, the real key was found, and he accounted for its being there by saying, "Koylas lived with me in the godown: he must have placed it where found; I know nothing of it; Koylas was the last to visit Monmohiny." Another important link was added to the chain of evidence by the Verger of the Cathedral being able to swear that both Nobin and Koylas were absent from their duty on the night the murder was supposed to have been committed, having obtained leave the previous evening. Under ordinary circumstances, the two men could not have been absent together a whole night without its being known, as part of their duty was to keep watch and ward on the church premises by turns, and it was the duty of the Verger to visit them once or twice during the night to see that they were on the alert.

We will now leave Nobin, and follow up Koylas, who is still at large. He was not seen at the Cathedral premises

it is in evidence that her father-in-law had not visited her for six months, and that when he once had occasion to call at her house for the purpose of weighing some coffee, he did not go upstairs to see her. She, however, visited him four or five days before the terrible event above narrated, and, on that occasion, he spoke kindly to her and she kissed his hand.

How long this illicit alliance continued before Leah Judah offered, in her own person, another illustration of the melancholy accuracy of the Frenchman's apothegm, that "a woman may be satisfied with one husband but never with one lover," it is impossible now to tell. It will be enough to say, that while yet in the delirium of his guilty passion, and basking upon it, as he fondly believed, in the sunshine of that lady's favour, he awoke to the envenoming knowledge that a rival shared her smiles. An offence such as *this infidelity on the part of a wife or mistress* is one, which the Hebrew never forgives and rarely fails to wipe out with blood. The phlegmatic Englishman may seek satisfaction in the Divorce Court, and the susceptible Frenchman secure it at the point of his rapier, but the Hebrew will be satisfied with nothing less than the life of the frail fair one. We have now related the facts and circumstances of the case as far as ascertainable by careful enquiry. The evidence against the prisoners, it will be seen, is purely circumstantial. We will now go carefully over that evidence and draw together the facts and circumstances as we have already related them, and point out their relative bearings, the manner in which they dove-tail with one another, and the inferences which are legitimately deducible therefrom. We assume to be addressing ourselves to police officers in the superior grades of the force who understand how to analyse

the proofs, when a difficult and intricate case is placed before them, by a reverse process. To begin with, let us enquire what we would expect to find would be the case if the prisoner Nasseem Gubboy were guilty of the murder of Mrs. Leah Judah? and then see how far the evidence meets those expectations. In the case under consideration, the coincidences and circumstances between what we would expect to find, and what we actually find proved, are most remarkable. We would expect:—

1st.—That Nasseem Gubboy would scarcely undertake the murder of the woman he once loved single-handed. His courage might give way at the most critical moment, and so prevent him carrying through the horrible enterprise alone, and it is quite natural to suppose under these circumstances that he would seek an accomplice to aid him.

Accordingly, we find close to the very bed of the unfortunate Leah the shoes of a man other than Nasseem, and a piece of flesh torn from a shirt which Nasseem never wore.

2nd.—We would expect the man thus selected would be a man of the same creed, but of desperate fortunes, much inferior in rank and social position to Nasseem himself, and one of bodily strength and activity, and familiar with scenes of blood and violence; and that some traces of concert between the employer and employed, shortly before the murder, should be formed.

We accordingly find that a man answering all these conditions was taken into the confidence and intimacy of Nasseem for some days before the murder; allowed to share the same table with him; to go out and return with him; provided with money for the purchase of articles; and supplied with clothes by him without any honest or reasonable motive for so strange an intimacy.

3rd.—We would expect again if a murder had been committed by these two men in concert, one of them being known to frequent the house of Leah Judah and pass in and out at all hours of the day and night, without exciting remark, and the other a perfect stranger to it that one should leave the house openly and in the usual way, and that the other should leave it stealthily and by a back way.

Accordingly we find Nasseem leaving the house by the regular stairs and door, waking the porter to let him out ; while we find the other man, the accomplice, neither coming in nor going out by the street door, but by scaling the compound wall, and leaving traces, both in the marks of bloody foot-prints from the scene of the murder to the head of the back stairs, and the marks of a ladder on the wall.

4th.—We would expect again to find some preparation or introducing the accomplice into the house over the compound wall.

Accordingly we find Nasseem sending his servant with Ezekiel Shurbance on the very day before the murder to Maula-ali-ka-Durgah in Circular Road, with instructions to buy whatever Ezekiel should require ; and that a ladder and box of lucifer matches were purchased on that occasion.

5th.—We would expect to find endeavours to procure some chemical agent which would tend to still the cries of the unfortunate Leah, and enable them to do their deed of blood while she was reduced to silence if not unconsciousness.

Accordingly we find Nasseem and Ezekiel going together to several Chemists shops, endeavouring to procure chloroform, and we find the very bottle which had contained the drug in the house of Nasseem.

6th.—Again, as Nasseem was unacquainted with the properties of chloroform, we would expect to find him practising its effects before trying the dreadful experiment he was about to make upon the helpless Leah.

Accordingly we find him trying the very experiment, as though in a joke, upon a man residing in the same house with himself.

7th.—We would also expect to find these men leaving traces behind them of wearing apparel, &c.

Accordingly we find the shoes and fragment of a shirt belonging to Ezekiel, and the shoes of Nasseem in the very room where the murder was committed.

8th.—We would also expect to find them bearing away traces on their person of the struggle, which, however unequal and hopeless on the woman's part, must have taken place.

Accordingly we find marks of quite recent scratches and injuries on their hands and arms, slight indeed, but such as might be expected to be produced by the nails or rings of an unarmed woman struggling for dear life, and marks on the knee of Nasseem corresponding with what might be produced by violent contact with the edge of the bed. The man's knee and the edge of Leah's bed corresponded in height exactly, so also marks are found in Ezekiel which might be produced by getting over the compound wall by the aid of a ladder.

9th.—We would expect that Nasseem would carry away some stains of blood on some part of his clothes, and that the first thing he would do on reaching home would be to endeavour to remove these stains by washing them off.

Accordingly we find that at the very time at which Nasseem entered his house after the perpetration of the deed, he is seen taking water more than once into his own private

room, and he is heard by one of the inmates of the house washing clothes with that water, and on the morning of his being arrested some of his garments are found wet, as if they had just been washed, including a fez cap, which could not have required washing for the only purpose for which he suggested any of his clothes required it.

10th.—We would expect to find the weapon which dealt the fatal wounds missing, and that a weapon capable of dealing such wounds should be in the possession of Nasseem or Ezekiel.

Accordingly we find that a weapon (a dagger), capable in every respect of inflicting the wounds found on the person of the unfortunate Leah, and traced to Nasseem's possession to within a day or two of the murder, missing and unaccounted for.

11th.—We would expect in Nasseem's conduct and statements, if guilty, the false statements and denials which always attach themselves to crime and guilt.

And accordingly we find him entering his house at 10 or 10-30 p.m. with some show of ostentation, quitting it again stealthily and unknown to the other inmates, yet calling on them the moment he was suspected to testify that he had been all night in his own room, and declaring before the police that such was the case, and appealing to his co-religionists to support his statement.

As we are not writing a history of a great crime for general reading, but stating facts to illustrate a lesson in the art of detection, we will not carry this case beyond the point where the Police officer's duty finishes, and that of the Judge and Jury commence. It is nevertheless necessary, before bringing the enquiry to a close, to offer a few remarks touching the character of evidence wholly circumstantial or

would be the servant's duty to pay for the purchases made. A palanquin was accordingly called, and Ezekiel Shurbancee proceeded in it, in the first place, to Moula-ali-ka-Durgah, in Circular Road, the servant running alongside of the conveyance. Here a bamboo ladder was purchased for five annas ; it was twelve feet long and about a foot broad ; a cooly was engaged to carry it. From Moula-ali-ka-Durgah they went to Tiretta Bazar and bought a box of lucifer matches, where they parted, the servant returning to his master's residence, and Ezekiel Shurbancee, accompanied by the cooly, proceeded to his own house.

At about 6 o'clock the same evening, Ezekiel came again to the house of Nasseem Gubboy bringing the ladder with him, and meeting the servant Dusroo in the passage, he stopped to inform that individual—though there was no necessity for it—that the ladder he had with him was intended for a ship captain. Both Nasseem and Ezekiel left the house together in presence of the servant, taking the ladder with them, and on returning, in the course of half an hour, Ezekiel again goes out of his way to impress upon the man Dusroo that the ladder, which they had purchased in the morning, had been sent off to a ship captain. Where did these two men go, and what did they do during that half hour? Was it to place the ladder in some convenient locality, from where it could be easily brought when the necessity for using it should arise?

But we are somewhat ahead of our story. On the 27th of September we find Nasseem and Ezekiel purchasing chloroform at a chemist's shop in Dalhousie Square, and on the night of the 28th of September, Nasseem tests the effect of the chloroform so purchased on one of the menials of

of innocence. But if we are able to prove not only that the shoes were Nasseem's, not only that they were found close to the bed of the murdered lady, but that from marks of blood upon them on the outside, and from their being unstained inside, they must have had human feet in them when they received those external traces of blood, why, then the circumstances become inconsistent, not only with the probability, but almost with the possibility of innocence.



CHAPTER IV.

AMHERST STREET MYSTERY.

I do not know the man I should avoid
So soon as that spare Cassius ! He reads much,
He is a great observer ; and he looks
Quite through the deeds of men :
Often he smiles ; but smiles in such a sort,
As if he mocked himself, or scorned his spirit,
That could be moved to smile at anything.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

AT 2 o'clock of the morning of the 1st of April, 1868, a native constable was patrolling his beat in Amherst Street, and had visited several of the lanes and gullies in its vicinity without observing anything wrong. On taking a second turn round his beat an hour afterwards, he perceived, by the light of his bull's-eye lamp, something resembling a heap of female wearing-apparel lying on the west side of the main street. On approaching it he found the bundle of clothes contained the body of a native woman. Her left hand was under her left hip, and her right hand was clenched and thrown upwards towards her ear. There was a terrible gash in her throat, from which the blood had flowed freely, and collected in a pool on the ground where she lay. She was dressed in a native dress (*a saree*) consisting of a single piece of cloth, which is first wound round the loins and then passed over the shoulders and round the neck. This garment was much crumpled behind the neck, and part of it was buried in the wound. At the

distance of one cubit from the left side of the head, there lay a sailor's knife—the haft was towards the neck and the blood upon the blade was dry. There was a small pool of blood on the ground a little to the west of where the body was found ; it was quite fresh in the middle and dry at the edges. Six or seven paces north of where the body lay spots and patches of blood were found, varying in size from a rupee to a four-anna bit. But there was no blood between this place and the spot where the body was discovered. The feet were bare, and free from mud or dust, so that she could not have walked for any distance on the public road before death. The appearance of the soles of the feet were those of a woman accustomed to wear shoes, though none were found near the body. Under the *saree* there was a bodice, fastened over the chest by hooks and eyes, and, but for the blood stains upon it, was perfectly clean. A gas-lamp was burning across the road, directly opposite to where the body lay. During the period which intervened between the policeman passing this spot at 2 A.M. and finding the road clear, and returning to it at 3 A.M. and finding the body, he heard neither voices nor the sound of carriage wheels. After leaving the corpse in charge of another policeman the constable of the beat went to the thanna to report the matter to his superior : this was at 3-30 A.M. The Inspector arrived at the scene of the murder just as the clock of Trinity Church in Amherst Street was striking 4 A.M. On taking up the inquiry he observed a mark of three fingers in the dry blood on the ground, but nothing to indicate that a struggle had taken place. A pocket handkerchief was found lying about twenty-five paces from the body ; it was soiled by use, and one of the corners was twisted as if a key had been at-

tached to it, the knot re-opened, and the key removed. The limbs though cold were pliant. On the body were found a pair of gold earrings, a wedding ring—evidently the woman was a native Christian and married—and a coral necklace, which was wound twice round the neck, one turn of which had been severed by the knife of the murderer. A part of the coral necklace was in the wound. At 7 A.M. the body was removed to the dead-house of the Medical College Hospital, where it remained for four days without being identified, and as it was by this time in an advanced state of decomposition, orders were issued for its interment. It had, however, been photographed on the 2nd of April by Messrs. Sache and Westfield, and copies of the photograph were circulated through the town and suburbs.

The examination of the body by the Police Surgeon disclosed the following facts: The wound in the neck, which commenced about one hand's breadth below the angle of the jaw on the left side, passed right across the throat, and ended in the same position on the right side, was very deep. It divided the great vessels of the neck on both sides, and also the principal cartilage at the top of the wind-pipe. The wound in the centre had extended downwards to the spinal column itself, which was slightly marked. The length of the wound was about five inches, and the deepest portion was about two inches: it was as far as the knife could go. The wound was quite straight, which means that it was made by a single pass of the knife. About an inch from the right extremity was a slight tear or laceration, which it was supposed might have been caused by a gap in the edge of the knife, or by the knife coming in contact with the coral beads which the poor woman wore, or by a sudden turn of the head. The

knife, however, had no gap, and the tear therefore was most probably caused by a quick turn of the head. The cause of death was loss of blood from the wound; and death must have ensued within a few seconds of the infliction of the gash in the neck. It is just possible she may have staggered, or run a few steps before falling; but the Police Surgeon was of opinion that this is unlikely, as a stream of blood from the spot where the wound was inflicted, to where the body was found, would have betrayed the fact. From the state of the body, and especially the arms and left side, it was thought that the woman was in an erect position when the wound was inflicted, and that she almost immediately fell over on her left side.

The presumption against this case being one of murder was based on the following facts: that there were no marks of violence on the body; that there were no decided marks of struggling or scattering of blood upon the road where the body was found; that the hair and dress were not disarranged, and bore no evidence of a violent conflict; and that, if she had been held by one or more persons, she would have roused the people of the neighbourhood by her shrieks, before the division of the larynx could have been accomplished.

On the other hand, the inference against its being a case of suicide is that the wound was lower down the neck than is usual in cases of self-murder, and that the force required to cut through the cartilage and down to the spinal column is greater than suicides are capable of exerting, and the hands had no marks of blood upon them.

Enquiries continued to be made after interment; a proclamation was made by beat of tom-tom throughout the town

and suburbs, and a reward of Rs 100 offered to anyone who could give the police any information regarding the deceased. At last, in the afternoon of the 8th of April, one of the photographs of the deceased was shown to a Mr. Harris, residing at No. 100, Boitakhanna Lane, who at once observed, "This is very like a woman living in my compound ; I cannot swear it is she, but my wife will be able to tell you more about her." Accordingly Mrs. Harris was interviewed and she recognised the photograph at once. On going to the godown where Mr. Harris said the woman lived, the door was found padlocked from the outside, and the windows closed. The lock on the door yielded to such slight force that it was evident it had not been locked at all. On entering the room the police found that the bed, the mosquito curtains of which were down and tucked in on three sides—the fourth side was open sufficiently to allow a person to get in and out—had not been slept on since last made. The room contained some furniture and wearing apparel, and amongst the latter was found a photograph of a man well known to the police named Kingsley. This furnished the first clue to identification.

When the native constable of the beat heard that the woman found murdered in Amherst Street was identified as the woman who occupied a godown in the compound of Mr. Harris, he came forward and said :—"I was on duty when this woman was brought here by a man named Madhub Chunder Dutt, who keeps a shop in Bow Bazar street. I know the man well and have known him for years." Madhub Chunder Dutt was accordingly arrested, and, on being questioned, he acknowledged having accompanied the woman to the godown in Mr. Harris' compound, but denied all knowledge of her. The absurdity of such

a statement was pointed out to him, still he persisted in saying that he did not know her. On being further pressed, he said he accompanied the woman from a house in Zig-Zag Lane, which he pointed out. The house belonged to a Mr. Rozario. Here the police learnt the name of the woman and some important particulars regarding her. She went by the name of Rose Brown, and had been residing in the house of Mr. Rozario nearly two months before removing to the compound of Mr. Harris. On taking possession of her rooms in Zig-Zag Lane, Mr. Rozario stated that she brought with her a bundle, but no furniture whatever. She purchased a cot when she had been a few days in the house. She made over her jewellery about the same time to Mrs. Rozario to keep for her. It consisted of a pair of gold bangles worth about Rs 450 ; a gold engine-turned lady's hunting watch, with a long link chain attached, worth Rs 120 ; a pair of gold earrings worth Rs 12 ; a gold necklace of native design worth Rs 50 ; a gold ring set with four diamonds worth Rs 200 ; a gold ring set with rubies worth Rs 40 ; and a gold wedding ring. The entire property was valued at between Rs 600 and 700. During her residence with Mr. Rozario, the prisoner Madhub Chunder Dutt frequently visited her. She left the house before the completion of the second month, Madhub paying for the first month and she for the broken period of the second. Her jewellery was made over to her four days before she left, but Madhub was not present when this was done, and was therefore ignorant of the fact. The reason she assigned for leaving Mr. Rozario was that Madhub had told her that Kingsley—the man with whom she had formerly lived—was searching for her, and the place was

not sufficiently safe or secluded. She stated that Madhub told her that if Kingsley got hold of her, he would place her in the railway train and fling her out of the window when it was in rapid motion, for deserting him in the way she had done. Madhub, however, denied having told her anything of the kind at any time, and it is only fair to him to add that nobody ever heard him make the remark. The fact is that the deceased had an overwhelming fear of being caught by this man Kingsley, and pictured all sorts of horrors to herself as the certain result of such a capture. Had the unfortunate woman any premonition of her doom? Having obtained all the particulars the Rozario family could give regarding the deceased and the prisoner Madhub, the latter was conducted back to the compound of Mr. Harris. Here the man Kingsley was found in custody of the police. He had been arrested and brought over from Howrah in consequence of the discovery of his likeness amongst the clothes of the deceased. The police next proceeded to search the house of Madhub Chunder Dutt, where a key was found in his box which fitted the padlock on the door of the godown where Rose Brown lived. The box in which the key was found contained jewellery worth Rs 500 or 600 ; a quantity of old clothes belonging to defunct sailors were also found in his shop, but no knives. It may be here stated that the prisoner Madhub was in the habit of purchasing knives, spoons, and other articles at the sales held periodically, at the shipping office, of deceased sailors' effects. These, with other articles, such as lemonade, cigars, &c., were exposed for sale at his shop in Lall Bazar Street.

After searching the house of Madhub Chunder Dutt, the police proceeded to Howrah to search the premises of

Kingsley. The gate was opened by the latter with a key taken from his pocket. In a canvas bag, containing soiled linen, a shirt was found which was crumpled and damp at the sleeves, as if it had been recently washed. Kingsley said he had not worn it since last summer, and that he generally wore flannel shirts, but he did not account for the damp condition of the sleeves, which, having regard to the opinion of the Police Surgeon that the deceased's throat was cut from behind, was, to say the least of it, a suspicious circumstance, and ought to have been explained. The out-offices were searched, and in them were found some pieces of female wearing-apparel, which were stained with blood. On being asked to explain this, Kingsley admitted that the clothes belonged to Rose Brown, but that they had been worn by a woman named Maria Smith since Rose Brown left his protection, and that the former had got drunk and knocked herself about and stained the clothes. Two keys were also found on the premises, one on a wash-hand stand in the verandah, which opened the lock attached to the door of Rose Brown's tenement. There was only one other lock (besides the one on the gate) in Kingsley's house, and the key of that one was in his pocket.

The woman Maria Smith, who had been living with Kingsley but had recently left him on account of a quarrel they had, was hunted up and asked if she remembered Kingsley being absent from home any night between the 25th of March and 5th of April. She reflected for some time and then said, "Yes ; he went away in the evening of the last day of the month and did not return till the following day." She was then asked, "How many days there were in the month?" and she replied, "Thirty." On being told that she was wrong, and that there were thirty-one days in March, she said, "That may

be, but I know very well that it was the last day of the month that he kept away all night." Maria Smith then enquired why these questions were being put to her adding that if it was anything that would hang Kingsley, for the frightful thrashing he had given her, she would gladly pull the rope. She was told that the woman who had formely lived with him had been murdered. On the following day, however, Maria Smith repudiated the whole of what she had said, declaring that she was muddled when she had made those statements, adding that she had never known Kingsley to be absent from home beyond 12 o'clock at night during the few days she had been living with him.

When the prisoner Madhub was on his way back from Howrah, after the search of Kingsley's premises, he volunteered a statement, which was recorded after his being duly warned that anything he said would be used in evidence against him. He began: "Rose Brown came to me one morning about the middle of January, and told me she had run away from Kingsley, and was residing in Zig-Zag Lane with a Mrs. Rozario. She asked me to come and see her occasionally, and I did so. On one occasion I gave her some money for house expenses. She shortly after this called again at my shop to enquire if I had seen Kingsley lately, adding that she heard he was in the habit of frequenting a grog-shop close to where she lived, and was afraid he might discover her whereabouts. Mr. Rozario had discovered, she said, that she was concealing herself from her husband, and had advised her to look out for another lodging. On hearing this I took her to Mr. Harris and engaged a room for her. On the 31st of March she told me that as she had been confined to the house so long, she felt ill and asked me to go out with her that she

presumptive. It would be impossible, in cases of crime, not sudden but deliberate and foreplanned, to secure the positive evidence of eye-witnesses to it. If any such offence be premeditated, the criminal will bend all his energies and faculties to prevent the existence of any witness to it, and, therefore, if, in the cases of such crimes, it be said no punishment can ensue unless positive evidence can be given, we would proclaim impunity to the worst transgressors, and reserve it only for less guilty and artful culprits, whose offences were sudden and unpremeditated, as they alone would, in their passion, be regardless of the presence of witnesses. In cases of premeditated crime, we generally find three classes of circumstances, between which it behoves the detective officer carefully to distinguish. The FIRST is composed of circumstances consistent with the guilt of the prisoner but not inconsistent with the probabilities of his innocence. The SECOND, of circumstances consistent with his guilt, but not inconsistent with the probabilities of his innocence, *though not with its possibility*. The THIRD, of circumstances consistent with his guilt, but inconsistent with the possibility of his innocence. We will illustrate these classifications by referring to the shoes of Nasseem found in Leah's room after the murder. As he was in the habit of keeping clothes at No. 5, Pollock Street, the presence of his shoes near the bed, though consistent with guilt, was also consistent with the probability of innocence; and if the prisoner had the presence of mind to fasten upon this theory, the circumstances would have merely belonged to the first class. But the prisoner, by denying that the shoes were his, in the face of evidence to the contrary. Then we have a fact of the second class consistent with guilt, not inconsistent with the probability

hat with a pink silk *pugree* round it. I recognised him by the light of the gas-lamp which was burning brightly close by, but I did not remark if his gait was unsteady or not. I fled at once, being afraid that Kingsley would thrash me for being found in company with his mistress. I concealed myself in an ally and watched Kingsley and Rose Brown proceed eastward in the direction of Amherst Street. They were in close conversation as they walked slowly along. When they passed me I went home. The following day I heard that a woman had been murdered—found with her throat cut in Amherst Street—but I had no suspicion that the person was Rose Brown, and I consequently took no steps in the matter. When I was asked by the police about the woman I escorted to Mr. Harris' compound, I was not told by any person that she had been murdered."

It must be observed here that the prisoner did not make these revelations to the police till seven hours after Kingsley's house at Howrah had been searched; and although Madhub met Kingsley face to face at the house of Mr. Harris before going to Howrah, he did not say a word regarding the encounter with this man on the night of the 31st of March, or rather morning of the 1st of April. It may be that the presence of Kingsley cowed him, and he held his tongue, but the presence of the police on the spot, one would think, ought to have reassured him.

I have only a few remarks to make on this case, and will then leave the solution of the problem, which of these two men, Kingsley or Madhub, murdered Rose Brown? to the intelligent police officer. This case differs from the preceding one. Two men acted in concert in the murder of Leah. Here two men are suspected of

might have a mouthful of fresh air. I told her that I could not go about with her if she dressed as a Christian, as it would cost me my caste if I were seen in her company by any Hindoos. She then proposed that I should get her a saree, which I did. I took the saree to her house at 4-30 P.M., and then went home for my meals. I called upon her again at 9 P.M. to accompany her for a walk. I found the door of her room closed, but on knocking at it she answered from within and requested me to wait a little while she dressed. Shortly afterwards she came out dressed in a saree, and with a handkerchief in her hand, to one corner of which she attached the key of her door after locking it. She wore a pair of earrings and her wedding ring. I did not observe a coral necklace on her neck, but she told me she had one on. She was bare-footed. We left the house at a quarter to 10 P.M., turned into Bow Bazar Street and thence into Wellington Street on to College Street and Colootollah Street. I here suggested that she should turn home as it was growing late, but the pleasure she seemed to experience in breathing with safety in the open air induced her to persist in strolling about a little longer. I complied with her wishes, and we left Colootollah Street, entered Chitpore Road, thence to Lall Bazar, and eastward through Bow Bazar. When we reached St. Xavier's Chapel it was a little after 1 A.M. Rose Brown began to grow tired, and I felt myself walking a few paces ahead of her. Suddenly turning round to look for her, I observed Kingsley come up from behind and put his hand on her shoulder. She looked up at him in fright and cried 'Bap-re Bap!' ('Oh, father, father!' an expression generally used by the Native when agitated by terror, pain, or astonishment). Kingsley was dressed in a dark brown suit. He wore a felt

greatly incensed by her deserting him in the way she had done. The woman herself dreads meeting Kingsley, and her life from the hour she leaves his protection is darkened by the bare possibility of his tracing her out. "He will kill me if he catches me," she was often heard to repeat. Rose Brown's overpowering fear of this man would lead to the conclusion that he had, while she was living, under his protection, threatened that if ever she deserted him he would trace her out and take her life; and knowing him to be a reckless and daring man, fully capable of carrying his dreadful threat into execution, naturally shrunk in terror from the bare prospect of meeting him. There is no other solution to the unfortunate woman's conduct.

All these facts and circumstances must be taken into consideration in working out the proposition, Who murdered Rose Brown—Madhub or Kingsley?

The example given in the preceding case should be followed in this. I would, however, suggest that the facts as related, and the inferences which are lawfully deducible therefrom, be arranged in parallel columns. This will bring the matter within the grasp of the most ordinary intellect. Thus:—

ANALYSIS.

Facts supported by evi- dence.		Inferences deducible there- from.
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CHAPTER V.

UNDETECTED CRIME.

“The gather'd guilt of elder times
Shall reproduce itself in crimes ;
There is a day of vengeance still,
Linger it may—but come it will.”

IGNORE it as we may—for the reflection is by no means comforting or agreeable—there is in truth, no serious crime committed in this country which can be committed with greater safety and impunity than the crime of murder. A Hindoo widow yields to the temptation of “love unlawful ;” the intrigue continues until the *secret* of the frail fair one becomes too prominent for concealment ! then her family and friends awake to the bitter and humiliating position. They beat their heads after the oriental fashion (Europeans would beat the head of some one else, in truth—British fashion—under similar circumstances), and curse the English Government for abolishing *suttee* ! Yet the matter is kept a profound secret and every possible precaution is adopted to prevent the scandal getting abroad. The offending widow is sent on a “pilgrimage,” or goes into “retreat” (I must apologise to my Roman Catholic friends for using the word “retreat” in a new sense !), and if she is fortunate enough to survive the course of treatment usually prescribed, by way of penance, for such transgressions, re-appears absolved of the burden of her sin ! But how few survive the ordeal ? For the *Dai* is but a clumsy operator, and more succumb to her treatment than survive it. But oh ! how much more unfortunate still is the luck-

less widow whose case will not yield to the manipulations of the native midwife? And woe be to her if she belongs to a respectable orthodox Hindoo family. Then they get up a ceremony in her honor which is called a *cold suttee*; they ply her with sweat intoxicants, and cap her last supper on earth with a cordial that covers her shame more effectually than the uncertain manipulations of the *Dai*. The widow is soon a *cold suttee*; and is hurried off to the burning ghat before the breath is out of the body. (It would be a religious crime, involving the loss of caste, for the pious Hindoo to permit even his nearest and dearest relation to die in his house). This "cold suttee" means a double murder. But the most distressing part of the business is when the victim suspects foul play in the midst of these nocturnal festivities got up in her honour, and manifests a disinclination to partake of the "cup" intended to drown her shame and sorrow in everlasting forgetfulness. Turning piteously to her mother, she wails, "Mercy, mother, save me!" but is urged, in reply, "Drink, daughter, drink, to save thy mother's honor and keep thy father's *abru*!" With regard to the crime of infanticide, pure and simple, it is too common, and the circumstances under which it is practised too well understood to require much explanation. A high caste widow gives birth to a child. The newcomer's mouth is immediately stuffed with hot kitchen ashes. Thus, "religiously disposed of," it is thrust into a basket of rubbish and deposited, by its loving grandmother, in the nearest river!

The immorality responsible for this phase of crime prevails to an extent few Englishmen would believe possible in a country where the social seclusion of women is the rule, and liberty the exception; and the criminals are assured a certain amount of immunity because the religion and time-

honoured customs of the people virtually sanction the heinous and revolting practice. It can be no secret to any one acquainted with the inner life of the Hindoo as to what takes place behind the *purdah* ! Yet how few, even of the men who pose as social reformers, have the moral courage to expose the evil ? And the district officer deems it safer to blink the delicate question than to grapple with it.

As for the village policeman, he is too stupid, as a rule, to be of any use. And where he is less stupid, than his brother, he makes up by that low cunning and duplicity which make him dangerous to the community. He is open to corruption in any form, and where caste conflicts with duty, he is to be least trusted. He bullies the weak and the helpless. With the powerful and well-to-do the policeman is always complacent. But what can the policeman do even where he is intelligent as well as honest ? The lapse of a widow is no offence in the law ; the Magistrate has no right to enquire how a widow came to be in the family way. It is only when abortion is feared that a sort of watch is kept upon the widow. The Magistrate receives anonymous letters ; many of these he does not attend to, but when the communication appears *bonâ-fide*, the Magistrate forwards it to the police authorities. But even such a case is not regarded as a pressing one, and, all things considered, I think, wisely. Delays being frequent, the police are unable to prove five cases of abortion out of five hundred. I have only touched the fringe of this subject ; the details would make your flesh creep and your blood run cold !

There are, I admit, in this, as in every other country in the world, social evils which no Government can grapple with ; but here, at all events, something might be done to

remedy the wrongs of the unfortunate widows of India. Legalise re-marriage and deprive caste of the power of excommunicating the man who has the courage to unite himself to a widow and see the result. This far the Government might safely go, but no further. No sane statesman would attempt to plunge direct to the root of the evil and abolish infant marriage, whatever that small but noisy section of advanced Hindoos may say to the contrary. This reform must be left in the people themselves. I may be told that Government already sanctions the re-marriage of widows. Yes, but caste opposes it. What a position for the government of an Empire?

It is all very well for English officials to say that the widow and her friends ought to defy caste. They do not know the terrible effects of the *Mahajan's* curse. The widow and her husband, and very often her and his families, are shunned like poison. Thus, some forty or fifty people may suffer for the courage of two. They suffer in life and in death. No caste-man joins them in any domestic ceremony; none of them can take part in the social affairs of any caste-man. So cruelly rigid is the discipline that it drew tears of anguish from that most patient Hindoo martyr, Karsandas Mulgi. He used to cry helplessly when his wife would ask him when her family would be re-admitted into caste. English men and women can have no idea of the bitterness of this social seclusion; it is worse than the bitterness of death. One result of the persecution is that few re-married couples live happily together. They are hunted out of profession, and even out of their inheritance if they have any. And not being sufficiently educated to take to new modes of life, husband and wife pine away in despair, accuse each other of folly, and under a sense of

injury they sometimes take to evil courses. What a triumph for caste? That the widow marriage movement in India is making head in spite of such crushing opposition, is a proof of its necessity and ultimate success. If the Government would only rule that caste has no right to prevent re-marriage, and instruct the public prosecutor to institute proceedings against the *Mahajan* for putting a re-married widow out of caste, the reform would have an easy victory.

It may be asked, what are the conditions which render so great an outrage on human liberty possible? The answer is ready at hand. The Hindoo marriage law is based, or presumed to be based, upon their sacred books, which have been received and acted upon by millions of people for untold centuries. The Hindoo religion inculcates that every Hindoo girl must be married. For a father to have an unmarried daughter in his house is not only to become an outcaste and to forfeit every social position, but even worse; it is regarded as a religious crime, involving not merely degradation in this world, but eternal punishment in the next. Every Hindoo girl, therefore, must be married, to a suitable person, of course, if possible; but suitable or unsuitable she must be married to some one, as in the case of Lukshmibai!

On this subject I will just quote a short passage from the published account of the Decennial Missionary Conference held at Calcutta in 1882-83. That noble English woman, Mrs. Etherington, is speaking:—

“The last Government census brought to light the startling, the fearfully significant fact, that there are more than twenty-one millions of widows in India! Have we seriously considered what this really means? There is in India a widow

for about every five males of the entire population, including even the youngest male child. Am I wrong in believing that more than half of these millions are widows who never were wives in any true sense, mere children whose boy-husbands, in thousands of cases, were never known, scarcely ever seen by them? Only those of us who have free access to them and their homes—if a Hindoo widow can be said to have a home—can at all understand what child-widowhood really means. The least that it can mean is the being deprived for ever of all that makes life—I will not say—enjoyable, but even bearable. Can we wonder that she should say, as many a widow has said to me, “*Your Government took away from us the power of perishing with our husbands, and left us nothing but a life of misery. Far better for us to have shared the funeral pyre of our husbands.*” An intelligent, well-educated, and influential Hindoo gentleman once told my husband, that at least nine-tenths of the children who are left widows go astray, and from my own experience among Hindoo women, I fear this may be no exaggeration. I have dwelt upon this evil to the exclusion of other difficulties and hindrances to our work among the women of India, in the hope that this Conference, as a large and influential body, may be led to do something to seek its removal. I presume not to say what ought to be done, but I venture to say that if men will not before long move in this matter, women will be constrained to do so.”

But I must leave the Hindoo widow and her woes to the social reformer, and proceed to another class of undetected crime very common in this country. A murder is committed in the neighbourhood of a line of railway. The body of the victim is carried under cover of the night and laid across the rails. The train in due course passes over the corpse,

and the crime is converted into an accident or suicide. This *ruse* invariably succeeds in throwing the police off the scent of a murder ; and where it fails, it affords an excellent opportunity of shirking a troublesome enquiry. It is easy to see to which side opinion will lean when the police are lazy or interested in keeping down the bill of serious crime in their district.

If the investigating officer is, however, enthusiastic and up to his work, he will see through the deception in an instant. But as the number of police officers who understand their business are few and far between, I will explain, for the benefit of the majority, how to distinguish a murder from an accident or suicide. When a dead body is run over by a train, the blood that escapes from the mutilated trunk will be scanty in quantity, and thin and watery in appearance, and will not coagulate. On the other hand, if life was in the body when run over, the blood that escapes from the wounds, will not only be considerable in quantity, but will coagulate on exposure to the atmosphere, and will also appear of deeper and brighter red than the blood that escapes from a dead body after mutilation.

While on the subject of serious crimes in connection with railways, it will not be out of place to say a word or two regarding the diabolical attempts so frequently made to upset or wreck passenger trains, and the safety and impunity with which this heinous offence can be committed.

When the driver of a train observes the line in front of him obstructed, this is what he does. He applies his breaks and brings his train to a stand as speedily as possible. The guard and driver alight and examine the nature of the obstruction. This done, the road is cleared, and the train is pushed on to the next station, where the matter is reported.

In the meantime, the perpetrators, who were probably concealed in a nullah, or behind a copse, a short distance from where the line was obstructed, watching the result, walk quietly away; and when the police, some hours afterwards, arrive at the spot to investigate the matter, they leave the neighbourhood as wise as when they entered it. If the guard of a train in such cases had the presence of mind to collect such men as he found available, and the moment the train is brought up, send them out in various directions to search every cover in the vicinity, the offenders would most probably be found.

I will relate an instance of my own experience in this line of detection. When the K. and D. State Railway was first opened for traffic, several attempts had been made to upset the train. I took up the matter myself and travelled daily by the passenger train, accompanied by a set of smart trolly-men. As the line was unfenced, the trains ran at reduced speed, and were easily brought to a stand on observing danger ahead. I had not long to wait before an opportunity offered of testing the efficacy of my plans. One night the driver observed the trunk of a tree placed across the rails; he pulled up suddenly. I rushed from my carriage and made for the most likely cover in the vicinity of the obstruction, my men spreading out in various other directions. As I approached a clump of bamboos, two men started up and made for the nearest village. I followed them, but they gained the *bustee* before being arrested or recognised. On reaching the village every house was searched, but the inhabitants appeared fast asleep. I went round the sleepers placing my hand on the breast of each and in this way discovered the delinquents by the violent beating of their hearts.

This was not, of course, sufficient evidence to obtain a conviction, but it put a stop to placing obstructions on the line. The offence was never afterwards repeated.

The following is another instance of the ease and impunity with which serious crimes may be committed. A man of the *moochee* caste murdered his son-in-law in the course of a domestic quarrel. A short distance from their common dwelling a tiger had killed a cow, and the murderer, taking advantage of this circumstance, carried the body of his victim, under cover of the night, to the spot and left it there. In the morning the murderer went straight to the police station and reported that his son-in-law had gone to the "kill" to secure the hide of the cow, when the tiger sprang upon him from a neighbouring thicket and mauled him to death. This story appeared so probable, considering the parties made their living by dealing in hides, and the fact of a tiger having killed a cow at the place indicated, that the police unhesitatingly accepted the statement of the murderer as true.

Another instance of ingenious concealment of serious crime, and I have done with this blood-curdling subject. A deliberate murder was committed in an out-of-the-way place in the mofussil, in the presence of several eye-witnesses. Information of the crime was sent to the Magistrate of the subdivision, and an Inspector of Police was ordered to investigate the matter. He proceeded, accompanied by some constables, to the scene of the reported murder and arrested the parties accused. They, however, denied there was any bloodshed in the neighbourhood, and told the police that the man reported murdered had simply cleared out to avoid being arrested for getting up a *danza* in a land dispute. The opposite party maintained they saw the missing man

beat to death with *lathees* before their eyes. The evidence on both sides was so well balanced that nothing but the production of the body of the man alleged to have been murdered could establish the charge against the accused. To this task the Police Inspector addressed himself with commendable energy, though unfortunately not with equal intelligence. Every tank in the neighbourhood was drawn, and the jungle for miles around diligently searched, but without success. A piece of ground about fifty yards from the residence of the accused appeared to have been recently disturbed; this was dug up, and the police came across the carcase of a horse, which they partly uncovered, but went no further; had they done so they would have found the corpse of the murdered man; it was sewn up in the body of the horse, which had been disemboweled to receive it.

The jackals in this case proved better detectives than the police, for they brought the crime to light after the guardians of life and property had given the matter up as hopeless, and left the neighbourhood in despair.

Now, considering the investigating officer was a native, one would scarcely believe it possible that he could have been deceived by a *ruse* of this nature. Such an unusual occurrence, as a native voluntarily undertaking the trouble to bury a dead animal, would at once excite suspicion in the mind of any man possessing the slightest knowledge of the country and people.



PART IV.

CHAPTER I.

DETECTIVE STORIES—AMUSING AND INSTRUCTIVE.

“Be always cool, ready, armed, and defended on all points; sound in knowledge, unfailing in observation, equally consummate in sophistry when needed, and instantaneous in detecting sophistry in others; scorn no art, however painful; begrudge no labour, however disagreeable, in mastering the knavery of life: and though minute in detail, learn to be comprehensive and take in your whole subject at a glance.

* * * * *

“We live in a world of sin and sorrow, my beloved pupils. We live in a world where a great many generations of people must have been employed in detecting and defending themselves from the rascality of a great many other generations of people, for a great many cycles of time. Now, if the doctrine of heredity holds good in any degree, a great many people must be born with strong hereditary tendencies towards rascality, and a great many other people with strong hereditary instincts enabling them to detect rascality. But this law, like most of nature's laws, works somewhat unequally. One man gets too much of a faculty or quality in which another man is deficient, and thus the distribution in individual cases is too often anything but fair. A good many people, for example, are born and go through life like the Vicar of Wakefield and his family, without suspicion of other people.

“To compensate for the same, people are born with the faculty or quality of suspicion, developed to a phenomenal degree of acuteness, and it is from this last class you must select your detective.”

MAY WE SET A THIEF TO CATCH A THIEF ?

A WELL written article appeared in the *Indian Daily News* of the 6th of March, 1884, commenting on the result of the enquiry conducted by the Committee appointed to enquire into the organisation and material of the Railway Police, of which the following is an extract :—

“The Railway Police Committee, appointed a year or two ago to conduct an inquiry into the organisation and material of the police along the different lines, in the course of their journey over 8,000 miles of railway, found there was a great absence of skilled detectives—in fact, that practically no detective system at all existed—and came to the conclusion that the chief ground for this was an ‘absence of detective ability’ among the natives of India. As the best thief-catcher is a man who has been an expert thief himself, the public would not, perhaps, be altogether without reason for congratulation, if the Committee’s complaint were valid that there is no material to be found out of which good detectives could be fashioned. But, unfortunately, the whole history of crime in India goes to disprove the truth of the Committee’s conclusion, and the records of the Police and the Sessions Courts at the present day do not indicate any very great falling off in that ingenuity of crime which, properly trained and directed, forms the best agency for the detection of crime.”

I admit this is the generally received opinion, but will nevertheless endeavour to prove there is not a common saying in the English language more devoid of truth and sterling common sense than that same saying, “Set a thief to catch a thief!” The art of detection and the profession of the thief lie as wide apart as the poles. The training of the thief develops a faculty or instinct for all the various artifices and subterfuges which rascality employs to conceal itself from observation and elude detection, whereas the study and practice of the art of detection, on the other hand, trains the faculties to a phenomenal degree of acuteness, and enables the detective to expose and lay

bare the hidden works of darkness which the criminal endeavours to conceal. Indeed, the analyst and the compounder are not more opposed to each other in their professions than the thief and the detective. All the craft and cunning of the one is employed in mystifying and entangling, and all the cuteness and ingenuity of the other is exercised in analysing or disentangling mystery.

Take, for example, any of the celebrated cases tried at the Calcutta High Court during the last ten or fifteen years—*Empress versus Chander Kanto Ray*, in the great Post Office robbery; *Empress versus Buttress alias Captain Mills*, in the celebrated Meerut Treasury Remittance Transfer Receipt Forgery case; *Empress versus Dundas, alias Major Auckland*, in the wholesale swindling practiced on the Calcutta tradespeople some years ago; *Empress versus Thomas O'Toole*, in connection with the frauds committed on the Calcutta Branch of the Society for the Propagation of Christian Knowledge in Foreign Parts; *Empress versus Madhub Chunder Sircar*, in connection with the extensive frauds committed on Messrs. Mackenzie Lyall and Co. Would O'Toole, who was himself an expert forger, have displayed more skill and ability in running Buttress to earth than the man who undertook and successfully accomplished this duty? Would Buttress have been selected with any hope of success to follow up Dundas, though the former was equally as expert in the tactics of the hare as the latter, and displayed the most consummate skill in doubling on his pursuers? Would Chunder Kanto Roy have proved as expert in disentangling the complicated and mysterious case—*Empress versus Madhub Chunder Sircar*—as he did in mystifying and entangling the Post Office robbery?

It may be urged that these are crimes not committed by the criminal classes of the population, and therefore the expression, "Set a thief to catch a thief," only applies to professional criminals. The spy-system, or working through informers, may succeed in the latter, but not in the former class of offences. Well, then, is it not a fact that all the celebrated cases that come before the Courts, including murder, theft, cheating, and forgery—the latter class of offences, by the way, is rapidly on the increase with the spread of education in India—are committed by the non-criminal classes? Yet these are the very class of offences that require special detective ability to bring the perpetrators to justice. The class of offences committed by the professional thief are of a very prosaic type, indeed: and it is only in exceptionally rare instances that any real ingenuity worthy of the name is manifested. Dacoity, burglary, and simple theft are about all that the professional thief aspires to, and this class of crime does not afford much opportunity for any extraordinary display of ingenuity. One stroke of business, like that of Madhub Chunder Sircar, or a late Cashier of the Custom House, is worth, in a pecuniary sense, all the property stolen in Calcutta by professional thieves in six months. Indeed, the professional thief is credited with a great deal more than he is guilty of; and many clever cases of theft are laid to his charge that are actually committed by amateurs, though the work bears the impress of professional skill. Take the following as an instance in support of this view:—

On Indian Railways the officials must be perfectly puzzled at the mysterious way valuable packages of merchandise disappear, as it were, into empty space, and vanish from view like a beautiful dream. I will lift the

curtain, gentle reader, and reveal the secret. A package is overcarried or finds its way to a wrong station, and in railway working, this is almost a daily occurrence. The Goods Clerk of the station, if he happens to be dishonestly inclined, has now an opportunity of doing a good stroke of business to his own advantage. He finds himself in possession of valuable property for which he will have to render no account. What does he do under the circumstances? Remove the property from the wagon and conceal it in some quiet place until an opportunity offers to get rid of it? No, no; this would expose him to the danger of being peached upon by some one or other of the station menial staff, or he might be detected in the act by the Railway Police and come to grief in consequence. He avoids both contingencies by re-booking his excess package under a fictitious name to some trusty friend along the line, or some connected line, to whom he forwards the Railway receipt with instructions how to act in the matter. The friend, on receiving the Railway receipt, proceeds to the Station-house and claims and takes delivery of the package booked to his address, pays the freight due for carriage, and clears off. A day or two after the package is missed, and the matter is reported to the Traffic Superintendent; then follows with lightning rapidity along the wires the usual stereotyped circular—"To all stations; a package No. 109 missing; say if at yours?" No station replies, and the Police are directed to take up the enquiry; but they might as well search for a pebble in the Indian Ocean, unless they are up to the dodge, and even then tracing property disposed of in this way would be most difficult. The professional thief would, of course, get the credit of this clever piece of legerdemain!

How would those who advocate the detection of crime through informers "set a thief to catch a thief" act in such cases?

Indeed, the spy-system of detection, or what is known best to the Police, "working through informers," is as demoralizing and cruel as the application of torture to extort confession, and often leads to the same terrible result—the conviction of innocent men and women. The practice should be discouraged and discountenanced both by Government and every European official in the country.

The man who is capable of acting the part of a Police spy is not very much to be relied upon. He can have no great ties of honor or checks of conscience to restrain him when the person accused has no opportunity of vindicating himself. He will be more industrious to carry that which is grateful and pleasing to his employer than that which is true. There would be no necessity for the services of an informer if he did not hear and see things worthy of discovery; so that he naturally makes mountains of mole-hills, aggravates what is faulty, perverts what is good, and misrepresents what is indifferent. Nor is it to be doubted that such unprincipled wretches let their private passions into their clandestine informations, and often wreak their particular spite or malice against the person they are set to watch. Therefore, working through professional informers in India, at all events, should be considered as dishonourable to the art of detection, as the use of concealed dynamite in the science of war.



CHAPTER II.

THE RESULT OF SETTING A THIEF TO CATCH A THIEF.

“If you want what is not your own, try and do without it, and if you cannot do without it, take it away by insinuation, not bluster.”

PAUL CLIFFORD.

I WAS inspecting the police constables on parade one afternoon in the compound of Park Street Thannah, when a quiet, modest-looking individual timidly approached the parade ground with a paper in his hand. On catching my eye, the man made a profound salaam, and handed me the document. I found it to be a petition addressed, in the first instance, to the Deputy Commissioner of Police, through whose hands it had evidently passed, for it bore his endorsement with the remark: “Mr. Reid, give this man a trial.” The petition set forth, in that peculiar style which marks the Police Court petition-writer, that the petitioner was a professional police informer who wanted employment in this particular line of business in which he was an adept: that he could give valuable information regarding some clever burglaries recently committed in the neighbourhood, &c., &c. After reading the document, I carefully surveyed the petitioner from head to foot. He was a man rather under than over medium height for a native, with small shifty eyes which seemed to rest on every object in his vicinity but that of his interrogator. He possessed as bad a set of features, with all his apparent meekness, as ever were turned out of Nature’s mould. One of the toes of the right foot, I noticed, was missing,

the one next the great toe. I was not much impressed with the man's appearance, you may be sure, but having been sent to me by the Deputy Commissioner of Police for a specific purpose, I was in duty bound to employ him. His first request, after being duly installed as a police informer, was that I would give the constables on night duty in the streets orders not to molest him if found out after dark, and to render him prompt assistance in capturing the men he was set to watch when called upon to do so. This appeared reasonable enough, and I promised compliance. The informer's next request was for some subsistence money, to enable him to carry on with, until he succeeded in earning the reward offered for the apprehension and conviction of the offenders he had undertaken to hunt down. This request was also complied with, and the informer set forth on his mission to trace the perpetrators of the recent burglaries. A week past before he returned to the Thannah to report progress. He had then a long account to give of how he obtained his first clue and got on the right track, that he had the game well in hand, and was cautiously stalking them until the property turned up, when he would let drive with both barrels and bring them to earth. "You must be aware, Sir," he said, with a knowing twinkle of his small restless eye, "the house-breakers would be of no use without the property; there would be no evidence to convict them, and I would lose my reward, and you the credit of working up the case. Let me have a little more subsistence money, and the plot will be ripe for action in a day or two." The rascal got a further advance of money, and he disappeared. Ten or twelve days passed without his again turning up. This long absence aroused my suspicion, and led me to :

enquire if any of the constables had met the informer on their beats at night. I was told by one of the constables that the man was seen in Wood Street only two nights previous, whereupon I issued orders on evening parade that the first constable or native officer who came across the man was to bring him to the Thannah. I had not long to wait before my friend was run in by a native officer. He had, of course, a very plausible story ready to account for his long absence. He assured me that everything was almost ripe for immediate action, and asked for one day's grace—*only one*: this was granted, and he disappeared again. (*Tableau!*) The very next morning Mr. Peter John, of 14, Camac Street, came to my Station, and reported that his house had been broken into during the night by burglars, who had succeeded in carrying off a considerable quantity of valuable jewellery. On receipt of this information, I accompanied the complainant to the spot to make inquiries. On reaching the stairs my attention was attracted by a blood-stained foot-print on each alternate step leading to the room from which the property had been stolen. The foot-print, I observed, left only the impression of four toes instead of five—the impression of the toe next the great toe was absent. On making this discovery, I stopped short for a moment to consider, and as the thought shot across my brain, I put my hand to my head, and involuntarily exclaimed, "Good God! this is the work of that infamous informer." He had cut his foot, it appears, getting over the compound wall of Mr. Peter John's premises, which is protected with glass, and the absence of the toe in the foot-print betrayed the rascal. Continuing my enquiries, I discovered Mr. Peter John's house had been entered exactly in the same way as the other houses in the division recently broken into. The

piece of glass neatly cut out with a diamond from a pane in the front door, sufficient to admit the hand to undo the bolt from inside, was as near as possible alike in each case, proving to demonstration that all the burglaries recently committed in the neighbourhood was the handiwork of the same individual. I was simply horrified at this discovery. To think that an officer who had gained the reputation for intelligence and detective ability that I had should have allowed himself to be imposed upon in this way—not only employing, but actually paying, a professional thief to hunt himself down! “Why,” I exclaimed in desperation, “if this gets abroad, I shall become the butt of the Force for the remainder of my service;” and I seriously thought at the moment of taking leave or resigning. I did neither, however. I set to work heart and soul to trace my diamond-cut-diamond friend, and I succeeded. Before sundown of the day on which Mr. Peter John was robbed, I had the delinquent under lock and key. I never employed a professional informer again though.




CHAPTER III.

THE THIEF AND THE HOLY BRAHMIN.

“All hoods make not monks.”

C. KATH.

N the 15th of August 1875, Mr. Ebenezer George Chambers, who resided at the time in Mrs. Drury's Boarding-house, 17, Camac Street, lost a gold watch and chain under the following circumstances:—On the afternoon of the day in question he came down to dinner, leaving his gold watch and chain upstairs in his dressing-room. Missing them at dinner, Mr. Chambers sent his servant up to fetch them down. The servant departed as ordered, and in about five or ten minutes afterwards returned and informed his master that the articles were nowhere to be found. Mr. Chambers on hearing this went upstairs, and made a search for the watch and chain himself, but with no better result than the servant. The writer, who was then the officer in charge of Park Street Thannah, was sent for and told the circumstances under which the watch and chain had disappeared. A general search was made of the premises, but the watch was not discovered. As none of the servants had left the house between the time the watch was missed and its loss being reported to the Police, a guard was placed on the gate for the purpose of searching every servant leaving the compound. No one in Mrs. Drury's Boarding-house was charged with the theft, but Mr. Chambers' own servant was suspected. The writer, before leaving the premises after completing his enquiries, arranged with the complainant to take

into his service a disguised constable of police to watch the movements of the suspected man. The following day the disguised constable presented himself at 17, Camac Street, with half-a-dozen borrowed certificates of character—a common practice with native servants seeking employment—and he was formally installed as Mr. Chambers valet. In the evening the detective and Mr. Chambers servant left the house together after the work of the day was over, and the former invited the latter to a coffee-shop in Jaun Bazar Street by way of standing his footing. While the two men sat sipping their coffee and indulging in a fragrant weed abstracted from Mr. Chambers' cigar-box, the conversation naturally turned on the subject of the late theft. The disguised constable, seeing his opportunity for action had arrived, related a story in connection with the theft of a gold watch and chain at the last place he served exactly similar in every particular to the theft case under discussion. I will let the detective in this case tell his own story in his own way. It ran as follows :—“In the house in which I last served,” he began—the suspected servant listening with marked attention, “there was a gold watch and chain stolen from the Men Sahib's dressing-room under somewhat similar circumstances to that of the theft of Mr. Chambers' watch. The watch, I afterwards discovered, was stolen by the house bearer, who buried it in the garden till the enquiry was over. The evening after the commission of the theft, the bearer asked me privately to accompany him to Howrah for the purpose, he stated, of consulting a celebrated Brahmin who told fortunes regarding the theft. The bearer did not at the time tell me he was the thief, and no one suspected him. I only became aware of the fact during the interview with the fortune-teller. I consented to

being connected with the murder of Rose Brown, but there is no evidence of concert. What tells with fearful, nay, almost fatal force against Madhub is his statement that Rose Brown had, on the night of the murder, walked unshod with him over five or six miles of brick-beaten road without her feet being more soiled than they were found to be. If, therefore, the tale of the walk be a fabrication the meeting of Kingsley near St. Xavier's Chapel may be assumed to be a fabrication also. In that case the prisoner Madhub, by his own showing, was with the deceased to within a very short period of her murder; he must have known more of the means and of the hand by which the unhappy woman was slain than he has revealed.

Then there is another fact which tells against Madhub. The woman's jewellery is missing and unaccounted for. Madhub knew she possessed jewellery to the value of Rs 600 or 700. It was Madhub that induced the deceased to leave the house of Mr. Rozario, where he was known, and take up her residence in a neighbourhood where he was unknown, under the pretence that Kingsley was searching for her, and if he found her would kill her.

Again, if Madhub was the murderer of Rose Brown, his only motive could be plunder; whereas if Kingsley was the murderer, his motive would be jealousy, or revenge, or both.

Kingsley, it must be remembered, was a man of vicious courses and debauched habits, violent in temper, and brutal towards women when intoxicated. He is one of that class of degraded Europeans which generally furnish the most desperate and reckless criminals. He is found to have been closely associated with the murdered woman, and it is but reasonable to conclude that he would be

was quiet we dug up the property, and sold it in Radha Bazar and shared the proceeds. "If I committed murder," continued the detective, "I would go to that holy man for advice how to act."

"What do you say if we go to him to-night and learn some particulars regarding the case of theft from my master's room yesterday?"

"With all my heart," put in the detective, and the two men started for Howrah. When they entered the presence of the holy man (a Police Darogah got up for the occasion), the same ceremony related above by the disguised constable was gone through. Mr. Chambers' servant was supplied with a bottle of holy Ganges water, made still more holy by the prayers of the Brahmin, which he was enjoined, on pain of discovery if neglected, to sprinkle over the spot where the stolen property was secreted exactly as the sun was going down in the west the following day. This little matter settled, the two men left the presence of the holy man, and proceeded in different directions to their respective homes.

The following day the detective was on the alert as the time for the sprinkling ceremony drew nigh. The bearer was observed to steal out secretly with a bottle of water and proceed to an unfrequented part of the garden. Arriving at the spot, and looking carefully round to see that no one was observing him, the ceremony commenced. I was immediately informed of the turn matters had taken, and at once went to the spot, when, in presence of the complainant and several others, including the thief, the watch and chain were dug up. The bearer, when charged with the theft, made no attempt to deny it even before the Magistrate. When the case went up to the High Court for trial, the defendant altered his

statement and pleaded "not guilty." Had the man pleaded guilty at the High Court, he would simply have been sentenced by the Judge without going into evidence, but having pleaded "not guilty," the case was gone into, and proved the most amusing trial that ever took place in the High Court. The Judge, Jury, and spectators were kept in continuous roars of laughter while the trial lasted.



accompany the bearer, and we both started for Howrah. When we came into the presence of the Brahmin and made known our business, he took some water and sprinkled it about where he was seated, muttering some prayers as he did so. He next went through the same operation with a stone idol that stood on the same platform where the holy man was himself seated. This done, the Brahmin addressed us both saying, 'The gods of the Brahmins have disclosed to me the thief in this case; he now stands before me.' I looked at the bearer and the bearer looked at me; but we both kept silent, and the Brahmin continued, 'I am not going to name the guilty individual in this case; the gods who have given me power to read men's thoughts have forbidden me to bring any individual to shame and sorrow. My vocation in life is to shield men from harm.' Here the holy man pointed to a brass plate that stood before the stone-idol as he continued to address us, 'He that hath sinned in this case let him present silver to the god, and be free from all the future consequences of his guilt.' As the holy man concluded his speech, the bearer took a rupee from his pocket and put it on the plate before the stone-idol. The Brahmin then gave the bearer a bottle of Ganges water which he prayed over, and told him to sprinkle it secretly over the hidden treasure at the going down of the sun the following day. If this were done, the holy man assured us both that all the police in the world would not unearth the property or discover the thief.

"Did the Brahmin's word prove true?" eagerly enquired the suspected man as the detective concluded his story.

"Yes, perfectly true," replied the detective, "the bearer was not even suspected of the theft, though the police arrested many of the other servants on suspicion. When all

on her way to Metiabrooj to make the ninety-second wife of the ex-King of Oudh. His Majesty has paid a large sum of money for her, and I have been entrusted with, to me, the very disagreeable duty of taking her to her destination. She feels her position keenly, poor child, and the prospect before her of a life's imprisonment in that old Blue Beard's harem is telling upon her fearfully. She made several attempts to commit suicide on our way down the river to-day, and openly declares she will never enter His Majesty's harem alive. If you would kindly consent to see her, Sahib, you might be able to suggest a way out of the difficulty."

"Will she see me?" I enquired. "Oh! yes, Sahib. She has been raving all day about seeing an English gentleman. She fancies if she could only see and speak to a Sahib herself, her release and freedom would become a certainty," the Jew replied.

"But," said I, "how would her liberation affect you?"

The Jew answered suggestively: "I could account for her absence in many ways if I had only the means of silencing the underlings who accompany me."

"You mean you would have to purchase their silence in any scheme for the release of your kinswoman?"

"Just so, Sahib," was the significant reply.

Curiosity, and a growing feeling of sympathy for the interesting captive in the boat, induced me to pay her a visit. On entering her cabin she hastily drew a light gauze veil over her face, and seemed to me at first startled and nervous. I was the first to speak, and addressing her in Hindustanee, I began, "I am told you wish to see me?"

"Yes, Sahib," was the timid reply, but she continued hesitatingly, "If you do not mind, it would spare me con-

siderable pain and embarrassment if Moses, my guardian, were consulted beforehand. He knows my painful position and prospects exactly; in fact, much better than I do myself, and I can trust him implicitly."

"Moses has already given me the full particulars of your most painful case," I answered.

"And has he told you where he is taking me to, and the life of deep dark misery—and to me a Jewess—shame, that awaits me?"

"I bowed," in reply.

Then, covering her face with her hands as if to shut out the dreadful picture from view, she cried, "Oh, that I could this moment bury the fearful thought of such a fate in everlasting forgetfulness!"

Her apparent distress of mind excited my sympathy, and I assured her I would do all that lay in my power to avert her terrible fate. Then throwing back her veil, she turned to me in a pleading attitude, her eyes moist with tears, and cried, "Sahib, you will save a poor helpless Jewish maiden from a life's imprisonment in a Nawab's harem?"

In a moment of fatal weakness and blinded judgment, I yielded to her entreaty, and found her an asylum on shore.

I gave the Jew, her guardian, one thousand rupees to silence the boatmen and other followers present. He seemed to be surprised at the amount, and said it was more than he expected, and more than he required. In fact, the Jew appeared to me to be more anxious to transfer his charge to my protection than to benefit in a pecuniary sense by the transaction. This led me to believe that the fellow was actuated throughout by feelings of pity and humanity towards his country-woman, and completely disarmed suspicion. After the girl had been removed

from the boat and conveyed in safety to an asylum provided for her, the Jew and his party took their departure, and I returned to camp, to the solitude of my tent, to think matters over, and chalk out some line of action for the future. I resolved to act honourably towards the girl and as she appeared to me little more than sixteen years of age, or thereabouts, contemplated sending her to a Boarding School for a couple of years before making her my wife. Having thus settled in my own mind for the disposal of my interesting charge, I retired for the night. The following morning, still stronger, if anything, in my good resolutions, I sat down and wrote to the Lady Superioress of Chandernagore Convent on the subject of placing the young Jewess under her charge. Before, however, receiving a reply to my letter, I was visited by an old Jew who called himself the father of the girl. He was accompanied by a Bengalee Baboo in the garb of a High Court Pleader and a host of others said to be retainers of the ex-King of Oudh. The Bengalee Baboo informed me that he represented His Majesty as legal adviser, and that he was instructed to take legal proceedings against me for enticing away and keeping in confinement a married woman, the wife of His ex-Majesty of Metiabrooj. This charge thoroughly alarmed me, for I dreaded, above all things, the exposure of a public prosecution. The simulated lawyer saw my embarrassment, and taking me aside quietly hinted that the matter could be settled privately for a consideration, but I would have to make over the girl to her father, who was now present to receive her. I at once agreed to the latter stipulation, and enquired what sum of money would suffice to hush up the whole affair. "Ten thousand rupees," was the lawyer's reply; but I managed to beat down the

demand to half that sum. Having arranged to pay over to the simulated lawyer five thousand rupees, the party left, taking the young Jewess with them. They left, as they had come, by boat, and I felt a sense of relief, though this little romantic adventure cost me six thousand rupees, when they were gone !

About a week after this event, I discovered that the young Jewess was not the wife, or rather bride, of the ex-King of Oudh, but a most notorious courtesan, and that her pretended guardian in the first instance, and the lawyer and his party in the second, belonged to a clever but dangerous gang of swindlers, the young Jewess acting as magnet. The thought of how I had been duped shot across my brain like a barbed arrow, and my heart seemed to yearn for vengeance. When I made this terrible discovery, I would have given ten years of my life to have had the whole party, Jewess included, adequately punished.

“Can you assist me in this, Mr. Reid? I will call upon you personally at any time and place you appoint, if you cannot make it convenient to see me at Chinsurah. An early reply will oblige.” Here the letter ended, and after its perusal I mentally ejaculated, “What a delicious piece of romance !”

Mr. N—— met me by appointment at my office in Lall Bazar, the Police Compound, and we talked the matter over in private. Mr. N—— was told the steps he would be required to take to set the law in motion against the scoundrels, but when he came to consider the exposure a police prosecution would entail, he backed out of the undertaking altogether, and no persuasion would induce him to face the consequences of a public trial in open Court. Hence this notorious and dangerous gang of swindlers were left at

liberty to entrap fresh victims. And it was not long before they were heard of again.

Within a month of the report of the above case, two wealthy Zemindars and a petty Raja on a visit to Calcutta were attracted by the same magnet, and victimized in the same manner as the Chinsurah Officer.



CHAPTER V.

A JACKDAW STRUTTING IN PEACOCK'S FEATHERS.

When you are about to execute some great plan, and to defraud a number of persons, let the first one or two of the allotted number be the cleverest, shrewdest fellows you can find. You have then a reference that will alone dupe the rest of the world:—"That Mr. Lynx is satisfied will amply suffice to satisfy Mr. Mole of the honesty of your intentions."

LORD LYTON.

WE have had many swindlers, one way or another, in Calcutta; as the Scotch say "gentle and simple," in love, in law, in physic, in mercantile transactions, ranging from champagne to bottled porter, and from the gold of Ophir to the products of the mines of Golconda, down to the chief commercial staples for which Bengal is noted—"Jute-bhat." We have had pecunious personages assuming the possession of lakhs of rupees, on paper at all events, and that unfortunately not bearing the stamp of Government. But it is a moot question whether, within the last three or four decades, we have had such a proficient in the higher walks of swindling as the individual whose history I am about to narrate. Perfectly unprovided with the sinews of war in the shape of coin, hampered with impedimenta in the shape of a lady to whom he was attached, this man, by the mere dint of what Mr. Bucket said the pig was killed for—cheek, assisted a little by the credit system which obtains more or less in all commercial communities, and still further by the credulity of human nature which is an integral portion of all men and women more or less,—

made a successful raid upon the stock and purses of certain Calcutta trades-people. It is true that raids to a far greater extent have been made on commercial men in the city by denizens of the Ditch, which have caused but a nine days' wonder, though the losses sustained were felt far longer than that ; but it must be remembered that these raiders, these jeviers of black-mail, held good positions in society, while the hero of this narrative was an unknown stranger and pilgrim. It is, however, a matter for congratulation, in more places than Calcutta, that his pilgrimages have been cut short for the present, at all events.

The case of Dunbar, for that is the name of our hero, excited so much interest among nearly all classes ; the manner in which he effected his swindling operations was so workmanlike, and the way in which he dodged and doubled upon his pursuers so strategic, that it may be worth while to devote a little space in recounting them. The man's career in Calcutta, his escape, pursuit, and apprehension, all of which are still imperfectly known, will be briefly recorded in the following narrative :—

On Christmas-eve, of all days in the year, a telegram was received by mine host of the Oriental Hotel at Howrah from Raneegunge, ordering an airy and well-appointed apartment with hot baths for two illustrious individuals of either sex, on the arrival of the down mail train at Howrah. Who shall depict the glowing expectations of gain, of both Mr. and Mrs. Hall, as the necessary arrangements were carried out for the accommodation of the expected distinguished and no doubt wealthy guests. Had Mr. and Mrs. Hall known that Dunbar spent his last and only dib on that telegram that set the whole establishment of the Oriental Hotel on pins and needles, the guests, I fear,

would have met with a very different reception. How true it is that men—and I suppose women, too—are easier persuaded into believing what they most desire than that which is disagreeable to them; and host and hostess in this instance are only human exemplifications of one of the best abused of the great Charles Dickens' works, "Great Expectations." The room was prepared, the bath was heated, and in due course the lady and gentleman, apparently man and wife, made their appearance, and were welcomed to the house with as much *empressement* (almost) as the Lieutenant-Governor and his Lady would have received had they visited the establishment. The landlord put on his "patent leather" behaviour, and the landlady was all smiles. Their attentions were received by the travellers as nothing more than their due, and acknowledged by them with that degree of courtesy with which rank of the highest grade invariably regards and receives the oblations of inferiors.

On the following morning (Christmas morning), in the course of a conversation with the landlord, Dunbar made searching enquiries regarding the best establishment in Calcutta where horses and conveyances were to be had for hire. He was exceedingly particular in the "kind of thing" wanted. No screws, you know, nor any of your diminutive rattle-traps, but good steady roadsters, who could pick up their feet, you know, and a vehicle plain yet handsome. Yes; Mr. Hall knew very well where all these requisites could be found. He knew a Firm in the city who could accommodate the gentleman, from a lordly four-in-hand drag to a plain buggy. Dunbar only wanted a barouche. Only! [It is on record that the gentleman has since sat behind a pair of Government horses in a Government

carriage of rather a cumbrous build. This, by the way.] Would he (Mr. Hall) introduce Dunbar? Yes; and did it too, unwittingly, and Messrs. Brown and Co., of Dhur-rumtollah, had the supreme felicity of being patronised by Dunbar, and the firm's name is the first to head the roll of that illustrious individual's victims. Resting themselves after their Christmas recreations, and like giants refreshed, Mr. and Mrs. Dunbar (*arcades ambo*) start on the 29th and 31st December to air themselves and their proclivities. The lady, to give an air of *vraisemblance* to the intentions of the pair, persuaded Mrs. Hall to accompany them "all in a chaise and pair" to the establishment of Messrs. Jellicoe and Co., where the whole treasures of the emporium were exhibited for their inspection. The tastes of the accomplished couple were critical and not easily satisfied. Precious stones were pooh-poohed; settings were criticised and undervalued; but to give the firm a taste of their quality, an investment was made in such glittering wares as suited their highly cultivated fancy to the extent of upwards of a thousand rupees. Messrs. Jellicoe and Co. received, *in payment* of the goods they had disposed of, a cheque upon a high and mighty potentate (unknown to fame, or anything else,) by name Lalla Nund Kissore Sahib, Bahadoor, of the city of Delhi. The Firm might as well have had a cheque on the Outram Statue or the Fountain playing in the Garden at the back of the High Court; for, on the negotiation of the cheque through the agency of the Delhi and London Bank, it was discovered that the great Bahadoor added to his titles that of the "Great Unknown." He was in the appalling condition of the North-West passage—"he couldn't be found." And here endeth the second lesson of which Dunbar was the teacher, although,

as will hereafter appear, he had higher ideas on the subject of education.

On the 30th December, Dunbar endeavoured to steal a march upon Messrs. Hamilton and Co. He had honored that Firm with his patronage—without cash—in 1872, and through some lapse of memory, little short of miraculous (probably caused by his numerous avocations), had neglected to settle their little bill. But strong in his virtuous resolution to stand well with all the world, he would now make up for past remissness. He was sorry the bill had so long stood over, but it should stand over no longer. No! gentlemen. Here is a cheque on the Outram Statue or the little Fountain again! Would the Firm, on the strength of the closing up. (by cheque) of the old pitfall, allow him (Dunbar) to break fresh ground? “Not for Josephus!” The thing couldn’t be seen at all, and dejected and crest fallen, Dunbar had to betake himself and his female compatriot to fresh fields and pastures new. There is a profane parody on the once celebrated ditty, now, alas! nearly obsolete—“Jeannette and Jennotte”—which may be new to some readers, and applies so strongly to the treatment Dunbar experienced at the hands of the Firm, that it might almost have been composed for him, *e. g.*,—

“You are going far away, far away, from all your debts!

“We look into your ledger, and we there find ‘No assets;’

“But our bill will still accompany you wheresoc’r you go,

“Pray, can you look us in the face, and pay us what you owe?”

It is almost needless to say that the cheque was dishonored which professed to wipe off the old score. But on the same day, nothing daunted by the Hamiltonian rebuff, however, but stimulated to further exertions, he obtained from Messrs. Newman and Co. engineering instruments to the amount of Rs. 120, liquidating the amount

by a cheque either on the old bank, or on one where he had no credit.

Not contented with securing the instruments, he obtained from Messrs. Harley and Co. a quantity of paint—to be used, he asseverated, in the decoration of the Lahore Church, for the building of which edifice he had obtained the contract. Messrs. Baker and Catliff and Messrs. Jessop and Co. also were victimised. As his acquisitions increased and were deposited in the Hotel at Howrah, Dunbar's bill increased in almost equal ratio; and on the 5th of January it amounted to Rs. 200. Mr. Hall demanded payment. The usual cheque was offered, but the landlord was thoroughly Hamiltonian. "I had seen," said he, "*Dunbar making green backs*," and nothing but the current coin of the realm would satisfy Boniface. Dunbar was irate and indignant; mine host remarkably cool. "I will keep," he said, "the property until I handle the coin." Off rushed Dunbar in a huff, and soon returned with a notable financier, who aids for a consideration—and with the best intention—gentlemen (and ladies too, for that matter,) in pecuniary difficulties. The financier paid Hall his bill, and furnished Dunbar with the balance of an advance of Rs 600 on the whole of his ill-gotten booty; and, shaking the dust of Hall's establishment off his feet, Dunbar left the premises.

Under the name of Auckland, and with the Brevet rank of Major, Dunbar turns up at Goalundo Dák Bungalow on the 10th of January 1875. Here he foregathered with an unfortunate invalid named Moseley, a Tea-Planter from Assam, who was on his way to England to recruit his health. Mr. Moseley and Dunbar were travelling in opposite directions. The former, on leaving the Dák Bungalow to con-

tinued his journey to Calcutta, tendered the Khansama in charge a currency note for rupees one hundred in payment of his hotel expenses. The Khansama declined the note, as he had not sufficient change to return Mr. Moseley the difference. Here Dunbar struck in, and offered to accommodate his fellow-traveller with the necessary circulating medium required to enable him to discharge his debts. The invalid was profuse in his thanks, and asked Dunbar to join him in a brandy and soda before parting. Dunbar consented to have a parting glass with his new-made acquaintance, but insisted upon providing the liquor from his own stock—a bottle of champagne, at the same time observing that he never drank the “vile stuff” sold at dāk bungalows. While the two men sat quaffing the sparkling beverage, Dunbar informed his friend that he was going towards Assam on a shooting excursion, and that he was afraid he had not taken the precaution of laying in a sufficient supply of spare cash for the journey. Would Mr. Moseley help him with a few hundred rupees (Dunbar observed the invalid take out a roll of notes from his hand-bag when he went to pay the dāk bungalow Khansama), and accept a cheque on the Bank of Bengal, Calcutta, in exchange for the amount he was able to spare before reaching the city. “Certainly, certainly,” was Mr. Moseley’s reply, glad to be able to make his obliging fellow-traveller some return for his kindness. And, without further ceremony, Mr. Moseley counted over to Dunbar nine hundred rupees in currency notes. Dunbar took up his cheque book, and wrote out a cheque on the Bank of Bengal for the amount, and handed it across the table to the invalid.

Talk about the pecuniary results of human energy in the different professions of life! The above is a successful

example of what some men are capable of in this direction. In literature the poet may be able, by a little mental labour, to convert a worthless piece of paper into a valuable property; this is called the power of genius. Rothschild may write a few words on a sheet of paper, and convert it into a negotiable document worth one hundred thousand pounds sterling: this is called the power of capital. But Dunbar's ingenuity surpassed, in a pecuniary sense, the genius of the poet, and enabled him to effect that which would even puzzle a Rothschild. He has proved to demonstration how worthless paper may be converted into valuable documents without even stooping to the drudgery of mental labour; and how well he succeeded in passing off his "green backs" as genuine, and at par, without possessing their equivalent in hard cash, is only too well known to his victims. This is more than even a Rothschild could accomplish with all his commercial name and fame.

Honour, too, is said to exist among thieves; but Dunbar appears to have been quite destitute of this quality, for he seemed to strike hardest the man who served him best. As an instance, the printer who manufactured his "green backs" was not only swindled out of the cost of his material and labour, but, what was to him a more serious matter, a considerable sum of hard-and-honestly-earned money besides. Dunbar paid the printer the amount of his bill some thirty-five rupees, by cheque on a bank where he had no money or credit to meet it on presentation. But this is not all; for the worst has to come yet. In filling in the cheque before handing it to the printer, the arch-swindler remarked to his unsuspecting dupe, "I always make it a practise to draw my cheques for even money; it simplifies the accounts afterwards. Shall I make this che-

que out for fifty rupees instead of thirty-five, and you can give me the balance?" The printer intimated that he had no objection; and the thing was done,—and so was the printer, as he discovered to his sorrow when he presented the cheque at the Bank the following day.

This piece of ingratitude, or want of honour among thieves, has only been once equalled during the experience of the present writer, and that was where a notorious coiner purchased his release from custody by bribing a Bengalee Inspector of Police with base-coin, and the latter, in attempting to pass it as genuine, was detected and arrested. On being placed before the Magistrate, charged with the offence of uttering base coin with a guilty knowledge, the Inspector admitted the bribery, but denied the guilty knowledge with regard to the makē and metal of the coin. He was found guilty on the minor charge, and was sentenced to three years' rigorous imprisonment.

But I have been digressing somewhat from the main subject, and will now return to the point where I left off. Moseley and Dunbar parted at the dāk bungalow, with promises of mutual and eternal friendship. The former went straight to Calcutta, but did not, on the day of his arrival, present his cheque at the Bank for encashment; in fact, the invalid did not feel equal to the exertion after his long journey. The following morning, however, Mr. Moseley proceeded to the Bank and presented his cheque, but was astonished to hear that Major Auckland had no funds at the Bank to meet it, and the cheque was consequently dishonored. This discovery drove the unfortunate invalid nearly distracted, for the nine hundred rupees he made over to Dunbar, or as he thought Major Auckland, included his passage-money, and was all he had in the world. He

was advised at the Bank to report the matter to the Police, and he drove straight to the compound for that purpose and related what the reader already knows. This report of Mr. Moseley's was received at Lall Bazar a few hours after the news burst upon Calcutta like a thunder-clap of how the trades-people had been operated upon by the arch-swindler Dunbar. Piecing facts together at this stage of the enquiry, it was rightly concluded that Dunbar and Major Auckland were one and the same person, and a telegram was at once despatched to the police at Goalundo to arrest Major Auckland, who was, or had lately been, staying at the dâk bungalow. Dunbar was, however, too old a bird to be caught with chaff; he knew the bubble would burst and betray his whereabouts the moment Mr. Moseley presented his cheque at the Bank of Bengal, and he immediately prepared to leave Goalundo after the departure for Calcutta of his unfortunate victim. Dunbar *alias* Major Auckland did not, as he had given out, proceed to Assam, but took tickets, first class, for himself and his lady travelling companion for Calcutta. The arch-swindler did not, however, continue his journey the whole way to Calcutta; this would be running into the lion's mouth. He left the train at Barrackpore Station, crossed over to Serampore, and booked, first class, of course, for Allahabad. This move threw the police for a time completely off his track, and gave him a good start. In the meantime two of the nine currency notes belonging to Mr. Moseley—payment for which had been stopped at the Currency Office and Bank—came to hand. With this clue I started at once in pursuit of Dunbar *alias* Major Auckland. Both notes were traced to Serampore railway station. The booking clerk, who

received the notes in the course of business, was able to say they were tendered in payment for two first class tickets from that station to Allahabad by a gentleman calling himself Colonel Abercrombie. On receipt of this information, and after obtaining the numbers and date of the two first class tickets sold to Mr. and Mrs. Abercrombie, I took the first up-passenger train for Allahabad. On arriving at that station, I was surprised to learn that Major Auckland *alias* Colonel Abercrombie turned up at Allahabad under the name and with the military rank of Lieutenant Duff of the Royal Engineers. This was Irish promotion, I thought, with a vengeance. But when it is considered that Allahabad is a military station, the object of coming down a step in rank at once becomes manifest. The borrowed plumage of high military rank in a place like Allahabad might prove risky to the individual assuming it, and Dunbar *alias* Major Auckland *alias* Colonel Abercrombie, in divesting himself of a title that would among military men render him dangerously—to himself—conspicuous, shows he was alive to the necessity of adapting himself to the circumstances of his local surroundings. Had Allahabad been a non-military station, the arch-swindler would most probably have entered it as Major-General somebody.

Lieutenant and Mrs. Duff, the writer was informed, after dining sumptuously at the railway refreshment-room at Allahabad, gave out in a very ostentatious manner that he and his wife were proceeding on to Mozuffernuggur, and asked the European manager of the refreshment room to procure for him two first class tickets for that station. This was done, but it appears from subsequent enquiry, the particulars of which the reader will learn further on, that Duff

sold the two first class tickets purchased for him by the manager of the refreshment-room, immediately after they came into his possession, on the railway platform, to a military officer and his wife proceeding to Roorkee, at a discount, Duff remarking, by way of excuse for selling the tickets, that he had changed his mind about going to Mozuffernuggur. The arch-swindler, it appears, discovered at the dinner table the station the lady and gentleman would get out at for Roorkee, and at once formed the ingenious device of sending a dead fox (his two first class tickets) over the line by these two innocent and unsuspecting people, and thus throw the police off the scent of the living animal ; and the ruse succeeded admirably. This discovery was not made, unfortunately, until the lady and gentleman, who travelled on the tickets re-sold by Duff at Allahabad, were traced to Roorkee. I followed the tickets to Mozuffernuggur, when I learnt from the station master that the two first class tickets collected at his station on the night of the 14th of January 1875 and numbered respectively, 193 and 194, were given up by a lady and gentleman, apparently a military officer and his wife, who went straight from the station to the dāk bungalow. On going to the dāk bungalow, I was informed that the lady and gentleman of whom I was in quest engaged a dāk gharry and proceeded to Roorkee immediately after partaking of some slight refreshment on the night in question. Fortunately the identical gharry and driver were present that took the parties wanted to Roorkee, and I engaged it there and then for the purpose of following up the clue. On reaching Roorkee, the driver of the dāk gharry took me straight to the residence of the lady and gentleman whose footsteps I followed so diligently from Allahabad. *Tableau I* They

were not the parties wanted! Oh, reader, conceive the surprise of the lady and gentleman when my mission was made known to them, and also my own disappointment on learning how the arch-swindler had out-manœuvred me.

The detective, however, soon gets used to disappointments of this kind from their frequent occurrence during his professional career, and the best way to act under the circumstances is to take matters quietly. I remained for a couple of days at Roorkee to look about me, and was very kindly treated by the lady and gentleman I had so fondly hoped to convey away in triumph to Calcutta. I reported my whereabouts by wire to head-quarters, and intimated that I would await further instructions. I had not long to wait, for, on the second day of my stay at Roorkee, I received an urgent telegram from Calcutta, informing me that a Parsee merchant and an hotel-proprietor at Jubbulpur had been very cleverly swindled out of large sums of money; and, judging from the ingenious way in which the victims were operated upon, it was suspected that Dunbar was in that neighbourhood. This information at once explained Dunbar's tactics at Allahabad. After sending on his dead fox to Mozuffernuggur, he adapted the tactics of the hare, when closely pursued, and doubled back to Jubbulpur. For Jubbulpur I immediately started. On passing through Allahabad I called at the telegraph office to enquire if there were any telegrams from Calcutta awaiting me there; and was informed that two messages from the Commissioner of Police had been received for a Mr. Reid, but the addressee had applied the day before to have them repeated to Jubbulpur, which was done. "Good God!" I involuntarily exclaimed, "sold again!" I then enquired of the telegraph signaller the circumstances under which

the messages were repeated to Jubbulpur, and was told, though apparently with some reluctance, that an urgent wire was received from Jubbulpur enquiring if there were any messages from the Police authorities of Calcutta for Mr. Reid. A reply was returned to say there were two. And the addressee asked for them to be repeated, which was done. Whereupon I declared myself to be the person for whom the telegrams were intended, and asked to see them. The signaller in charge informed me that as they were not 'multiple telegrams,' but addressed to one person only, and as they had already been repeated to that person, he was prohibited by the rules of his department from showing them to a second. The signaller did not openly say he considered me an impostor, but he looked exactly as if he thought it!

I left the telegraph office in a state of mind easier imagined than described. And, as I paced up and down the station platform, I began to consider how Dunbar discovered I was on his track. After some deliberation I came to the conclusion that he must have learnt the fact from the Calcutta papers, all of which were at the time commenting on the exploits of the clever-and-accomplished swindler. "Dunbar," I said to myself, "is evidently watching my movements, and as he is now in full possession of my instructions, he may easily escape detection." While thus engaged, revolving the matter over in my mind, and thinking out my next move, I was accosted by the local European Police Inspector, who enquired if my name was not Dunbar?

"No," I replied in astonishment, "my name is not Dunbar, but I would give something substantial for an introduction to that individual at this present moment."

"My reason for asking you the question," the Inspector continued, "is this—I have just been informed at the telegraph office that you were endeavouring to obtain important information wired to one of the Calcutta Police detectives regarding the arrest of a notorious swindler, and as the only person who would benefit by the possession of the secret apart from the police officer is the swindler himself, you are, therefore, believed to be the real Simeon Pure! There cannot be two Mr. Reids hunting down the same individual, one at Jubbulpur and one at Allahabad."

I tried, but in vain, to persuade the Inspector that I was Mr. Reid of the Calcutta Detective Department, and the man who personated me at Jubbulpur was an imposter, in all probability the man I was in quest of, and if I was detained at Allahabad he would succeed in making good his escape. My pleading was, however, to no purpose; I had to go before the Magistrate and was kept in custody till a reference was made to Calcutta. The result was that I lost my train, and the game I was trying to hunt down had the advantage of an extra twenty-four hours' start of me.

Having obtained my liberty, I pushed on to Jubbulpur as fast as possible, but, as I expected, only to find the bird had flown. Duñbar and his travelling companion, I ascertained, after quitting Allahabad, turned up at Jubbulpur as Sir Peter and Lady Duff.

Here the "hon'ble gentleman and his lady" succeeded in supprising the natives, at least the hotel-keepers, at all events. The landlady of the hotel Sir Patrick honoured with his presence, failed to procure turkey for dinner, and only charged him four rupees per bottle for champagne. "It must be absolute poison," Sir Peter said, addressing Lady Duff in the hearing of the hotel-keeper: "I never

drank champagne in my life that cost less than six rupees per bottle." "My dear," Lady Duff replied, "these people are not accustomed to our ways, and habits, and seldom, or over entertain a nobleman, and therefore only keep such articles as find ready-sale among the commonalty, and on that account we must be content with what they can give us. You must only make your stay short, or change your hotel, if you find the food and drink disagree with you." This little conversation at the dinner table between the nobleman and his lady had the desired effect. There was turkey on the table next day, and if the quality of the champagne had not changed, the price had ; and so Sir Peter was satisfied, and so was the landlady. So, Sir Peter, having negotiated bills and obtained money for a considerable amount at Jubbulpur, the hon'ble travellers took themselves off before notices of protest had come from the accrediting bankers.

Dunbar is next heard of at the Marble Rocks under the name of Ruby, and with the military rank of Major. Here his identity was placed beyond doubt by finding in the possession of the Dâk Bungalow Khansama an emerald ring which I recognised at once as part of the Calcutta spoil. This was given to the Khansama as a present in consideration of his having assisted Major and Mrs. Ruby to procure a conveyance and guides to enable them to start on their difficult and dangerous journey to Bhopal.

The following extract from a local paper will give the reader some idea of the notoriety the man who operated so successfully on the close-fisted Parsee had acquired at Jubbulpur and its vicinity :—

JUBBULPUR.

"*May 23rd.*"—It will amuse and interest your readers in Calcutta to learn the notoriety this little spot of beauty in the wilderness has obtained since it was honoured by a visit from, 'the man who let in

he Parsee of Jubbulpur,' before he took to the 'bush,' as our friends in Australia would say. The gold ring set with emeralds, part of the Calcutta spoil, which Dunbar gave the khansama of the dāk bungalow, has become an object of curiosity, so much so that many offers exceeding its intrinsic value have been made to the fortunate holder for its purchase, but to no purpose. I believe the khansama has made more by exhibiting it to visitors, and giving its history, since he became its possessor, than its value five times told.

"The next object of interest in connection with the visit of Dunbar to this place is the entry in the dāk bungalow book, which shows that *Major and Mrs. Ruby arrived on the evening of the 23rd January, and left on the morning of the 24th satisfied.* This entry is included within a bracket, and signed by the Calcutta Detective, bearing date 8th February, 1875. The page upon which this entry is made is beginning to show signs of decay from the number of hands that have turned it over and examined it lately.

"The tourist is next taken to the Waterfalls, and shown how Dunbar crossed in a boat to the eastern bank, from whence he entered the 'bush,' accompanied by a single guide armed with a hill spear, an old gun, and bowie knife. While you stand and view the lonely mountain before you covered with dense jungle, you naturally shudder to think of the dangers and difficulties these two unfortunate people must have encountered before they arrived at Bhopal. Had they escaped detection, it would have been some consolation to them, after all the hardships they voluntarily encountered to avoid it."

Dunbar is next heard of at Shapore, where he turns up as Inspector of Schools. It appears he required a change of conveyance and fresh guides; and as the village school-master seemed to be the most important personage of the place, he so skilfully worked upon this man's weakness, that he induced him to provide, not only a fresh conveyance and guides, but other necessaries for the journey towards Bhopal. Dunbar had the boys of the village school mustered, and put them through a colloquial examination, which appears, from the encomium in the visitor's book, to have been highly satisfactory, at least, to the examiner, at all

events. The following is a copy of the entry in the visitor's book :—

“ On passing through Shapore, I visited the village school, and was very much pleased with the attendance of the boys. There were over 40 present. I was much gratified at hearing the senior class answer questions in history and geography, and the junior classes read and spell. The schoolmaster, who appears to be a very intelligent man, seems to enter heart and soul into his work. I hope to be able, when next passing through Shapore, to make a close examination of the boys. It is very gratifying to me to see the progress education is making in these parts, and I will not fail to bring this instance to special notice.

(Sd.) S. E. LOVETT, M.A.”

The village schoolmaster no doubt looked upon this visit of Dunbar's, or, as he signed himself, Lovett, as a sure and certain stepping-stone to promotion, and the latter gained his object in having all his wants supplied. But it is useless to comment upon the ease with which Dunbar seemed to get round the weak side of human nature. The episode of the close-fisted Parsee of Jubbulpur is a clear proof that even the strongest side of human nature is not proof against the attacks of such a man.

Dunbar arrived at Bhopal, before the conclusion of the Begum's marriage festivities, under the name of P. Austin, C.E., and was treated in every respect as one of the guests, a carriage and pair having been placed at his disposal, with free access to the city and fort—a privilege that can only be granted to Europeans under the signature of the Begum herself: in fact, Dunbar was acting the swell to perfection, when I arrived and put a stop to his little game.

In conclusion, I will just mention the scene that occurred at Jubbulpur station as Dunbar and his travelling companion passed through it on their way to Calcutta. The station platform and its approaches were literally blocked with people eager to get a glimpse of the man who swindled the close-fisted Parsee—a man who conducted his business strictly on the “cash-on-the-nail” principle, even in his dealings with the best known and most respectable people in the station. One young lady present proposed, in my hearing, to raise a subscription to pay for Dunbar’s defence. The suggestion seemed to tickle the crowd immensely, for the young lady was vociferously cheered.

Before closing this narrative, I wish to place on record the valuable assistance rendered me by the officers of the E. I. and G. I. P. Railways in running Dunbar to earth. I had written permission to travel over both lines by any train, passenger or goods, and to break my journey at any station for the purpose of enquiry.



CHAPTER VI.

“TRUTH IS STRANGER THAN FICTION.”

“Before he came everything loved me, and I had more things to love than I could reckon by the hairs of my head. Now, I feel I can love but one, and that one has deserted me.”

MELMOTH.

IT is refreshing at times, even to a detective, to turn from the dark and shady side of human nature, and to be able to contemplate, even for a brief period, its more refined and sunny side. And, with a brief sketch from real life, illustrative of woman's noble and self-denying nature under circumstances the most trying and extraordinary; I will relieve the tedium of this little work.

The European residents of Calcutta, accustomed to an evening drive on the Strand, will remember the magnificent iron ship *Eblana* that used to lie, in consequence of her great length, at No. 8, Esplanade Moorings, some years ago.

The *Eblana* was always in Calcutta about Christmas time. Her Commander, who was also part-owner, was a great favourite in Port, and made many friends on shore during his periodical visits to this city. Captain Wilson—for that was his name—was a noble specimen of the good old English gentleman; a strict disciplinarian on board, but a better or kinder-hearted man to his crew, for all that, never walked a ship's quarter-deck. He and I were intimate friends for years. I made his acquaintancē when I lived afloat at Prinsep's Ghât, and our friendship continued after I left the river for the Police Compound. Indeed, I believe

I was the first person on shore Captain Wilson called upon after his arrival in port. On the last occasion but one that the good ship *Eblana* visited Calcutta with her popular Commander on board, the old gentleman visited me rather late in the evening. It was in the month of December I recollect. He sent up his card by the constable on duty at the foot of the stairs, and I hurried down to meet and greet him. After a warm shake-of-the-hand, Captain Wilson accompanied me upstairs. I was alone on this occasion, my wife and family having gone out to spend the evening. My old friend had not been long in the room, before I observed something unusual in his manner: he was thoughtful to a degree, and appeared as if he wanted to communicate to me something of a serious and important nature, but felt reluctant to broach the matter. I came to his aid by leading him up to the subject I could see was uppermost in his mind: "I hope, Captain Wilson, you have had a pleasant voyage out," I began, "and that your men have not been giving you any trouble during the passage." "Well, Reid, to tell you the truth, we have not had exactly what most men would call a pleasant passage out: we have had some dirty weather rounding the Cape; and got knocked-about a good deal in consequence; but the run has been an unusually quick one for all that. Thanks to the absence of broachable cargo—I mean liquor of all kinds—I have made the voyage with a clean log book. I have been preaching Judge Roberts to the men on every favourable opportunity, which may also have had something to do with their good behaviour. By the way, is His Worship still alive yet?"

"Yes," I replied, "and as pompous as ever; but his presence, you will regret to hear, no longer graces the

Temple of Justice in Lall Bazar Street. "Captain Wilson raised his eyes enquiringly; and I continued: "Mr. Roberts was removed from the Bench by His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor some months ago."

"Then, how is he now employed?" Captain Wilson enquired.

"He is stationary (stationery) for life," I replied.

"Stationary for life," queried my old friend abstractedly. "Does that mean he has no further prospects of advancement in the public service?"

"No, not exactly," I made answer, "though it may be literally taken in that sense after all. Roberts is now Superintendent of Stamps and Stationery. I merely quoted his own remark to a friend who asked him the same question, to show he can be witty off the Bench as well as on it. But I fear, Captain Wilson, I am leading you away from the business that brought you here to-night: that unusual, thoughtful expression of your face tells me you have something of importance to communicate to me."

"Bedad, Reid! you have struck the right nail on the head this time. I have something of importance to say to you, or I would not have called at this late hour, and I will begin the subject without further ceremony."

"The day before sailing from London, I shipped a young man as steward who signed articles in the name of Joseph Sands. The boy was very reluctant at first to undertake the full responsibility of a steward on board ship, but merely desired to be entered as a steward's assistant. I somehow liked the appearance of the young man, and told him I did not require two men for that office, but if he could wait at table and keep an account of the stores consumed, he would suit me very well, as I

had a good cook who would do the rest, and he could always have one of the boys to assist to clean up and keep the pantry in order ; whereupon Sands agreed to undertake the full duty and signed articles as steward. We had not been long at sea before I began to suspect that this Joseph Sand was a young woman in disguise. I surprised him on several occasions when he took a *carte-de-visite* from his breast and pressed it to his lips, looked at it intently, and put it back into his bosom. This *carte-de-visite*, I afterwards discovered, was not that of a young lady as I should have expected if Sands was actually a man, but that of a young gentleman. This circumstance confirmed me in the belief that Sands was a lady in disguise. I have kept my own counsel on the subject, and have never even hinted to the steward, himself, or any of the officers on board, my suspicion,

“I have no reason to be dissatisfied with the way in which Sands does his work ; on the other hand, I never had a steward who gave less trouble or more satisfaction in the performance of the duty assigned to him. The accounts are correctly kept, and the cabin and pantry are picture of order and neatness. I have, therefore, no cause of complaint against Sands, and have not come here to charge him with fraudulently shipping as a steward when he was not one. But I believe there is some deep mystery connected with this freak. Sands has evidently occupied a good position in society, whatever his sex may turn out to be. I have seen him read French and German books and make marginal notes on the pages in quite a different handwriting to that in which he keeps the accounts. His manner and habits too, are quite different to what one generally finds among the class from which ships’ stewards

are recruited ; what I want you, Mr. Reid, to do, before taking any steps in the matter is, to come on board and see for yourself what you think of Sands. You can come and dine with me to-morrow, which will give you a good opportunity to study your subject."

"I never received a more acceptable invitation," I replied, as Captain Wilson finished his story.

"I feel strangely interested from what you have told me about this individual Sands, whatever his sex may be, and I will be with you to-morrow punctually at 6 P.M." "I dine shortly after that hour when in port, though the officers dine at one o'clock," and with this, Captain Wilson took his departure. I felt a strange feeling of curiosity the whole of the following day until the hour for my departure arrived. When I reached the vessel, dinner was served, and there was not much time for conversation before going to table. There were only Captain Wilson and myself present, and Sands waited upon us. I had, therefore, a good opportunity of observing the face and figure of the latter. After the cloth was removed, and we were alone, Captain Wilson enquired, "What is your opinion, Reid?" "That Sands is a woman, or rather a girl, of about eighteen or nineteen years of age, as sure as you and I are afloat at the present moment."

After a pause, Captain Wilson enquired, "What had better be done?" I replied unhesitatingly, "Tax Sands with the fact that her sex appears through her disguise, and that you have no doubt about it, promising to keep the matter an entire secret if she discloses her motives for the deception : you will then get her story and know how to act afterwards." This proposal was agreed to and Sands was called into the cabin.

Captain Wilson began the conversation as follows:—
 “Steward, this gentleman here this evening is the city detective; he has been observing you very closely during dinner, and has come to the conclusion that you are not what you pretend to be, or would have us believe you are.”
 Sands turned scarlet, as Captain Wilson began the subject and deadly pale as he concluded. I saw what was coming, and jumped up in time to prevent the unfortunate girl—for there was now no mistaking her sex—falling insensible across the cabin table. I carried her to a couch while Captain Wilson ran to the medicine chest for restoratives. After recovering from her swoon, she made the following extraordinary statement:—

“My proper name is Alice Winfield. I am the daughter of the late Rector of———. Both my parents died when I was a mere child, and I have been brought up and educated by an uncle. I was engaged to be married to a young man named George West, who sailed for India about twelve month ago. George and I had known each other for some years. In fact, he had known me from childhood. George was employed in a mercantile firm in London at the time of our engagement, and I resided with my uncle in the country. He used to come down to my uncle’s on Saturday evening and stay till Monday morning, when he would return to his office in the city. On these occasions we used to talk quietly of the future: how in years to come we were to be married; and how we were to plan and contrive about our little income; taking a small cottage six or eight miles from town, and living very sparingly, because George’s salary was anything but high. Our planning, though, was needless; for one day George came down in great haste, and I could see

by his face he had something important to communicate, and so it proved. He had been asked by his employers if he would like to accept another appointment.

“ ‘But, George dear, is it advantageous,’ I enquired.

“ ‘Yes, darling,’ he said in a quiet but hesitating manner, ‘the post is worth six hundred a year.’

“ ‘Six hundred a year, George!’ I exclaimed, ‘why, we shall be rich on that income.’

“ ‘Yes,’ he replied; “ ‘but’—and here he hesitated again—‘there is a drawback.’

“ ‘A drawback, George dear!’

“ ‘I must sign an agreement to serve them for six years certain.’

“ ‘Well,’ I said, ‘but is not that advantageous?’

“ ‘Perhaps,’ he said, looking very hard in my eyes as he spoke; ‘but I have not told you where it is.’

“ ‘Not abroad, George dear,’ I exclaimed, as a sudden pang shot through me.

“ ‘Yes, love, abroad—in—in India in fact.’

“ ‘But you cannot accept the appointment, George dear—six years! Oh, six years! You will not—cannot—leave me!’ Then I checked myself as I thought of my selfishness, and it struck me that I was going to be a stumbling-block in his path when fortune was within his grasp.

“ ‘Do you wish me to give it up, Alice?’ he said.

“ ‘Yes!—yes! No!—no! George darling, I am selfish,’ I exclaimed. ‘You must not throw it up, it would be destroying your future prospects. It seems hard to bear; hard to lose you for six years, but we must be patient.’ I could say no more, for the tears I had striven to keep back would come; but the next moment he held me throbbing in his arms as he whispered, ‘We need not wait six years, darling!’

“ I looked up in his face for a few minutes. I did not understand what he meant. I was clinging to him, weeping silently, when he bent down and whispered—‘ Alice, darling, promise me you will be my own dear little wife this time next year ? ’ I again looked up in his brave handsome face, which I could hardly see for the tears swimming in my eyes, and answered : ‘ I promise, George. ’ And then he drew me closer to his breast and kissed me gently and lovingly. I somehow then felt very happy ; so happy, that when my uncle, who brought me up from a child, came into the room, I did not flinch hastily away, but went up to him and clung to his arm and kissed him, when George in his bold open way said : ‘ Alice has promised to be my wife before the close of another year, ’ and then related the change in his circumstances. My uncle shook hands with him warmly, and patted my cheek as he drew me closer to him. George sailed for India two days after this meeting, and uncle and I went to the docks to see him off. George gave me this photo (here she drew from her bosom the *carte-de-visite*, Captain Wilson had so often observed during the passage, and handed it to me) with his parting kiss, promising to write to me by every mail. He kept his promise during the first five months or so after his arrival in India, and then his correspondence suddenly ceased. My uncle made private enquiries as to his mode of life from friends in Calcutta, and learnt that George had given way to drink and dissipation, and got involved in debt in consequence. I need not tell you how this information pained me, or how wretched I felt when I thought of poor George. Ah ! I would say to myself, if I could only see him and be near him, he would be sure to reform and give up his evil ways. I entreated

uncle to send me out to Calcutta to stay with a friend of my father's, who I knew would receive me, but uncle would not listen to the proposition. George, he urged, had taken to the gaming table, and nothing would reform him.

"I differed in opinion from uncle, though I did not tell him so.

"This conversation with uncle occurred at dinner, and when I retired to my own room that night, I lay for hours weeping and thinking of poor George. It was thus I formed the resolution to go out to Calcutta, and thought out the plan of shipping as an assistant steward disguised in man's attire. The disguise I procured from my cousin's wardrobe, a young boy of sixteen, who has not yet left college. I knew his clothes would fit me, as I had often tried them on, and worn them at private theatricals. How to get rid of my long tresses exercised my thoughts a good deal, and when I considered how dear George used to admire my brown silken hair, it made me weep bitterly the thought of having to part with it.

"I quitted my uncle's home late in the evening, and proceeded to the railway station, which was not more than three quarters of a mile distant, and booked for London. I had my cousin's clothes tied up in a bundle, which I carried in my hand. I was fortunate enough to be the only occupant of the carriage in which I rode throughout the journey to London, and I thought this would be a good opportunity to don my disguise. So, hastily opening the bundle, I drew forth a pair of scissors from my brush bag, and cut off my long tresses, which I carefully folded up and put away: this done, I undressed and put on a suit of my cousin's clothes; my own dress and under-clothing

I tied up in a hankerchief, and threw them out of the carriage window.

"As the train stopped at the city terminus, the guard opened my carriage door. I thought he looked at me very hard as I gave up my ticket. It then struck me that he must have observed me get into the train at——station, and remembered the fact that I entered the carriage as a lady, and was leaving it disguised as a gentleman. This thought made the blood rush to my face, and I felt my cheeks burn as I hurried away from the place, fearful lest the guard should bring the matter to the notice of the constable I saw walking about on the platform. Fortunately, it was dark at the time, and my embarrassment was not observed. I slept that night in a respectable lodging-house in Islington, and started the next morning for the shipping office, when I was lucky enough to meet with you, Captain Wilson, a—
~~a—~~an—and—"

Here Miss. Winfield completely broke down, and, trembling convulsively in every fibre, burst into tears. Captain Wilson assisted her to her own cabin, and prepared a soothing draught to allay her nervous agitation. On his return to the saloon we deliberated as to what had better be done. After some conversation, we came to the conclusion that it would not be advisable for Miss Winfield to remain on board any longer, now that her sex was known, and arrangements were accordingly made to take her on shore.

"Has she not some friends or relatives in Calcutta?" I enquired, addressing Captain Wilson. "We might ask Miss Winfield who her friends are, and if she would like to be taken to them." "Capital idea," exclaimed Captain Wilson, "I will go and enquire." And suiting the action to the word, he jumped up and went to Miss Winfield's

cabin. On his return Captain Wilson informed me that Miss Winfield's friends were Mrs. and Mr. Henderson, the latter a member of the firm of——, and that their private residence was in Park Street. She would like, above all things, she says, to be taken there, but not in her present rig. "Very good," I replied. "We will take her to the police compound, and my wife will supply her with a temporary outfit for the occasion." This was agreed to by all parties, and in fifteen minutes more we were driving along the Strand, on our way to Lall Bazar.

On reaching the police compound, Miss Winfield was made over to my wife, who was at once let into the secret and informed what was required : whereupon the two ladies immediately entered a dressing-room and disappeared, while Captain Wilson and I went into the drawing-room and began to converse on the subject of the strange drama in which we were acting our respective parts. We could not help expressing our admiration of the motives which prompted a young lady, so highly cultivated and delicately fair, undertaking to act so difficult a part under circumstances which held forth so little hope of success ; and yet Miss Winfield had been fairly successful in her personation of the character she undertook to sustain.

While still conversing on this topic, the drawing-room door opened, and my wife entered with Miss Winfield. "Good, God ! what a change," I inwardly ejaculated ; and Wilson and I jumped up from our seats, and exchanged looks of surprise as Miss Winfield advanced to meet us.

I will endeavour to describe Miss Winfield as she appeared this evening after throwing off her disguise. A young girl of 18 or 19, tall and strikingly handsome in figure, with large expressive dark eyes, under darker eye-lashes, and

proud, well cut lips, which quivered slightly as she spoke. Her short hair, which became her very well, was so arranged over a forehead bright with intelligence, as just to show to advantage a pair of beautifully formed eyebrows.

“ Her cheeks all purple with the beam of youth,
Mounting at times to a transparent glow.”

After congratulating Miss Winfield on the change that had been effected in her appearance in so short a time, I whispered to Captain Wilson not to allow her to leave until my return, and I hastily left the room. On gaining the street, I jumped into a ticca gharry and drove rapidly round to Waterloo Street in search of George West. As I expected, I found him at a billiard table in one of the hotels; as it was still early in the evening, he was sober. I had little trouble in persuading him to accompany me, and we left the hotel together and entered the gharry. “ Where are we going?” West enquired uneasily, as I gave the coachman the order to drive to the police compound. “ To take you to see a friend,” I replied. “ You need not be the least little bit alarmed. I assure you there is nothing wrong.” And Mr. West sat back in the carriage, his face betraying an expression of distrust.

I did not explain to Mr. West who the friend was who wished to see him, nor had I time to do so, before the carriage rattled into the compound. We at once alighted, and mounting the stairs leading to the drawing-room, entered without a word of warning. It would be vain for me to attempt to convey to the reader a true description of the scene that followed. Miss Winfield suddenly rose to her feet as Mr. West appeared, and after a short pause, exclaimed,—“ George!” while George, in a tone of bewildered surprise, exclaimed—“ Alice!” And

the next moment they were locked in each other's embrace. For some moments you could hear a pin drop, and the painful silence that ensued was occasionally broken by the low, suppressed sobs of the two lovers. It was, indeed, a painful scene to witness, and it proved too much for my wife, who stole silently out of the room, her eyes swimming in tears, speedily followed by Captain Wilson and myself, much in the same condition. An hour passed before Mr. West emerged from the drawing-room and proposed to depart. He left the house a changed man. The conversation of Saul on the road to Damascus was not more sudden than the change wrought in George West in that short hour with Miss Winfield. What would he not have given now if he could have blotted out the memory of the past few months of his life's history. But he had promised "her" he would turn over a new leaf, and he would keep his promise ; and he did so. Alice Winfield had just arrived in time to rescue George West from a fearful fate, and what to him seemed worse than the fate to which a life of reckless dissipation was hurrying him—disgrace and dishonor.

After Mr. West took his departure, Captain Wilson and I accompanied Miss Winfield to No.—, Park Street, and made her over to her friends. She was received with every mark of affectionate regard, approaching to admiration, when her story was heard.

It is needless to say Captain Wilson and I were thanked and complimented on the way we had acted. The following day a telegram was despatched to Miss Winfield's uncle announcing her safe arrival in Calcutta. Three months after this event George West and Alice Winfield were married, and continued to reside in Calcutta for some years afterwards. It is only six years ago since he left Calcutta, with

his wife and three beautiful children, to take up the management of a branch of the firm in China.

Many of my readers will remember, some ten years ago, a paragraph appearing in the *London Times*, regarding the mysterious disappearance of a young lady of surpassing beauty, the daughter of a clergyman of the Church of England, who resided with an uncle eight miles from London, and also an advertisement in the same paper, offering a large reward for such information as would lead to the discovery of the missing girl. The person referred to was Alice Winfield, the heroine of the above story.



CHAPTER VII.

PROFESSIONAL THIEVES *versus* THE POLICE.

“ Nothing indicates imposture like confidence.”

THE amazing ingenuity, cuteness, and daring of the professional thief is a subject that has been a good deal discussed and written upon by literary men and novelists of every country of the civilized world, and although the subject is somewhat repulsive in itself, it affords to the lovers of sensational reading all that the wildest taste can desire. Who can tell the blackest tale; who can make crime most exciting and attractive; who can pour the greatest amount of comic derision on rectitude; who can describe the thrilling horrors, the imminent dangers, the hair-breadth escapes, of a city sharper with the most witty humour and tragic effect, are the authors most admired and sought after. It is not my intention, however, to follow in the wake of these fictitious writers, who invest their heroes with the attributes of demi-gods, and paint the hideousness of vice and the vilest deeds of man in the brightest colours, making the most cowardly acts of the outlaw and burglar assume the shape of heroism; but I will confine myself to the less sensational, though more truthful, sketches of criminal life as it is found in the every-day experience of the writer.

In India, the professional thief, though, perhaps, less daring and intelligent, is more active and cunning than his brother in most European countries. In some parts of Upper India, however, the professional thief is no less ad-

venturous and daring than the same class of men in more civilized countries ; and, like the latter, frequently adopt a professional life of crime out of pure love for adventure and excitement. In Bengal, however, it is different : the Bengalee thief adopts a professional life of crime from necessity : he has no love for adventure, and will never face danger if he can possibly avoid it ; indeed, I may say, the Bengalee thief is the most timid, cowardly, and superstitious creature on the face of the earth : yet he often succeeds where more adventurous and daring characters would fail. His remarkable subtlety, low cunning, and extreme caution seem to serve his purpose as effectually, and perhaps more so, than courage and daring do the more adventurous class of criminals of the North-Western Provinces and Upper India. The Bengalee policeman is much of the same type, with regard to courage and daring, as the Bengalee thief, and is of very little use, especially in towns and cities, for watch and ward. The following amusing incident will illustrate this, though I have to make a slight digression to introduce the narrative.

Some years ago, a burglary was committed at No. 1, Theatre Road, and while the thieves were at work inside the compound, one of their party was keeping watch on the road outside the premises. This man was dressed up in a goat's-skin and walked on all-fours to represent that animal, and right well he acted his part too, as the sequel will show. During the time the house was being operated upon by the burglars, the Constable of the beat was seated asleep under the shade of a large tree on the maidan. When the thieves had completed their enterprise, and were about to leave the premises with the swag, the look-out cautiously approached the Constable for the purpose of ascertaining if he were

actually asleep, or only shamming before giving the "line clear" to his comrades, or sounding a note of warning if necessary. The simulated goat, having satisfied himself that the public guardian of life and property was safe in the arms of Nature's sweet-restorer—balmy sleep—uttered three short bleats in imitation of a goat, which was the signal to his companions to come forth as the coast was clear (one bleat from the look-out notified danger; two bleats, caution; and three bleats, coast clear). The Constable, it appears, was not fast asleep, but only dozing, when the signal was given, and he started up in fright on hearing a strange sound from some dark object in front of him. Cautiously approaching the object from which the sound proceeded, and gathering courage on discovering it was only a goat, he caught it by the horns with the exclamation—"Sala! you woke me out of a comfortable dōze and frightened me into the bargain. I'll now take you to the pound for your pains." And proceeding to put his threat into execution, the Constable moved off in the direction of Park Street Pound, dragging the goat, who made no resistance, after him. On nearing the drain on the maidan side of Chowringhee Road, which was then full of water, the Constable stooped down to remove his shoes in order to wade over, and the simulated goat seeing its opportunity, gave him a butt from behind and sent him sprawling face downwards into the drain. Nevertheless, even in this dilemma the Constable manfully clung to the goat, and on recovering his feet, his first impulse was to draw his staff and inflict on the author of his ignoble spill a punishment commensurate with the outrage committed on the sacred person of a noble representative of the law. Turning in fury to face the animal with his staff upraised, the Cons-

table discovered, to his horror, that he had only an empty skin, with a pair of horns attached, to wreak his vengeance on. The body of the animal, it would appear, had, in anticipation of what was coming, cleared out of its skin while the Constable was sprawling in the water. If the poor fellow was frightened before, he was now simply horrified at the transformation scene before him. Dropping the skin where he stood and his staff also, he bolted for his life to the Thannah; but he was perfectly speechless when he reached the Station-house, and could give no account whatever of the occurrence. He stood quivering in every fibre, and his wild and terrified look told distinctly that something—out of the common—had happened to him. Some hours afterwards, when his speech returned, he gave a confused account of how he was attacked on the maidan and beaten, nearly killed ~~in~~ fact, by a monster *Shaitan*! in the shape of an elephant, and when he turned to beat it off with his staff it vanished into thin air. The discovery of the goat's-skin, and the Constable's staff and shoes lying together, the following morning in the drain on the maidan, told the story of the Policeman's adventure with the *Shaitan* better than he could relate it himself. The poor fellow went to hospital the morning after his encounter with the *Shaitan*, in a high fever, but he never returned to Police duty again.

To return to the subject of professional thieves: I am now writing of men who have had a regular technical training, so to speak, in early life, and follow no other occupation than that of crime for a livelihood. An expert at the trade acquires such confidence in his own ability, that not unfrequently, from sheer love of adventure, he will undertake,

enterprises of the most difficult and dangerous nature ; and, on succeeding, as he often does, become the hero of his own gang, and an object of admiration among his own fraternity. Hence the difficulty the Police have to contend with in dealing with such characters.

It is an established fact that the more vigilant and efficient the Police, the more active and cunning the thief ; the wit of the one sharpens, as it were, the wit of the other. In England, for instance, the Provincial Constable would be as useless in the City of London as the Mofussil Police would be in Calcutta.

With the above remarks, I will now proceed to describe the *modus operandi* of the professional thief, and how he is able to work his wits in cases of emergency.

It is pretty well understood that a burglar, at least, those who try for very high stakes, never throw themselves open to unnecessary risks. and an expert at the trade will never break into a house where there is nothing to be had ; he takes good care to be well informed on this point, what is to be had, and where it is to be found. This information they get in many ways. In the Northern Division of the town the thief becomes a hawker in the day time, and in this disguise he goes about unsuspected. When a house is chosen for plunder, he makes himself acquainted with the number of inmates it contains, in what rooms and at what hours they retire to sleep, and will sell some of his wares for next to nothing in order to observe from what part of the house or what receptacle the money is brought to pay him. When the house-breaker has all his arrangements completed, and a dark night occurs to favor the execution of his plan—bright nights are never chosen for such enterprises—the burglary is committed. In the European part of the city

the burglar gets his information from a dishonest servant of the house he intends to plunder, in consideration of his standing in for a small share of the profits. Often a servant prosecuted or discharged for pilfering or cheating, in order to be revenged on the author of his sufferings, will inform a burglar where his late master keeps his valuables, at what hour he retires to rest, and all other particulars necessary to carry out the dishonest act he is too cowardly or too cautious to commit himself. This should be a warning to gentlemen not to keep property always in one place : for instance, the gold watch that is placed on the toilet table one night, should be kept under the pillow the next, and the cash-box occasionally changed from drawer to drawer. Less portable articles are generally safe, as a thief will not run the risk of being detected by the Police carrying them away.

One of the most expert and clever burglars I ever met in the whole course of my experience was a man named Ramjan, with, of course, a number of *aliases*, at present undergoing imprisonment in the House of Correction. His *forte* lay in breaking into houses (and no house was proof against him) and stripping native women of their jewellery.

Ramjan's method was as follows :—Provided with a piece of hollow bamboo charged with some narcotic mixture, the composition of which, to the uninitiated, is still a complete mystery, the burglar sets forth on his mission to some wealthy zenana. Having made his way into the ladies' apartments, he quietly approaches a sleeping beauty, and lifting the piece of hollow bamboo to his mouth, blows gently from one end, sending the vapour intended for his victim to inhale from the other. The compound lodged in the hollow bamboo, it appears, when ignited and the fumes inhaled, gradually diminish the activity of the ner-

vous system, and insidiously induce a deep, death-like sleep resembling a state of *coma*, which prevents the possibility of the victim waking and raising an alarm, while the operator helps himself to her ornaments. On one occasion, while actually engaged in stripping a sleeping beauty in this way, Ramjan was disturbed by one of the inmates of the room waking, and he had to run for it without completing his enterprise; he only succeeded in extracting one valuable gold bracelet from the arm of his victim. The following morning the theft, in this instance, was reported to the Police,* and the Inspector of the Section lost no time in proceeding to the spot to investigate the matter. A number of people had collected round the premises, and Ramjan, mixing with the crowd, watched the steps that were being taken by the representatives of the law to discover the burglar and recover the property. Finding that the Police, after concluding their enquiries, had no clue to the one or to the other; and learning that his late victim had on her arm a bracelet similar in every respect to the one he succeeded in annexing, Ramjan formed a very ingenious device of getting possession of it also. He went home to his lodging, and shortly after returned to the scene of his late adventure in the disguise of a Police Jemadar. Here he met the husband of his late victim, to whom, after introducing himself, he addressed as follows:—

“Baboo, my Inspector Sahib has sent me to you to get a bracelet, if possible, the exact counterpart of the one that was stolen from your wife’s person last night, for the purpose of sending it round to all the Poddars and others who

Few of these zenana cases are reported to the Police, as the husbands of the women prefer keeping quiet, and pocketing their loss, than run the risk of having their wives brought into Court to give evidence.

purchase or lend money on jewellery, so that in the event of the stolen ornament being offered for sale or mortgage, which is sure to be the case, they may have a true and correct description of it. This will most probably lead to the arrest of the thief and recovery of the property." The Baboo believing this plausible story of the simulated Police Officer, at once took the bracelet—the fellow to the one stolen—off his wife's arm, and handed it over to the supposed Jemadar, who quietly walked off with the prize.

Some days afterwards the Baboo met the Inspector on his rounds, and enquired if he had done with the bracelet he made over to his Jemadār. The Inspector expressed surprise at the question, and informed his interrogator that he never ordered one of his Jemadars to obtain the bracelet referred to for any purpose whatever, and for the satisfaction of the Baboo the Inspector had all the men of his Thannah paraded in order to give the man an opportunity of identifying the person to whom he made over the ornament. But no; the Baboo saw he was done—completely done—his wife robbed of one ornament, and himself cheated out of the other.

The intelligent reader will see in the above case where the Police failed in their duty, and how the thief took advantage of it; he not only turns their mistake to his own pecuniary benefit, but makes the disposal of his ill-gotten *booty* less risky to himself by placing it beyond the power of the Police to circulate through the town a true and correct description of the property stolen.

I will relate one other instance that came under my personal observation, of the extraordinary craft and ready resource of the professional thief. Last cold season, one of the Calcutta Cricket Clubs had a tent erected on the

maidan, in which were kept, besides cricketing gear, a supply of champagne, brandy, port, sherry, &c. These stores were in charge of a Durwan who slept in the tent. A clever gang of professionals who resided then in Bhowanipore, marked the place for plunder, and when a suitable night arrived to favor the execution of their designs—bright nights, as I said before, are never chosen for these enterprises—the whole gang proceeded to the spot to plunder the tent. On their arrival, however, they found the Constable of the beat apparently guarding the place. It appears the Club to which the tent belonged had a match on the following day, and had, in consequence, sent up from the City an unusually large supply of stores the day previous for the occasion, and the Durwan in charge arranged with the Constable to keep an eye on the tent during the night as he was a very sound sleeper: hence, the presence of the Constable on that occasion. The thieves, who were not prepared for this, held a council-of-war under the shade of an adjacent tree for the purpose of deciding upon some stratagem to remove the Policeman out of the way. Here is the result of their deliberations. One of the party went out into the road and lay down shamming drunkenness, while another went and informed the Policeman of the beat that a man was lying, either dead or dying, in the very centre of the road, and was in imminent danger of being run over by some passing carriage. The Constable on hearing this immediately proceeded to the spot to have a look at the individual, and after giving him a shake or two and a punch in the side with his staff without producing any effect, came to the conclusion that he was, at all events, dead drunk. Here the thief struck in. "I'll tell you what, brother; you run off to the Thannah and bring a stretcher, and have the

man removed to the lock-up, and I'll remain here till your return and see that the unfortunate fellow is not run over in the meantime." Off started the Constable to the Thannah, which is three-quarters of a mile away, for the purpose of procuring the necessary aid to remove the supposed drunk-and-incapable to the Police Lock-up. On his return with the stretcher and four comrades, he found that both his very obliging friend and the drunk-and-incapable had disappeared. A quarrel then ensued between the Constable and his comrades, the latter charging the former with bringing a false alarm to the Thannah and breaking into their night's rest for no purpose. The noise occasioned by the Policemen squabbling, awoke the Durwan, who then discovered that his tent had been gutted of everything worth carrying away. This information was immediately conveyed to the Constables, and had the effect of quelling the row, for they could now see how their comrade had been duped by the thieves and wronged by themselves. •

This is not the only adventure the thieves had that night in connection with the tent robbery. They had to pass the Goomptee opposite Chowringhee entrance to Fort William with the property, where they found another Constable to dispose of. This man was got out of the way as follows :— The thieves were five in number, and each took away a case of liquor from the tent. On examining their spoil under a tree on the maidan afterwards, they found they had two cases of champagne, one of brandy, one of sherry, and a case containing a dozen of sodawater. The latter they thought was not worth carrying away, and decided upon leaving it behind. On sighting the Constable at the Goomptee the thieves resolved upon being honest for once, and would make over the case of stolen sodawater to the public

guardian of life and property. This would remove him out of the way, and the spare man was sent on ahead for the purpose. The ruse succeeded admirably. When the Constable left the Goomptee to take possession of the box said to have been found on the maidan, and convey it to the Thanah, the thieves entered the Goomptee and brought out the Constable's *charpoy*, upon which they placed their four cases of wines, and covering all with a white sheet, hoisted the cot on their shoulders and proceeded in the direction of Bhowanipore, crying, as they went, *hurry bole!* after the manner of hurrying a corpse off to the Burning Ghaut. In this disguise the thieves were sure of not being molested during the remainder of their journey. Unfortunately for the rogues however, but fortunately for the owner of the property, just as they arrived opposite Birjee Talao Police outpost, the side bar of the cot gave way, and the four cases of wines fell on the road with a crash that instantly aroused the whole of the men of the outpost. The thieves attempted to escape but were pursued, and three out of the four were captured. The fourth man, however, got clear away, so that after all the attempt to treat the living spirit like a dead body was not a complete success; and the thieves, instead of burning the former, got burnt themselves. "True," the reader will say, "but the capture in this instance is more the result of accident than vigilance on the part of the Police," and even so saith the writer.



CHAPTER VIII.

THE MOCK RANEE.

“They as swindles, does more and risks less, than they as robs, and if you cheats tappingly you may laugh at the tapping cheat.

PAUL CLIFFORD.

A FEW years ago, a wealthy Jeweller of Burra Bazar, Calcutta, was the victim of a most daring and ingenious swindle. Two up-country men, named, respectively, Abbass Khan and Noyamooden Jemadar—assumed names no doubt—made their appearance in Calcutta. They pretended to be the confidential servants of a native lady of rank, a Ranee in fact, and had come for the purpose of engaging a suitable residence for their mistress, who, they alleged, was about to honor the metropolis with a visit. They were not long in securing the desired accommodation: a house decently furnished after the native fashion was engaged for the Ranee in Cotton Street. This done, one of the two men left Calcutta for the purpose, he stated, of conducting the Ranee to her new residence. Some three or four days afterwards, Abbass Khan returned with a palankeen, most gorgeously set off, with a gold embroidered cover and borne on the shoulders of four men dressed in scarlet coats, trimmed with gold lace; a mace-bearer, carrying an enormous silver gilt mace, preceded the palankeen, also laborately dressed. The palankeen, which was supposed to contain the Ranee, was conveyed into a private room of the house engaged for her reception, and as she was said to be a *pardah-nâsheen*, the bearer were directed to withdraw to the courtyard. A report was now ingeniously circulated in

the neighbourhood to the effect that the newly-arrived Ranee was remarkably charitable, and the following morning found about five hundred beggars round her residence. Rice and pice were distributed to the beggars in due course, and they were sent on their way rejoicing, and spreading, as they went, the Ranee's name and fame. The next move was to give out that Her Highness the Ranee would pay a visit to some of the rich jewellers' shops in the neighbourhood at noon, but as it was anticipated there might be some difficulty in her ladyship's palankeen proceeding through the streets she wished to visit in consequence of the crowd of people that curiosity had collected around her residence, it was thought desirable to engage the services of two Police constables from the local Thannah to preserve order. The services of two constables having been arranged for, they presented themselves at the Ranee's residence punctually at 12 noon, and shortly afterwards her ladyship's palankeen emerged from the compound, preceded by the mace-bearer, and followed by the two principal actors in the drama, Abbass Khan and Noyamooden. The constables fell into their places, one on each side of the palankeen, in order to keep the crowd back, and the cortége moved off in princely style to visit one of the largest jewellers' shops in Burra Bazar. It is needless to state here that the jeweller about to be honored by the Ranee's patronage on this occasion had received previous intimation of the intended visit, with instructions to have the most valuable ornaments he possessed in readiness for her ladyship's inspection. The cortége having arrived at the shop of the intended victim, the palankeen was placed in the verandah, which opened into the street, and the constables and bearers took

up their position on the footpath, forming a line in front of the jeweller's shop entrance, and thus presented a very imposing appearance, which completely disarmed suspicion of any kind.

The mock Ranee, pretending to be a *purdah-nâsheen*, could not of course leave her palankeen, and the jewellery had therefore to be brought out from the shop for her inspection. Abbass Khan stood by the palankeen and handed in the ornaments to the Ranee as they were brought out by the jeweller for her inspection. Articles approved of were retained by her ladyship, and those rejected were returned to the jeweller. In this way a selection was made amounting to something like Rs 80,000, whereupon Abbass Khan informed the jeweller that the Ranee had some old-fashioned jewellery she desired to part with, would he (the jeweller) take this over at a valuation and in part payment of the articles selected for purchase? "Yes certainly," the jeweller replied, apparently delighted at the prospect of a profitable investment. Abbass Khan appeared to communicate this to the Ranee in a confidential way, and was on the point of departing for the purpose of producing the old-fashioned jewellery referred to, when the Ranee expressed a desire to have her silver *scroy* replenished with *sherbet* as she felt thirsty. Abbass Khan took the *scroy* from the palankeen and handed it to his companion Noyamoodeen, with instructions to procure a tonic *sherbet* for his mistress, whereupon these two worthies took their departure, the former to bring Her Highnesses obsolete jewellery from her residence, which was close by, and the latter to procure *sherbet* for his mistress. It is scarcely necessary to state that they never returned.

After waiting for some considerable time, and seeing no signs of Abbass Khan or his companion returning, the jeweller began to get suspicious, but when he looked at the splendid equipage before him containing, well—if not exactly a queen—at least, a rich lady, protected by an escort of police, he grew composed and recovered confidence. Another hour passed, still no signs of the return of the Ranee's retainers. The jeweller's people began now to question the palankeen bearers as to how long had they been in the employ of the Ranee and in what part of India her estate was situated. The bearers replied to these questions by saying they had only been one day in the Ranee's employ, and that they were Calcutta men, and knew nothing whatever about the lady in the palankeen. This information was communicated to the jeweller, and the latter at once sent for the Police Inspector. On the arrival of that officer the Ranee was questioned, and the bubble burst. Where is my jewellery, exclaimed the jeweller, almost frantic? The mock Ranee explained that it was in the silver *seroy* taken away by Abbass Khan, whereupon the unfortunate victim fell to the ground insensible, and had to be carried away from the scene. The mock Ranee's palankeen and bearers were all conveyed to the Police station for enquiry.

The pretended Ranee was the first person examined, and she deposed as follows :—

“I am a prostitute by profession, and used to reside in Chitpore, in the suburbs of Calcutta, before I met with Abbass Khan. I saw him for the first time about 15 days ago : we accidentally met at a bathing ghât where I had gone to bathe, and he followed me to my lodgings, and asked to be admitted. I said to him, ‘Why have you

followed me?' He replied, 'Because your beauty has captivated me.' I felt flattered at this compliment and asked him to come in and have some refreshment, and he did so. After partaking of refreshments he left, promising to return in the evening. He returned at 7 P.M., bringing with him this jewellery (pointing to the jewellery she was wearing), which he asked me to take and wear for his sake. At first I was unwilling to do so, but when he told me he had wealth enough to purchase the Sircar's Kharkhana (meaning the Cossipore Gun Foundry), I consented; he professed great affection for me and praised my beauty, saying, 'Such beauty as you possess would grace a palace, and I am rich enough to make you a princess. All I ask in return is your love and perfect obedience in all things.' In this way he obtained my consent to accompany him and share his fortunes. Having obtained my promise he went away and returned with more presents. His visits continued for several days, and on each occasion he brought me some additional token of his affection in the shape of rich clothing and jewellery.

"Three days ago he came to me and asked if I was ready to accompany him. I replied in the affirmative, and he took me to a garden house, in Entally, where I remained with him one night. The following day he brought in this palankeen and made the bearers dress in grand clothes with which he supplied them, and placing a rich cover over the palankeen, I was ordered to enter it, and the bearers were directed to convey me to a house in Cotton Street, Burra Bazar. On my arrival at the house in Cotton Street, I was taken into a private room, and the bearers were told to withdraw. Abbass Khan here informed me that I was in future to conform to the rules observed by all native ladies of rank and

remain in seclusion. I told him I was willing to do so. He then informed me of his intention to take me to a jeweller and decorate me with jewels suitable to the rank and position to which his wealth had elevated me. This confirmed my belief in his sincerity, and he told me how I was to act in choosing the jewellery brought out for my inspection and selection when I was taken to the jewellers. How I was to retain and drop into the *seroy* (water vessel) the articles that he asked the price of in my hearing; all other articles were to be returned by me as not approved of. I was also instructed to ask for *sherbet* when handing out the *seroy* containing the jewellery to Abbass Khan. He explained to me that this would make me seem to the people a lady of rank; and as I really now thought myself such, with so much wealth, I did all he asked me to do. I never entertained the least suspicion from first to last of Abbass Khan being a *Jhooa-chore* (swindler)."

The statements of the palankeen bearers were simply to the effect that they were residents of Entally, and had been engaged the previous day to convey a Ranee from a garden-house in the suburbs, which they subsequently pointed out to the Police, to a house in Cotton Street, Burra Bazar, Calcutta; that the rich covering for the palankeen, as well as their own outfit, were supplied by Abbass Khan and his companion at the aforesaid garden-house; that they were promised good wages and permanent employ if they did their duty satisfactorily and kept their own council.

The mace-bearer was, it appears, engaged in the same neighbourhood, and received his outfit at the garden-house above alluded to.

The owner of the garden was next questioned by the Police, but he knew no more about the parties wanted

than the palankeen bearers, and here the enquiry ended.

Warrants of arrest were, of course, taken out for Abbass Khan and Noyamooden, and a large reward was offered for their apprehension, but to this day the warrants remain unexecuted and the reward unclaimed.



CHAPTER IX.

SOME REMARKS ON POLICEMEN AND MATIERS

"Whenever you read the life of a great man, I mean a man eminently successful, you will perceive all the qualities given to him are the qualities necessary even to a mediocre rogue.

Wherefore, if luck cast you in humble life, assiduously study the biographies of the great, in order to accomplish you as a rogue; if in the more elevated range of society, be thoroughly versed in the lives of the roguish, so shall you fit yourself to be eminent.

LORD LYFTON.

I HAVE been often asked, as a professional observer; whom I thought the ablest Police Officer, Mr. Wauchope or Sir Stuart Hogg? I will not, however, attempt here to express an opinion on the subject, but will simply state the qualities of each officer and leave the matter to the judgment of the reader. Mr. Wauchope was a deep but silent thinker, and a detective of the highest order; Sir Stuart Hogg was no detective, but he had extraordinary will-power and great administrative ability. Mr. Wauchope did all the thinking for his subordinates; Sir Stuart Hogg made his subordinates think for themselves. If there was a latent spark of energy or detective instinct in a subordinate, Sir Stuart Hogg brought it to the surface, while Mr. Wauchope extinguished it. The latter could never forgive a subordinate who exceeded his instructions; the former encouraged independence and self-reliance in his subordinates; and an officer might drive a coach-and-four through every section of the Penal Code or Criminal Procedure, if it were necessary to success in any undertaking of importance.

The following example will, perhaps, serve to illustrate better than any abstract criticism could do the wide difference in disposition and intellectual power of the two remarkable men; and what that difference implies, both in the way of advantage and disadvantage, in the general administration of the Calcutta Police Force.

One of the bailiffs of the Calcutta Small Cause Court was conveying a judgment-debtor to the Presidency Jail in a ticca gharry. When the carriage reached a quiet part of the maidan road leading to the jail, the debtor, a big powerful fellow, flung the bailiff out of the gharry, and made good his escape. The bailiff was picked up insensible and conveyed to hospital, where it was found one of his arms was badly fractured. Information of the occurrence was soon after the event conveyed to the 1st Judge of the Small Cause Court, and he lost no time in communicating with the Police. On receiving a report of the outrage on the unfortunate bailiff, I sent off men to Howrah and Sealdah stations to prevent, if possible, the escape of the defendant. I was too late, however; the man anticipated instant pursuit and made for Chandernagore as a temporary refuge. I knew the French authorities would afford me no assistance in capturing an European criminal without the authority of the usual extradition warrant, and the delay necessary to procure this document would enable the defendant to escape from justice. So I determined to try and smuggle the man out of Chandernagore without the assistance of the one or the authority of the other. Taking with me a young Constable named Forsyth—a man who had just joined the Force, and was on that account not likely to be recognised by the defendant, who was well-known to all the old hands in the compound—I started in

pursuit. On arriving at Chandernagore I was not long in discovering where the man wanted was putting up. I knew his master-passions—drink and billiards—and determined upon taking advantage of these weak points to lead him into a trap. Forsyth was directed to join the fugitive at the dinner-table—dinner was just being served at the hotel when we reached the place—enter into conversation with him, and make himself sociable and agreeable. Dinner over, to propose a game of billiards, and deal out brandy and soda with a liberal hand. “By ten o’clock,” I remarked to the Constable, “you will be considered a jolly good fellow, and can lead the defendant anywhere. By that hour the moon will be up, and billiards—as you are only playing for “drinks”—will be getting rather stale, propose a walk by moonlight before retiring for the night; and lead the fugitive out of French territory, and we’ll nobble him the moment he crosses the boundary line. The ruse succeeded admirably, and the fugitive was under lock and key in Calcutta before sunrise the day succeeding the assault on the unfortunate bailiff. This adventure and the result delighted Sir Stuart Hogg, and he was never tired relating it to his friends. Mr. Wauchope would have reprimanded any officer who attempted such a daring piece of business without orders, however successful the result.

Some years ago there was a rather eccentric, but, nevertheless, able, intelligent police officer in charge of Mangoe Lane Thannah. This officer was particularly successful in detecting and dealing with a class of crime peculiar to that particular section of the town. The Inspector—unfortunately, for the mercantile community, but most fortunately for the criminals—died suddenly, and with him seemed to die also this particular class of offences to which I

allude : at least, his successor never brought a single case to light; in fact, he lacked the tact and ability to do so. Yet he got the credit of stamping out, by his mere presence, a class of crime that had given his predecessor no end of trouble.

I have often heard a most zealous and painstaking officer told by his superior, that a particular class of crime never occurred in a certain division till he took charge of it; as if the perpetrators committed the crime just to spite a particular officer, and then suddenly became honest the moment that officer was changed or transferred.*

I make these remarks to show the student of the art of detection how deceptive and misleading crime returns may be made to appear.

Crime may be committed in a division and never reported or brought to light, and a change of officers may make all the difference between crime or no crime; not actually but seemingly. It is, therefore, the sudden disappearance, or apparent disappearance, of a class of crime peculiar to a district, that should be regarded with suspicion, more so than an apparent development of the same class of offences under a change of officers. I could not give the student a better practical illustration in support of this line of argument than the working of the Arms Act in Calcutta. In addition to my other duties in connection with the Detec-

* A celebrated Barrister of the Calcutta High Court remarked to the writer a short time ago, "How is it, Mr. Reid, we never get any of those interesting cases in connection with false personation at examinations, and tampering with examination papers, since you left the Force." "The students may possibly have advanced in moral training, as they have undoubtedly advanced in political thought, during the last few years," was the writer's reply. The Barrister shook his head with an expression of incredulity at this explanation.

tive Department, I had the entire working of the Arms Act for four years, or thereabouts; and during that short period I seized more contraband arms and ammunition, and prosecuted more offenders under the provisions of the Act, than had been done during the fifteen years previous to my taking over charge of the departments, to which I will add the six years that has elapsed since making over charge to a successor. An examination of the Calcutta Police Administration Reports will, I believe, support this statement to the letter.

It may be urged that the dealers in arms and ammunition* had a spite against me and therefore committed these breaches against the law to give me trouble and annoyance. Well, in one particular instance, at all events, it did seem the dealers had a spite against me and attempted to show their spite in a very practical manner, as the following will show: An application was made by one of the dealers in arms and ammunition, residing and carrying on business in Chandney Chowk, for a license to store gunpowder in a certain godown in the neighbourhood. I proceeded on horseback to inspect the premises and see if the place was suitable for the storage of explosives. I met the owner of the house awaiting my arrival; and as my syce had not come up, the man volunteered to hold my horse—an offer which was gladly accepted. The room in which it was

* The case of *Queen vs. Sajaway Mug and Wajaway Mug*, prosecuted for transporting arms and ammunition per Steamers *Mahratt*, and *Bushire* to Burma booked as piece-goods and mul-muls, show how easily the provisions of Act XXXI of 1860 may be evaded, and how the shop-keepers can play into the hands of purchasers like the defendants by entering half-a-dozen of fictitious names in their books against an unusually large sale.

proposed to store the gunpowder was an upper apartment, and was approached by a brick staircase from the outside.

I went up the stairs alone to inspect the room, but shortly after returned with the intimation that the apartment was not a safe and proper place to store explosives. The owner of the premises on hearing this said, he would select another godown; and I was about to mount my horse, when I observed the door of the lower apartments of the house I had just inspected closed and padlocked from the outside. I enquired what the lower room contained, and was informed it was empty. I then expressed a wish to see the interior, but the owner stated the key of the padlock was lost, and the door could not be opened. "Well," said I "if the godown is empty the value of a padlock without a key is not much, and lifting a hammer from a shop close by I proceeded to break off the staple. The owner of the premises on seeing this dropped the horse he was holding, and bolted for his life. On entering the godown I found an open barrel of country manufactured gunpowder, with a train laid from the barrel to the street door, and at the end of the train a half burnt but extinguished match. An attempt had evidently been made to fire the train while I was inspecting the upper apartment, but proved a failure. The owner of the premises was subsequently arrested, but nothing could be proved against him, beyond the fact of his keeping gunpowder in an unlicensed godown, and having a larger quantity in his possession than that is allowed by law.

This should be a warning to over-zealous police officers to be always on their guard. The following is also another valuable illustration of the value of crime returns generally:—Go to any large firm, like Ralli Brothers, for ins-

tance, and ask them what they estimate their losses at annually from petty theiving, and they will probably tell you something like a lakh of rupees. Ask them again how many of these petty thefts are detected and prosecuted, and they will tell you on an average about one case a month. Well, say, one a week. Now it will probably be found that it requires about twenty-five or thirty of these petty theft cases per day to make up their annual estimated loss. Put on a smart police officer, who will arrest, say, instead of a single offender per week, five of these petty pilferers a day. This will not only represent five offenders removed from that particular run, but all the more timid and cautious rogues will cease thieving at once or take themselves off to "fresh fields and pastures new," when they find their old haunts made too risky to pay : only the more daring class of criminals will remain until it becomes too hot for them also.

Here it will be seen that the very agency that apparently develops crime actually suppresses it ; withdraw the active agency that produces this result, and crime, to all appearance, will cease.

I may be here met with the remark, that every evil has a corrective, and told, that if the number of prosecutions in a particular district did not bear a reasonable proportion to the number of offences reported, it would lead to enquiry and the officer in charge would be called on for an explanation. Very well ; we will go back to Ralli Brothers and ask them how many of these petty theft cases they report to the police in the course of a year. They will immediately answer *nil*, and tell you, "We only prosecute when the police bring a case to notice." And why? Simply because the loss is not discovered till the cargoes of country-produce which they despatch daily to all parts of the world reach

their destination. The firm is then informed of the shortage and told the bags are less in weight by a seer or so each than they ought to be. This pilfering is done during transit, by a process called "bleeding," between the merchants' warehouses, and the shipping in Calcutta.



CHAPTER X.

HIGH ART IN SWINDLING.

“Great pains for small gains is the maxim of the miser. The rogue should have more *grandeur d’ame!*”

LORD LYTTON.



UT-DONE BY A NATIVE! Hang it, I never felt so savage in my life! I can understand being robbed by my bearer and swindled by my Khan-sama, but to be outwitted by a crafty, cunning, sly-going Bengalee and fleeced to the tune of eight hundred and eighty rupees! Why, 'tis enough to make a man commit——”

How long Mr. Perkins would have continued to soliloquise in this strain 'tis hard to say, had not a rap at his room-door, followed by the entrance of his friend Mr. Simonds, called him to his senses.

“Good morning, Mr. Perkins,” said Simonds, as he entered. “I thought I heard company in the room with you, hence I announced my advent by a rap, but I perceive you are alone.”

“Yes, I am alone,” replied Perkins, as he flung the end of a cigar, which had gone out in the midst of his musing, with vehemency, into a spittoon. “I was merely talking to myself—a habit I have, when crossed or put out, of giving vent to my outraged feelings. By the way, Simonds, I believe you are a bit of a lawyer, are you not?” “Yes,” said Simonds, appearing proud of the compliment. “I have the reputation of possessing some slight knowledge of both Civil and Criminal Law, but am only appealed to when my

friends want advice on the cheap; what is the matter, old fellow, not got into any scrape, I hope?"

"Not exactly; but you are aware, my dear Simonds, of my present pecuniary embarrassment—I believe I told you I was on the look out for a loan of a few thousand rupees to meet my most pressing calls. Seeing an advertisement in one of the daily papers, '*money to lend on easy terms,*' I wrote to the proprietor of the loan-office, enquiring upon what terms he could let me have eight or ten thousand rupees for twelve months. The next day a Baboo called and said he had come on behalf of the manager of the loan-office in question, to ascertain what security I was able to offer for the sum I required. On learning my circumstances and social position, I was told that I could have the money on my own personal security and note of hand. I was quite elated on hearing this, and enquired what the interest would be on eight thousand rupees for twelve months. The Baboo told me that if I could pay him ten per cent., plus two per cent. and brokers' commission, he would bring me a cheque for eight thousand rupees without deduction the following morning. I agreed to this, and as he produced documents having reference to negotiations of a similar nature from several gentlemen with whom I am well acquainted, I paid him down, there and then, eight hundred and eighty rupees in hard cash, never doubting the man's word or suspecting dishonesty. He gave me a receipt for the money and said his place of business was at No.—Bentinck Street. Finding he did not turn up on the day appointed, I set out this morning in search of him; when my carriage drew up at the address he gave me, guess my surprise, dear Simonds, to find myself in front of an undertaker's workshop. The undertaker seeing my dejected and

disappointed appearance, jumped at once to the conclusion that I had come there for the purpose of ordering the 'last suit' for some dear relative or friend; for he ran out of the shop with a number of sketches of head-stones and monuments, surmounted by weeping maids in marble, and holding them up to my astonished gaze, enquired if I wanted anything in his line, assuring me that my order would receive prompt attention, as his business, he regretted to say, was very slack at present, adding, that Sir Stuart Hogg's drainage and water-supply for the city had well nigh ruined the trade. Here my patience gave way, and I bawled out at the top of my voice, 'Does Bolachand Dhur, a native broker, live here?' Bolachand Dhur was the name the man signed on the receipt for the eight hundred and eighty rupees. The undertaker replied in the negative, and I ordered the coachman to drive on to Mangoe Lane, to enquire from the proprietor of the loan office, to whom I had written, if he knew anything of Bolachand Dhur. Here also I failed to obtain any tidings of the scoundrel. The loan office proprietor acknowledged having received my letter, but denied having sent any person to me in the capacity of agent or broker to negotiate in the matter. This may be true or the reverse, but I cannot help thinking the loan office proprietor is as deep in the mud as Bolachand is in the mire,* otherwise how came the latter to know I had written to the former on the subject of a loan? I was within an ace of letting him know what I thought, but fortunately restrained myself in time. I felt too much excited to push the enquiry further, so hurried home. You see,

* See "Revelations of an Indian Detective," page 86. chapter "Fraudulent Advertisements," for a full account of this system of swindling.

I am in a nice dilemma, old fellow, and require your advice."

"Well," said Simonds, after an immoderate fit of laughter at his friend's adventure with the undertaker, "you must have the rascal arrested."

"It's all very well, my dear fellow, to say, have the rascal arrested, but where is he to be found?"

"You must go to the Magistrate and apply for a warrant."

"But you see I don't want to have the unfortunate affair made public; it would be the talk of the town for the next twelve months, and what a flat it would make me appear in the eyes of the public; besides, it would ruin my credit."

"You need not make the matter public," said Simonds; "I believe you are personally acquainted with our friend Mr. J. B. Roberts, are you not? surely he would do the needful privately."

"You know very little of the character of the man who dispenses justice in Lall Bazar Street, my friend," Perkins replied, "if you think he would do any such thing. J. B. Roberts at the Club and J. B. Roberts in the Police Court are as different as chalk from cheese. I believe he would not deviate an eighth of an inch from the ordinary course of his magisterial duty to serve his own father."

"But have you ever tried him?" continued Simonds.

"Havn't I," replied Mr. Perkins, "and I'll just give you an instance of what I got for my trouble. Some short time ago one of my servants was arrested for theft and I had to attend Court to prosecute. The evening previous I met Roberts at the house of a friend, and after a jolly shake of the hand, I told him I was going to see him the following day professionally. He said he hoped he would be able to

serve me, and was altogether very polite. The next day I was punctually in attendance, and on the case being called on, was about to address his worship, when he suddenly interrupted me saying, 'Mr. Perkins, I want no speeches here. If you have anything to say regarding the defendant now before the Court, get into the box and be sworn.' I was quite taken by surprise at this rebuff, and looked at his worship enquiringly to see if he had not mistaken me for some other person, but when his eyes met mine—for he had not taken to wear spectacles then—I could read from their expression, 'We don't meet here, Mr. Perkins, on equal terms.' However, I got into the box, and was duly sworn, after which his worship commenced, 'What is your full name and profession, Mr. Perkins?' as if I was a perfect stranger to him. This being satisfactorily answered and recorded, he continued, 'What do you know about this case?' I began by saying, 'My wife told me—' I had got so far when he again interrupted me, saying, 'Never mind what your wife told you; that is not evidence. I should like to hear what you know of your own knowledge.' 'Your worship,' I continued, 'I have no other evidence to offer but what my wife told me!' 'That is no evidence,' said his worship; 'you can go down Mr. Perkins; the case is dismissed. When you come before me again, come prepared to prove your case.' Believe me, Simonds, I never felt so savage in all my life—(this morning's adventure with the undertaker excepted) as I did leaving the Police Court that day."

Mr. Simonds, in his endeavour to keep from laughing during his friend's recital of his experience with our worthy Magistrate, found that he had bitten through the amber mouth-piece of his meerschaum.

“Well, my dear Perkins,” said Simonds, “what do you intend doing?”

“I was thinking of going over to Park Street Thannah and placing the matter in the hands of Reid.”

“You could’nt do better,” said Simonds. “Reid will work the oracle for you, if any man in India can do it. I’ll just tell you a story I heard about Reid the other day. Two gentlemen were putting up at Mrs. Oakes’ boarding-house in Middleton Row. They were on very intimate terms. One day one of them rushed into the room of the other apparently in a great hurry and asked for the loan of Rs 250, for a short time, to meet a pressing call. The sum required was produced, but no receipt was offered by the borrower or demanded by the lender. Time passed, but no attempt was made to return the money. At last the gentleman who parted with the coin began to think his friend had forgotten all about the matter, and he resolved to jog his memory on the subject. ‘Look here, Jim,’ he said to his friend one evening as they were returning from the cricket-ground together, ‘you never paid me that two hundred and fifty rupees you borrowed from me a month and more ago.’ ‘What two hundred and fifty rupees?’ said the other, his face assuming an expression of surprise, ‘I never borrowed two hundred and fifty rupees from you! Who are your witnesses? Produce the receipt!’ The lender, of course, had neither witnesses or receipt to support his claim, and the borrower told him he might ‘go whistle for his money.’ Instead of whistling over the matter he had an interview with Reid and related the circumstances of the case. Reid, after a little consideration, advised the victimized gentleman to go home and write to his friend a letter of demand for Rs 500, lent on

a certain date in presence of the lender's servant, who was in the room at the time the money changed hands. 'But there was no one in the room when I lent the money,' urged the victim. 'Never mind,' said Reid, 'do as I tell you; and add that if the money is not returned within a given time you will put the matter into Court.' The lender accordingly went home and did as he was directed. The borrower on receipt of the letter rushed off to Park Street Thannah in a great state of excitement and asked to see the officer in charge. On Reid making his appearance, the borrower told the officer he had come to lodge a complaint against an acquaintance for attempting to swindle him out of Rs 500. 'Indeed,' said the officer, 'may I enquire under what circumstance the fraud has been attempted?' The borrower, thrown off his guard, told Reid he had borrowed Rs 250 from a man he had always regarded as a friend, and that the latter had just written him a letter of demand for Rs 500—handing the officer the letter. 'I perceive,' said Reid, 'the money changed hands in presence of a witness; the claimant appears to have the best of the argument.' 'That's just what I have come to complain about' put in the borrower; 'there was no witness present when the money changed hands.' 'Then your complaint is that Mr. ——— attempted to obtain from you by fraudulent means Rs 500, when he was only entitled to Rs 250,' continued Reid, as he entered the charge in the case-book. 'Yes,' replied the borrower, 'that is my complaint.' 'Then sign the charge please,' said Reid, pushing the case-book across the table. This was done, and the following day Reid informed the lender 'that he could now go into Court and sue for the Rs 250, as the borrower had signed an acknowledgment in the Thannah

case-book.' This was unnecessary, however, for the borrower, learning how he had been sold, paid the money without further trouble. Reid is not only a clever detective but he has a witty knack of combining humour with ingenuity, which makes reality read like romance. Here is an example:—Sometime ago a young couple, belonging to the middle class of East Indian Society, in the Southern Division of Calcutta, took it into their heads to become partners in the great joint stock company of married life. After a few months experience of each others company, they discovered that there was, in their case, such a thing as 'marrying in haste, and repenting at leisure;' and as the husband was violent in temper and the wife resentful in disposition, there were, as the Irishman would say, frequent 'ructions' between them, which ended, more than twice or thrice, in the young lady leaving the husband of her choice and taking shelter, with many complaints, under her father's roof. The domestic peace of the husband, of the wife, and her unfortunate father, was gone. Upon the last occasion of conjugal dispute, the wife assured her father, when she sought his protection, that she would lead such a cat-and-dog life no longer, and referring to her 'better-half' in a violent outburst of temper and tears, declared she 'would have the law of—him.' The father a quiet inoffensive old man, had a wholesome dread (as many have with infinitely more cause) to have his family disputes settled in the Police Court or ventilated in the newspapers, and bethought himself of going to Reid for counsel and advice. It oozed out in the course of conversation that the old gentleman had considerable property, and that he had made a testamentary disposition of the

same in favor of the recalcitrant wife and her sister, and he was afraid that, as there were storms now, when the money was not in question, there would be no end of a gale when the wind had risen, with his 'circulating medium,' after he had gone! 'Do your children know that you have made your will in their favor?' Reid inquired. 'No, indeed,' said the old gentleman, 'they are not even aware that I possess property to the extent I do.' 'Very good,' continued Reid, 'take your daughter back to her husband. Address the pair solemnly and decisively. Tell them you are possessed of property beyond their expectations, and you have executed a will dividing it equally between the two sisters, but,' and here Reid had his wonderful forefinger going, 'if you hear any more disputes between them, you will cancel your will and leave all you possess to the daughter who lives a quiet life with her husband and gives you no trouble.' The old gentleman accepted the advice with thanks and acted on it. Some short time afterwards he met Reid at the Mohurrum procession in Dhurrumtollah Street, was profuse in his thanks, and related the tranquillizing effect the threat of cancelling his will had upon his daughter and son-in-law. 'Would you believe it, Sir,' said the old man, tightening his grasp of Reid's hand, 'they are now living together as loving as 'turtle doves!' 'I told you,' said Reid, 'the money would do it.' The above examples will perhaps, serve to illustrate better than any abstract criticism could do, the character of the man you are about to entrust with the management of your case. I wish you, my dear Perkins, every success," and the two friends parted, one for office and the other for the Police Thannah.

Now, it so happened, on the day Perkins laid his complaint at the Police-station, two other victims preferred charges of a similar nature against the same individual. Bolachand had, after reaping a rich harvest, made himself scarce, and Reid's hounds, to use a Scotland-yard phrase, had got a 'clue' and were well on his 'track.' The run was not a long one, but the capture, as will presently appear, was unusually exciting. Bolachand was traced to the house of a relative in Chandernagore, situated on the banks of the River Hooghly. This was a drawback, as he could only be got at in French territory by the slow and uncertain process of Extradition. Reid, however, was equal to the occasion. A handsome budgerow was hired at Baboo Ghát, two dancing girls and a couple of musicians engaged to accompany a wealthy Zemindar 'out for a spree' on a trip up the river. The Zemindar, of course, was a native police sergeant in disguise. Thus equipped, the police sergeant dropped up with the flood-tide and anchored in the dusk of the evening, close to the house Bolachand was putting up at. Music commenced and the inmates were soon drawn to the spot; and ultimately invited on board to see the *tamasha*. Bolachand was amongst the number. All were treated to pan and sweetmeats, while music and dancing was kept up with great spirit.

The mock Zemindar acted his part to perfection. All comers received a hearty welcome and a smoke from the wealthy landowner's enormous hookah, which was, in order to make enjoyment more enjoyable, charged with highly spiced *tamacco* and a dash of opium—just sufficient to make it soothing.

Reader, have you ever tried to realise the feelings of a man in the immediate enjoyment of the highest degree of

tranquillity and earthly bliss, at peace with himself and all the world ! If not, picture to yourself a Bengalee seated in tailors fashion, with the end of a hookah tube in his mouth, silently contemplating the graceful movements of a couple of nautch girls keeping time to the beat of the *tom-tom* ! Such were the position and circumstances of our friend Bolachand when (tableau) some one on board discovered the boat was drifting down the river with the tide and raised an alarm.* At this instant, Reid and Perkins, who had been watching the proceedings from another boat, stepped on board, and Bolachand recognising the pair started to his feet and would have jumped overboard had he not been caught and secured. All was now in confusion, but it did not last long. The prisoner, the mock Zemindar, the dancing girls and musicians were soon transferred to a police-boat and hurried back to Calcutta, while the *mangee* of the budgerow was directed to land the remainder of the Zemindar's guests and return to his moorings at Baboo Ghât.

The arrest soon got wind, and created a good deal of stir at Chandernagore. The Commissarie du Roi appears to have been in some doubt as to the legality of the arrest, for he referred the matter to the law officers in France, when it was decided, that had the boat been moored to the shore when Bolachand was made a prisoner, the arrest would have been illegal according to French law, but as the boat was drifting, and out of French limits, the arrest was perfectly legal.

* Compare this scene with a passage in *The Tempest*, where Prospero's brother and the King of Naples were cast on a desert island. When nearly famished for want of food, Ariel suddenly set before them a delicious banquet, and just as they were going to eat, the feast vanished, and in its place stood up a horrible monster accusing them of their crimes !

CHAPTER XI.

AMUSING SKETCHES OF CRIMINAL LIFE IN CALCUTTA.

(Continued from "Reminiscences of an Indian Detective.")

THE THIEF AND THE MUSICAL BOX.

"I'll example you with knavery!"

SHAKSPEARE.

BURGLAR broke into a house one night in Wellesley Square, and feeling about in the dark for something valuable to carry off, stumbled upon a musical box, which, judging by its weight and appearance, he believed to be a jewel-case. Leaving the house with his supposed prize under his arm, the thief entered Wellington Square enclosure, and seating himself under the shade of a large bush, commenced operations with his pick-lock to get at the treasure within. In doing so he touched a spring which set the machinery in motion, and forthwith he was astonished to hear his "jewel-case" break out, in quick time, to the tune, "The wind that shakes the barley." Far from being charmed with the "touching pathos and melting harmony" of the celebrated Irish melody, the burglar dropped the instrument in superstitious terror and fled for his life. The native gardener in charge of the grounds was awake by the noise of the retreating footsteps of the thief near his hut, and jumping up to see what was the matter, was no less terrified than the burglar at hearing the thicket, as he thought, having a concert on its own account. The *mali* also fled in dismay from the spot and reported to his superintendent, Mr. Bartlett, that a *bhooth* (an evil spirit)

had taken possession of the square, and was holding high carnival in one of the bushes! Mr. Bartlett, not knowing what to make of the man's statement, but believing there was something wrong, called at Park Street Police Station for the assistance of the inspector, and they both proceeded, accompanied by the *mali*, to the spot from where the "concord of sweet sounds" were supposed to have issued. On searching amongst the bushes—for the music had now ceased—a musical box and pick-lock were found, which to the experienced Police Officer and Mr. Bartlett accounted for the "midnight melody." It was very different, however, with the terrified *mali*, who, believing the noise he heard from the bush was produced by supernatural agency, no persuasion of Mr. Bartlett would induce him to return to his hut in the garden. Exaggerated stories of the occurrence spread through the neighbourhood like wild-fire, and even to this day natives will not pass the "musical bush," as it is called, after dark, believing a *bhooth* has taken up its abode there. Indeed, the incident has taken such hold upon the native mind that every misfortune that happens in the vicinity of the square is put down to the *bhooth*.

If a member of a Hindu family dies on a Saturday or Tuesday—for these are accounted unlucky days for soul to quit its earthly tenement—it is due to the deceased having offended the *bhooth* in some way during his life time. If a woman miscarries or the well runs dry, the *bhooth* has a finger in the pie. In truth the local *bhooth*—for every village or bustee has its own particular *bhooth*—keeps the neighbourhood in a state of terror. Young and old alike will go a mile out of their way rather than pass after nightfall a tree or bush in which a *bhooth* is supposed to have taken up its abode.

A wily Brahmin, taking advantage of the superstitious fears of his countrymen, gave out that the Wellesley Square *bhooth* was subject to his will and control, and that he was able to propitiate or make it fierce and revengeful at pleasure. The holy man was consequently induced by the inhabitants of the neighbourhood to take up his residence in the vicinity of the haunted bush, in order that by incantations and offerings, "Ariel" might be kept from committing pranks on the people. A *bhooth* with a good reputation for mischief is a mine of wealth to its keeper; and is as necessary to a Brahmin in India as our old friend the *devil* is to the spiritual leaders of more civilised countries. Abolish the one or the other, and Othello's occupation would soon be gone. And now we come to the moral of our story: "It's an ill wind that blows nobody any good—" even "the wind that shakes the barley."

A NEW ARRIVAL'S EXPERIENCE OF NATIVE SERVANTS.

ONE of the greatest worries of Anglo-Indian life is the dishonesty of native servants. You may protect yourself against the depredations of the professional criminal, but your own servant will rob and plunder you to your face, and you have practically no remedy, for if you refuse or object to be victimized he will leave you. A native servant will not remain where he has no opportunity to be dishonest.

The following interesting case, which was reported to the writer while he had charge of Park Street Station, deserves publication as a warning to indulgent masters. The servant, a coachman in the employ of a military gentleman residing at the time in Middleton Street, had been sailing

pretty close to the wind, so much so that he would have most certainly come to grief had it not been for the position in which he stood with his master, namely, debtor and creditor. The coachman was in the habit of supplying the provender for his master's horses, for which he was regularly paid. One day he received Rs 2 to pay for some straw, and a few hours afterwards he reported to his master that the money had been stolen from his coat-pocket while suspended from a pin in the stable. The master, who was a new arrival and not up to the trickery of native servants, crediting the man's story, made good the loss. A short time afterwards the coachman received Rs 5 for a similar purpose; and some hours afterwards reported that it had been stolen from his box in the coach-house, together with his own month's salary which he received the day previous. The master, expressing much sympathy for the coachman, made good the Rs 5. The servant, however, was a little disappointed at this, for he fully expected his master's generosity would have extended to his own loss also. At the end of the month, on squaring accounts, it was found the master was indebted to the coachman to the extent of Rs 45 and this sum was accordingly made over to him. On the evening of the same day the coachman went to his master with tears in his eyes and complained that the Rs 45 which he received in the morning had been stolen from his box while he was away in the bazar; that he had secured the box with two padlocks before he went out, and found them wrenched off and the money gone when he returned; and the two broken padlocks were produced in support of his statement.

The master thinking it was high time his servant should be protected against thieves and burglars, sent for the police.

This resolve, on the part of the master, was rather a surprise to the servant, who, above all things, wished to avoid a police enquiry. "What is the use of sending for the police," pleaded the coachman; "rupees cannot be identified even if the thief were caught." "No matter," said the master, "a police enquiry may frighten the thieves and put a stop to these frequent thefts." The coachman shook his head incredulously. However the police were sent for, and the Inspector, with a native officer, proceeded to the spot and heard the story of the coachman's frequent losses. In the course of enquiry it was discovered the coachman had a brother serving in the adjoining house with whom he used to spend his spare time and have his meals. "That," said the Inspector, with an acquisition of inspiration, "is the man who has got the coin." "Then you don't believe the money has been stolen, Inspector," said the master, with an expression of surprise that a man in the humble position of his coachman should be thought capable of such unparalleled deception. "Come with me and see for yourself," replied the Inspector, and leaving the coachman in charge of the native officer, the Inspector proceeded to the adjoining house to interview the brother. "I want that money this gentleman's coachman gave you to keep for him," was the first question the Inspector addressed to the man as he was brought before him after the relationship was acknowledged. The man hesitated in doubt how to answer. "Come! come!" said the Inspector, "I know where to find the money, and if you deny it you will find yourself in custody on a charge of receiving and assisting in the disposal of stolen property." This was enough; the man gave up eighty rupees belonging to his brother, forty five of which, he said, he received that morning. The

money was dug out of the floor of the cook-room. "Well, well, Mr. Inspector," said the gentleman as the pair left the premises with the money, "I have had a lesson to day, I will not forget as long as I am in India." When the Inspector told the coachman the result of his interview with his brother and asked him what he had to say for himself, he replied, "What shall I say? I went to the bazar and indulged in a smoke of opium which made me drowsy. I lay down and went to sleep and dreamt that some one had broken open my box and stolen my money. I started up in a fright thinking my dream was reality, and before recovering from the effects of the opium and fright, I reported the theft to my master."* "You see," said the Inspector, addressing the master, "you can never take a native short for an excuse."

"Had I not better dismiss the man, Mr. Inspector?" "Does he suit you?" "He is a capital man at his work." "Then stick to him as long as he will stay with you, which, I anticipate, will not be long. He now knows his little trickery has been found out, and he will not try it on again."

The following day the coachman gave notice that he wanted to leave at the end of the month in consequence of the death of his grandmother.

MATERNAL INSTINCT.

A Romance in Real Life.

WHEN Her Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria was proclaimed Empress of India there was rejoicing throughout the land, somewhat similar to the rejoicing on the occasion

*Reader, this is no Midsummer Night's dream, but stern reality—the honest, open, naked truth.

of the Jubilee. The release of prisoners was a marked feature in commemoration of both events. The Andaman Islands disgorged some thousands of its criminal population—men, women, and children. I took charge of the released convicts for this side of India as they landed at Balooahat, and conducted them to the block of buildings since converted into a Reformatory school for juvenile offenders at Alipur. Here they remained pending the preparation of their descriptive roll and arrangements for their transport under proper escort to the various districts to which they had the honor to belong. A large crowd of people, mostly friends or relations of the convicts, collected daily on the road facing the entrance to the Reformatory, in hopes of getting a sight of an acquaintance. A man and his little daughter had travelled all the way from the North-Western Provinces to welcome the return to liberty of a wife and mother who was amongst the released prisoners. She had been transported for life and served ten years at the Andamans. The child who now came to greet her return was only six months old when she was convicted, and she had had no tidings of either father or daughter during all that time. The day following the arrival of the released convicts in Calcutta, the North-Western man and his little daughter took up their position as near the entrance to the Reformatory compound as they could get, in hopes of obtaining a glimpse of the woman they had come so far to see. The crowd was dense, and the child was rudely pushed about from side to side and began to cry. The child's cries caught the ear of a woman seated in the compound with her convict husband and two children. She jumped up, flew to the gate, and forcing her way past the sentries, who tried in vain to stop her,

caught up the child in her arms, pressed it convulsively to her breast, and covered it with kisses. Up till this time she had not caught sight of the child's father ; when she did, and their eyes met, and they recognised each other, there was a scene I had better leave to the imagination of the reader to conceive. I would only marr the effect if I attempted to paint it in words !

It is needless to say the convict husband was roused to a state bordering on frenzy at the turn affairs had taken, and the near prospect of losing his wife and the mother to his children. The woman, however, persisted in clinging to her first love, and neither threats or persuasion would part them. I was appealed to, being the officer in the charge of the convicts, to decide who was legally entitled to the woman, and when the convict husband heard that my decision was against him he cried out in desperation, pointing to her first husband, " How can she belong to that man ! Was she not given to me by the *Sircar* as a reward for my good conduct at the Andamans ? What fault have I committed since my return to liberty that I should forfeit my good conduct badge ? I will appeal to the Great Maharanee Herself, who has this day released us both from a life's imprisonment, for her restoration." I tried to reason with the infuriated man, and point out the prior claim of the first husband, adding that the feelings of the woman herself must be taken into consideration ; but it was no use, no argument would reconcile him to separation, and I had no right, he thought, to consult the woman's inclination or feelings on the subject. " Is she not," he reiterated, " the reward the *Sircar* bestowed upon me for good conduct. I provide her with food and clothes and ornaments, what more does she want ?" Here I interrupted by saying that a

woman wanted more than food, clothes, and ornaments to make her happy. She wants love and some one to love in return. "Don't I love her then?" he passionately ejaculated, "and has not she a husband and children to love in return?" "However," I replied, "she appears to love her first husband and child better than you and your children, and that settles the matter in dispute." The man shook his head, as much as to say, that is a very feeble argument, and in truth so it is to an oriental mind. The poor man, heaving a deep sigh, squatted down beside his children and covered his face with his hands.

Then arose another difficulty. Though the woman had made up her mind to return to the protection of her first love, her heart yearned towards the children of the convict husband, and she felt reluctant to leave them. Hearing their cries of entreaty for her return as she was leaving the compound in company with her first husband and child she stopped short, irresolute how to act. Then, mustering courage, she flew back and caught the children up in her arms, and would have carried them off had not the convict husband asserted a father's right to retain them. Then, appealing to me, in the wildest accents of despair, she implored my aid on her behalf. When she had somewhat recovered from her passionate outburst of frenzy, I told her there were two courses open to her: either to keep to her convict husband and children, or return to her first husband without the children. She chose the latter alternative.

Prompted by curiosity, I asked the woman how she was able to recognise the cry of her little daughter by her first husband after having been parted from it so long. She replied, "Does not the sheep know the bleat of its own lamb? Why then should'nt I know the cry of my own child."

INGENUITY OF FRAUD.

IN another chapter of this book I have explained how packages disappear on Indian Railways. I will now relate another equally ingenious little fraud, which though extensively practiced at roadside stations, is seldom or ever brought to light in consequence of the difficulty of detection.

The parties operated on are, in this instance, Marwaree traders, and the operator, the station telegraph-signaller. During that period of the year known on railways as the "busy season," these Marwaree traders collect and purchase country-produce for dispatch to Calcutta. They are, therefore, constantly receiving telegrams from the people with whom they trade regarding the staples most in demand, and other instructions in the way of business. These men, be it known, are, as a rule, ignorant of the English language, and though some of them may, and do speak English, they never learn to read or write it. It is this circumstance that renders the fraud I am about to relate possible. The station-signaller receives a telegram from Jut Mull Hazaree Mul, of Calcutta, addressed to Jeebun Mull, the firm's Mofussil Agent, as follows :—"Purchase three thousand drums of A1 jute, at three rupees eight annas per maund, to complete a shipping order. Dispatch by rail sharp."

The signaller takes up a blank telegraph form and copies out every word of this message, but transposes the terms in such a way as to completely destroy the sense. This done, the doctored message is put into a cover and sent out to the addressee, while the correct telegram is kept by the signaller under his pad for future use. Jeebun Mull, on receipt of the message, takes it to the nearest Baboo acquainted with English to read for him. The Baboo, after spend-

ing five or ten minutes trying to make out the sense, gives up the task as hopeless. The addressee then takes the message to one or two other Baboos, supposed to be more learned than the first, but with no better result. As a last resource, Jeebun Mull takes the telegram back to the signaller. This man knew from the first that the message would come back to him to be deciphered, and so is in no way surprised at the circumstance. He takes the paper from the hand of Jeebun Mull, and after looking it over, remarks: "Your people in Calcutta write very bad English." Jeebun Mull acknowledges the truth of the remark and enquires, "What is to be done?" The signaller glances carefully round to see there is no one present and replies, "It will cost you three rupees to have this message repeated, but if you are willing to pay two rupees, and don't trouble about a receipt for the money, I have a friend at the other end of the wire, and we can work the oracle for you between us." The "Indian Jew," of course, will do anything to save a rupee, and readily falls in with the signaller's proposal. The money is paid, and Jeebun Mull is told to go home, and the corrected message will be sent him in the course of an hour. The Marwaree retires chuckling that he has "done" the Sircar out of a *rupeeia*—a circumstance he is not slow in attributing to his own clever diplomacy. He never dreams that with all his cunning he is no match for that remarkable product of our Indian Universities, the educated Bengali Baboo.*

* Lord Lytton says the art of cheating is to cheat without peril, when the victim, as in this case, not only considers himself a gainer by the fraudulent transaction, but is actually made to believe that he is an abettor of the offence; there is little fear of the master rogue coming to grief.

Ah! Mr. Medicott, and this is the man you say "betrays such a stupendous failure of the missing inductive faculty, and is so remarkably deficient in originality of thought and invention!" If the Bengali has failed to reach your ideal of a geographical surveyor, there are other vocations in life where his knowledge is not altogether "words of science without substance."

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DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND.

THE heads of large firms in Calcutta must often find themselves at their wit's end to conceive how their goods find their way into the bazar, where they are sold for one-half and sometimes not even a third of their real value. With your permission, gentle reader, I will lift the curtain. One example will suffice: T. E. Thompson and Co. discovered that their cutlery, plated-ware, locks, &c.—articles imported by no other firm in India—were being hawked about the streets by boxwallahs and sold at less than half their English cost. When Mr. Newman made this discovery he did what very few men would have done under the circumstances.

"I hold a knavery," saith Lord Lytton, "as Plato hath said of virtue: could it be seen incarnate, it would beget a personal adoration. A knave ceaseth to be a knave; he passeth into the fool the moment he lays himself open to detection."

Therefore, my beloved pupils, I must warn you against falling into the error of our rulers who think that because there are more Mahomedans than Hindoos, compared with population, in our jails, that, therefore, the former are more given to crime than the latter. If you examine into the matter you will find that the Hindoos are more expert in the art of roguery (cheating without peril) as they are more advanced in general knowledge—for what is knowledge but the art of discovering human errors—than the Mahomedans, and consequently escape detection and punishment.

He purchased some of his own property from a hawker without even questioning the man as to how he came by it, brought the property to the present writer, and reported the circumstances. Most men would have made the boxwallah over to the police, and here the matter would have ended. What Mr. Newman wanted to know, above all things, was how the goods imported by the firm found their way into the bazar. A case of this kind requires very delicate handling. The real offenders could not be got at through the hawkers, and to interfere with the latter, in the first instance, would defeat the object aimed at. The parties wanted would be put on their metal. What the writer did was this : He fitted out one of his best detectives as a boxwallah and sent him into the streets to ply his trade. He was instructed to be careful and preserve his incognito above all things, yet to mix freely with the experienced hands in the trade and learn their secrets, particularly where they get their boxes replenished—if they purchase their stock-in-trade with their own money, or simply sell on commission. In fact, he was to master all the details of the profession and then return to the writer for further instructions. In the course of a week the simulated boxwallah turned up to report progress. He informed the writer that he had been introduced to one Dyaram Ghose, an electro-plater, whose business premises were situated on Chitpore Road, but the man himself lived elsewhere. Dyaram had a long conversation with the detective, and asked him a great many questions with a view, no doubt, of ascertaining if he was a safe card to play with. The detective soon tumbled to what the man was driving at, and gave out that he was not a Calcutta man but had come from the North-West. He had heard glowing accounts of Calcutta, and expected to make his fortune in

the capital of India, but his experience so far was not encouraging. He found the city over stocked with itinerary merchants like himself. He, therefore, proposed (he said) laying in a good stock-in-trade and returning to his North-West again. "You are just the man I want," said Dyaram. "I can fit you up completely, and on such terms as to leave you a good margin for profit." The detective was delighted, and said he would feed one hundred Brahmins at Mullick's Ghât that very night for having stumbled so opportunely upon such a piece of good luck. Dyaram informed the detective that the articles he had for sale were kept at his family residence, and that he would show his samples on the morrow. While Dyaram and the detective were still conversing, a peon, which the latter recognised as being in the employ of T. E. Thompson & Co., brought in a paper parcel and handed it to Dyaram, who opened and examined the contents. It proved to be a dozen of electro-plated spoons and forks. Dyaram gave the peon a letter, which the detective saw him address in Bengalee to one of T. E. Thompson's despatching sircars. When the peon left the detective inquired if Dyaram traded in electro-plated spoons and forks, if so, he would invest in these articles also. Dyaram then told him the spoons and forks were not obtained exactly on the square, but that he took the precaution of putting them through a chemical solution which deprived them of part of the silver coating and made them look exactly like country-plated articles.

This treatment prevents the spoons and forks being recognised, while the silver obtained in the process, continued Dyaram, "is my perquisite."

The detective then persuaded Dyaram to let him have the dozen of forks and spoons without destroying their English

"gloss," saying that he would dispose of them up-country, where there would be no danger of recognition. This proposal was agreed to, and the detective said he would call the following day provided with funds to pay for the articles and take delivery, and the two plotters parted. When the writer heard the story of his subordinate, he furnished him with a Government Currency note for rupees one hundred, instructed him to call upon Dyaram as proposed, and pay for the dozen of spoons and forks. Dyaram is sure not to have sufficient change to return for a note of that amount, so you are to suggest going together to a poddar to get change, Dyaram to carry the packet of spoons and forks. Two police constables in disguise will be posted at the head of Chitpore Road, who will arrest Dyaram on his way to the poddar with the stolen articles in his possession. And as there will be no difficulty in identifying the spoons and forks, this will be sufficient to justify a descent on Dyaram's family residence.

These instructions were strictly carried out by the mock boxwallah, and Dyaram was arrested as arranged. On searching his private house a large quantity of stolen property of various descriptions was found. But as the plated articles had undergone the process of passing through a "chemical solution," they could not be recognised by any of the Calcutta firms.

When Dyaram was on his way to the lock-up after his arrest, the mock boxwallah remarked, "I'll feed another hundred Brahmins to-night on the strength of my good fortune to-day." Dyaram shook his fist at the detective and said he would be even with him yet, if he lived to regain his liberty.

[NOTE.—The writer's object in giving the correct names of the parties concerned in these cases, is, that the facts may be easily verified.

VICTIMS OF SOCIETY'S NEGLECT.

THESE sketches of criminal life in Calcutta would be incomplete without some information regarding the way in which the profession is recruited and kept up. The general impression is, no doubt, that the children of habitual thieves follow the profession of their fathers, and thus perpetuate this great blot on our civilization. But if the criminal profession depended on the children of criminals to recruit its ranks, the evil would very soon die a natural death. It is well known that habitual criminals spend most of their life in confinement, and even when they are at liberty, seldom or ever contract marriage or have children. Every professional criminal is alive to the fact that a woman is only an encumbrance and a snare : if he is wanted, the police get hold of the woman and frighten her into betraying him, so he very wisely avoids marriage.

When the Alipur Reformatory was first opened, the writer took in hand a batch of some forty juvenile offenders with a view to tracing their history and the circumstances which led them into crime. In not a single instance did it appear that the parents of any of the boys of this batch were ever convicted of serious crime—indeed, the parents of most of them were found to be honest, hard-working people, whose occupation took them away from their homes during the day, or most part of the day. The children, in such cases, are allowed to run about the streets at will, and gradually and imperceptibly drift into crime. The most successful

Some members of the Police Force, so the writer has been told, dispute the correctness of some of the stories in this book. If such be the case, all he can say is that the parties alluded to are afraid of the force losing in reputation for detective ability by comparison with the force under Sir Stuart Hogg's and Mr. Wauchope's administration.]

school for training young criminals in Calcutta is the landing and shipping ghâts along the Strand Road. Here may be seen batches of idle boys, some of them not more than four or five years of age, learning the A. B. C. of a criminal profession. They commence by collecting scattered grain and seeds at the ghâts, which find a ready sale at the shops of receivers of stolen property. The next step in advance of this simple process is "bleeding the bags," an operation at which some of the boys become very expert. It is generally at this stage a boy begins to feel himself independent of his parents, and he absents himself from home. The parents cannot afford the time, even if they had the inclination, to make enquiries about their child, and the next time they see him he is probably in the custody of the police. Here he learns for the first time the necessity of exercising discretion and caution in the prosecution of his trade, and the more experienced hands in the profession console him with the information that he will never become an expert till he is once or twice convicted—just as a recruit in the riding-school never learns to grip his horse properly till he has had one or two good spills.

These juvenile offenders very soon learn the advantages of co-operation, and not only hunt together in couples, but frequently in batches of threes and fours. Here is an example of co-operation:—A municipal tax-collector was seated one afternoon on a platform in front of a shop at the head of Chitpore Road, smoking and conversing with a friend. The day's collection, amounting to three hundred rupees, was in a bag by his side. Two graduates of the Strand Road Training Academy, both under ten years of age, conspired together to ease the

tax-collector of his money. This is how they did it : One of the pair procured an earthen vessel, which he filled with water at a stand-pipe situated near the corner of Lall Bazar Street ; mounting the *garrak* on his head, he proceeded down Chitpore Road till he came opposite to where the tax-collector was seated, when suddenly the young sharper pretended to fall in a fit and broke his water-vessel in pieces. This caused, as it was intended to do, a commotion, and a number of people, including the tax-collector, ran to offer assistance. The other boy, the instant the coast was clear, snatched up the bag of money and made off unobserved. When his comrade recovered from his simulated fit, the loss of the tax-collector's money was discovered, and a fresh commotion ensued, which enabled the latter to clear out also. When the two boys met a consultation was held regarding the disposal of the money ; after various proposals on both sides, it was at last agreed to that the money should be buried till the storm had blown over, for they had both sense enough to know that a strict police enquiry would follow on the loss being made known to the authorities. The money had been scarcely twenty-four hours buried when the young thieves conceived the idea of stealing a march upon one another and clearing out with the entire booty. Accordingly one of the lads induced the other to go to the bazar to purchase some fish, and during his absence the bag of money was removed from the spot where it was concealed to a fresh hiding-place. That night the other boy, when he got his comrade asleep, stole quietly out of the house and went to the spot where the money was buried, intending to clear off with it, but to his astonishment found it had been removed. The boy at once

suspected that his criminal associate intended to betray him, and he determined to keep a strick watch on his movements, so stealing back to bed he pretended to sleep. Towards morning the boy who had "planted the coin" awoke and called to his comrade, but receiving no answer, concluded he was safe in the arms of nature's sweet restorer—balmy sleep,—and slipped out of the hut with the bag of rupees under his arm. The other lad stole out after him, but kept at a respectful distance, until he saw the flash of a constable's bull's-eye lamp in the distance, then closing with his treacherous companion threatend to denounce him to the police. The accused, taken by surprise on the spur of the moment, threw down the bag of money and let drive at his accuser. In fact, they had a regular set-to in the street, when the constable came up and took them both into custody.

MORAL: A practical example of the boasted "honour amongst thieves!"



CHAPTER XII.

SELECT MAXIMS :

WHICH THE STUDENT OF HUMAN NATURE WILL
DO WELL TO COMMIT TO MEMORY.

THERE is only one difference between the clever man and the fool—the fool says what is false, while the colour starts to his face and gives him the lie direct ; but the clever man takes, as it were, a brush, and literally turns black into white, and white into black, before your eyes, and is not detected. The fool changes and is a liar ; the clever man makes the colours change, and is a genius !

II. In order to be liked you must appear humble and complaisant, lie, cheat, make every word a snare, and every look a forgery, but, right or wrong, never contradict. Remember the story of Dante and the Buffoon.

III. Never mind what a man's virtues are, waste no time in learning them ; let his vices be to you what the Greek authors should be to the Academician—a study by day and a dream by night.

IV. Showy theories are more seductive than suasive examples ; a man, for instance, is always better pleased by being convinced of a thing than being enticed to it.

V. Remember that warm words produce cold respect ; and sorrow for the past is not always efficacious in mending the future.

VI. Regulate your lives according to some fixed system, and if you go wrong lay the blame on the system, not

yourselves. You perceive the obvious meaning of this beautiful maxim?

VII. The man who swindles the public gains more and risks less than the common thief.

VIII. Bear in mind, my beloved pupils, opinion does not always influence conduct: a man may wish, nay, burn to slay an enemy, but may not have the heart or courage to do it.

IX. There are certain professions—that of a lawyer, for instance—in which men practice falsehood for others until they lose all sense of truth in themselves.

X. Most men succeed in gaining wisdom and experience at that period of life when it is of least use to them.

XI. It is a fallacy to suppose that similarity of opinion is necessary to friendship; similarity of habits would be more to the point. It is the man you dine, drink, gamble, thief, and * * * * * with, who is your friend, not the man who likes Virgil as well as you do, and agrees with you in admiring Handel.

XII. No man lives out of the world with impunity to the solidity of his own character. Every new outlet to the humour is a new inlet to the heart.

XIII. When you meet with a man who is close-fisted and avaricious, offer to assist him in defrauding his neighbours; this is the best way to cheat him, and cease not till you have done that with him which he wishes to do to others.

XIV. There is a class of men, my beloved pupils, who make human nature responsible for all the wickedness and villainy existing in the world. Do not fall in to the same error. Human nature is so uniformly good, that if it were not for human art, there would be no such thing in the world as a knave.

XV. Place a fool in power and he unconsciously drifts into the character of a knave. It took my friend *
 * * * three months to discover the
 man (one of his own subordinates actually!) who published a series of letters in a local paper exposing the defects in his administration of an important department of the public service.* Yet his obtuseness in his public capacity did not prevent him discovering the high road that leads to preferment and self-interest. He "shanghai'd" a great man's dulciana, * * * * *
 * * * * *
 gained a C.I.E. and the reputation of being an uncommonly keen observer of human nature!

XVI. Always bear in mind, my good young friends, when a writer startles you with his extraordinary insight into human nature, that he has once in his life, at all events, been duped by a knave. The glorious love-poetry of Robert Burns is nothing more than the poet's own experience of that tender passion put in action.

XVII. It is a popular error to suppose that courage means courage in all undertakings. A sailor will go to the masthead in a storm at sea, but would turn pale if compelled to ride a bucking horse on shore. A soldier will face certain

* I was once asked by my official superior who wrote the notes of the week for the *Saturday Evening Englishman*: he had been touched on a sore point in that paper. I requested to see the passage referred to, and was handed the journal. On reading the first sentence, I was able to name the writer from the style. If I had performed some extraordinary feat of legerdemain, my boss could not have looked more astonished.

"Why," said I, "style is a much safer guide to go by than hand-writing when you want to discover an anonymous writer."

death at the cannon's mouth, but his courage will sink into his shoes when popping the question to his sweetheart. The most impudent and daring swindler would not have the courage to pick your pockets. People are only brave in the dangers to which they accustom themselves : make a note of this, my pupils.

XVIII. Innocence, like a fool as it is, always fancies it has only to speak to be believed.

XIX. Men are always more generous with what they expect than with what they actually possess. All rogues know this. It is the secret of success with the Jews, who thrive upon heirs rather than those in possession.

XX. In order to acquire a knowledge of the world, it is absolutely necessary that you mix freely with that part of mankind commonly called "blackguards." In doing so you need have little fear for the safety of your own character. I have often found amongst men disgraced by follies, nay, even stained with crime, some of the noblest traits of character, magnanimity, generosity, disinterested friendship, and even modesty. It is the seemingly virtuous—the type of character that sat to Dickens for the immortal portrait of "Pecksniff"—that will cheat you, my good young friends. This elevated specimen of our race had better be studied at a distance.

XXI. Nothing indicates imposture like confidence.

XXII. One vice properly studied makes us wiser than fifty lessons on morality.

XXIII. What do we learn from the teaching of history? How mighty one man of great intellect and unscrupulous character may become, though opposed by millions!

XXIV. Wickedness may be divided into two classes, *vices* and *crimes*. We employ the parson to cope with the

former, and the policeman the latter. Crime we punish in this world, but reserve the punishment of vice for the next.

XXV. My beloved pupils, there is a popular fallacy: by which the great bulk of mankind are deceived; do not fall into the same error. It is this: when a master of an art, a science, a philosophy, startles the world with some new discovery or invention, the universal cry is "Psha! it is opposed to common sense and experience." When George Stephenson told the British House of Commons that railway trains could be made to run at the rate of thirty miles an hour, he was laughed at and called a fool and a dreamer. When Sir William Armstrong was engaged in working out his idea of a "perfect plane," which afterwards made his fortune, his fellow workmen used to say to one another, "Armstrong (he was only a common journeyman mechanic then) is touched in the upper storey, poor fellow!" When Sir Isaac Newton proclaimed a great truth, what was the universal cry? "Bosh! your common sense will tell you the reverse!" To come to an example nearer home. Mr. Lambert once said to me in the report room:—*

"Mr. Reid, all the Superintendents laugh at your system of detection, and say they cannot understand the principle on which you conduct your enquiries."

"Then how do they account for my success," I inquired.

* Though Lambert and I had the advantage of learning at the feet of the ablest detective officer in India, if not in the world—the late lamented Mr. Wauchope—there was this difference between his two pupils: the one was his own selection, while with the selection of the other, his Deputy, he had no choice in the matter, probably because a personal assistant was considered of less importance than the head of the Detective Department.

How much Sir Stuart Hogg approved of my selection for the Detective Department will be understood from the fact that his last official act in

“They put it down to a run of luck or accident!” was the reply.

You see, it is just possible for a man to be too clever and original to be understood by average intelligence. Make a note of this, my good young friends.

XXVI. Remember, no man but a fool likes to see another rise on the same ladder by which he attained eminence himself. Therefore, my beloved pupils, always break up your tools when they have served your own purpose; but before doing so be careful and take the credit for all the good work the said tools enabled you to accomplish. See how my friend * * * * * has risen in his profession by this master-stroke of policy!

And now my good young friends, I will make my bow and retire for the present. In my next course of instruction I propose to bring you into closer relations with that elevated specimen of our race alluded to in Maxim XX. The book will be entitled ‘KNAVERY UNMASKED,’ and is intended to complete your education and fit you for the SERIOUS BUSINESS OF LIFE !

India was to recommend the Government to confirm me in the grade of Superintendent, in order, as he said, to make my position more secure after he had gone. He knew the Deputy and I did not pull together.

